

## B.O.Y.

### Being As An Ocean

They'll try to sell you everything  
Everyone swears they've got the remedy  
It's never ending  
"Try this new pill to make you happy"

There's no comfort in plenty  
Only reminders of what is missing

Don't let them get the best of you  
Your soul's the only thing you've got to lose  
If you go and get a taste for it  
You'll only end up wanting more  
Don't let them get the best of you

Indulge the flesh, chase your pipe dream  
Thinking something real will make you complete  
It's fucking lunacy  
Thinking we could own the air we breathe

Our creature comforts are fleeting  
We can't take that shit with us when we leave

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Wearing grins, insanity spreads  
While we scratch and claw our nails to their beds  
Always running from the lessons of hurt  
Die smiling, betrayed by our comforts

Our creature comforts  
Our creature comforts

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