

Pour milk into my mouth, a form is clear
I've been feeding from the drip
Don't wake me if I'm wrong, I'm happy here
afloat in intravenous sick

Hope, was it always hope?
Was it always, something that you can lean on
I don't see the fucking joke, coz underneath it,
is the truth we believe in

Chances are we're already dead and we're lying to ourselves again
Trying to visualize the end and repeat it, believe it
We're dead,
a crown is worth nothing
a crown is worth nothing

Drunk on velvet chemicals,
impressions are rarely sober or awake,
I dream, I wake up, dream again
it's hard to tell
what is real and what is fake

Hope, was it always hope?
if this is fiction, does it end with a punchline?
I don't see the fucking joke, coz underneath it
is the dream we believe in

Chances are we're already dead and we're lying to ourselves again
Try to visualize the end and repeat it, believe it
We're dead,
a crown is worth nothing
a crown is worth nothing

Curious to know what we do next,
now that it's over
Foolish to think God would save our necks,
now that it's over

We're dead
now that it's over
now that it's over
We're dead
now that it's over
now that it's over

Hanging by the lies that we've been fed
Victims of the promises unkept
Blinded by the scriptures we have read

Now that it's over, we're dead
A crown is worth nothing
a crown is worth nothing
We're dead
A crown is worth nothing
a crown is worth nothing