

## Business as Usual

Coma Cinema

The sad queen of everything  
Buys her way into your dreams  
To burn the evil palace down  
And drag the corpse out of the ground  
Zolpidem at heaven's gate  
To purify this holy weight  
Drag your claws across the sea  
Crying over everything you eat

Held apart, begging your fear  
To hold your hand for one more year  
Prostitutes for hope align  
The bad ideas inside your mind  
To turn your thoughts away from love  
Toward slave driving karmic blood  
You're giving birth in the prison pit  
No one cares 'cause it's easier to quit