

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