

Posthumous Release

Coma Cinema

Dust breathed in stuck, pacing the ground
Holding on to what you found once the clock
Can't remember everything
The clock

I've never known someone who wasn't lonely
I've never known someone who wasn't lonely
No one has ever known me
No one

Our old man says he's living in hell
Well you checked yourself in, you can check yourself out
I was born knowing one thing
I was born

Maybe it's just how you think
Maybe it's just how you think
Your grand misperception
Through your mass coloring

You can't hide what you don't show
I feel you breaking from deep below
A saint now in the same dream
A saint