

Window

Coma Cinema

Closing my eyes when I drive
Back in my hometown
Past every bar I've been thrown out
I can't make it to class
So I'm drunk in my car, I
Can't roll my window up
The glass is stuck in the door

At home, there's blood on my bed
And no running water
There is a room I don't go in, I
See myself through the door
Me and my mom used to hide there
Crying our prayers through a window
A fig tree covered in water
Holds the moonlight like a prison