

Coffins Like Ours

The Saddest Landscape

Death is on our lips. We've enraged the gods,
now we move unprotected, all our angels were accidents,
still we run on ambition and wish for impossible things,
Our sentimental side will be the death of us

Drive another nail until we build a home.
Remember our pact, we both stop breathing.
Drive another nail until it feels like home.
We will dream tonight