

## A City Called Coma Pt. 2

Emarosa

Cling to each rock  
The wind is not on our side  
not on our side  
not on our side  
Pull yourself together, it's not much further  
From the top on high  
the smoke is finding its way to the sky  
not a place I want to be, not a place I want to be  
she sits pale skinned in a fire light  
One message to change her mind.  
One message to change her life forever.  
One message to change her mind.  
He climbs over the top no breath no breath  
in his weak sick lungs  
she starts to run to the edge.  
Cling to each rock  
the wind is not on our side.  
She lays beside him,  
His eyes so weak he can't even make her out.  
But his body feels her all around him.  
She whispers something in his ear  
That he takes to the grave,  
To the grave.  
Hours pass before they reach the top,  
Before they reach the top, before. (2x)  
She's waiting. (8x)