

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)