

Breathe From Coma

Hopesfall

Take and give a look like the sum of
Loving grace and survival beyond the
Absolute resolve of portrait perfect
Mortal souls daughters starve their
Waist lines building a reputation
Beyond disguise and painting black
Lucid dreams with open legs notice me
I see you breaking stride you dance
Diversions and prototypes
You pull so close to mercy excessive
Touch and steady looks to charm be
Chased until you mastermind your own
Demise the universe is shaping ample
Space depleting caught low in distress
On impulse to control.

Tear away the sheets you breathe from
Coma open to the curse we live to
Sever and portray a life to close the
Portals to the ones bent on betrayal