

Buried Awake

In League

We are familiar, honestly.
Chemically imbalanced, desperate for the cure.
You would afford to give anything to feel alive, awake.

We cannot slow to find the cause. They will bury us awake, bury
us awake.
Illicit loves that we cannot let go. They will bury us awake, b
ury us awake.

Dilute the substance with foreign ecstasy.
Relieve these veins of what is causing all this pain,
there never was another escape.
No, we won't let go.

We cannot slow to find the cause. They will bury us awake, bury
us awake.
Illicit loves that we cannot let go. They will bury us awake, b
ury us awake.

One more white stone, so heavy in your throat.
This was harder for me to swallow.
I cannot explain how the medicine became your illicit love,
an addiction.

Is it illicit love?
When is enough, enough?