

Dead Poetic, In Coma

Im still stitching up the stabs you left, weaving in and out slowly.
I grow accustomed to the piercing flesh, and find evil in the holy.
And still, I see the line between the stars, your scars, and mine.
And as this coarse thread pulls, I feel the veins of the frozen.

Stay in coma. Its the only defense we have left.

A bad decision leaves me open and Im left here shuttered for days.
If I could replay the words we said, Id see you all amazed.
And still its not enough save yourself and demonize us.
And as your curtain draws, they see the tears of the fallen.

Stay in coma. Its the only defense we have left.

Im not taking the fall for a spineless puppet.
You play quiet, and I wont fight it.

Stay in coma. Its the only defense we have left.