

Drowning Bliss

These Brittle Bones

If drowning could compare to this, Id rather take the dive.
The water would be kind to us, and make us feel alive.
If screaming could despair to bliss, Id rather feel at home.
The emptiness inside our heads would make us feel alone.
If skies would tear and crack apart wed live to tell the tale,
Wed run down south and set afoot before across wed sail.
If lights would bleach and fade away Id rather stay and wait,
The nights were cold and fell away to leave us with our fate.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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