Black Lung

U.S. Christmas

Save your breath I'm not listening
Frail like wretch soft and sinking
If you could save yourself what would you find
Crave the truth like I'm craving mine
Compensate again black lung is bleeding for you now
Compensate again black lung is breathing for you now
Shut your mouth It's filling with dust
Tight like air corroding your trust
If you could save me now still my actions the same

Line stop dead no air in this frame
It's my turn to breathe

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