

# 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

(c) 2001 The Butterfly Effect

Lyrics provided by  
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