

Belvedere, Cellophane Coffin

You path of life is filled with gold
Preoccupied wiht what you own
Success is just a diamonds throw
Trapped in Cellophane Coffins

Spent all your time avoid the blame
The packaging is gone
Only hate remains
A product of trend
A product of pain
Choking on your lifestyle

I'm set free from this falling
Into the pit of the dollar
We're set free from this failing...

Open your mind
And open your arms
Cuz our wrists are slowly draining

Open your arms
And then open your heart
Cuz we're dying in Cellophane Coffins