

I Forgot 2 And A Half Days

Heavy Heavy Low Low

I am here, and you are here,
but we are not really here at all.

Chew them up,
build the fort,
The sky is a palette painting our demise.
All the colours are overwhelming (indecipherable)
Warnings, just keep those blanket and pillows coming, and turn
those f**king lights off.
As long as we make it alive our ears will reject their babble,
and we'll fall around like imbeciles.