

Wet Salt

Psapp

I taste the wet salt, old dirt, hot sweat
Of anyone who's ever seen this place
I'm not the last one here
There's a pile of us
What a long half life

Don't let it be over
Now I'm getting closer

I left you all you alone
With a pyre and pen
Said I'll take no blame
Hurl your dirt at me
But it's not the kind I feel
It's as good as it can be

Don't let it be over
Now I'm getting closer
Don't let it be

Our unwashed sheets, our filthy streets
I didn't care at first
Everything's been building up to this
it is all that you have known

Don't let it be over
Now I'm getting closer
Don't let it be