

The Postman Syndrome "Amputees Make Bad Swimmers"

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[Chapter I]

What's with me and stars, gardens, blue light, and the trees?

Sometimes I feel like Poseidon losing control over my seas.

Came face to face with God and it left a scratch on my sanity,

But before I go down I have a feeling I'm taking you with me.

Now the boat is capsized, vessel smothered,
Making it hard to breathe.

Our biggest worries below us, hiding in the water we cannot see.

Paranoia and curiosity get the best of me.

Turn upside-down and catch a glimpse of what's under

But now I cannot see what this means to me.

A fury of stilted speech sparks the tide.

Ride it deep to your muse birth.

Drink it slow.

Taste the undertow of pretension.

The liquid embryo congeals in your throat

When all you take away is that my metaphors blow.

Better to scold than coddle.

Better to drain what follows.

Before the rain unbottles, look at the swill you'll swallow.

A lonely road, badly paved and hollow.

Stepped in a hole, fell into a flooded tunnel before you rowed up,

Before you came up shallow,

Before you echoed you'd rather drown than swallow this.

It's not the same as being afraid to swim underneath the sea,

And it's not enough to picture your arms as limbs of a tree,

But I've got you here with me.

I've got you, and you can't leave me.
Push away, crawl away, but you'll never leave me.

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