

Moist "Alive"

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Feel the asthma fill the afternoon
What a glorious gloom
To be making my way through
Curiosities the consequence
She brings
What a slippery fish
That the way she swings
I could argue
But weve gone too far
I feel the sun
You could listen
But the sickly scent
Of asthma never comes
I feel the sun
Flip me over but the sickly scent
Of asthmas just begun
Did you ever feel the sun
Came together
Just to pass the time
Well she goaded me on
Then she blew my peace of mind
Bit confused cause
Its a hundred and three
Its the blurriest world
Its the one that I see
I could argue
But it breaks my back
I feel the sun
You could listen but the sickly
Scent of asthma never comes
I feel the sun
Flip me over but the sickly scent
Of asthmas just begun
Did you ever feel the sun

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