

O'Brother

"The Great Release"

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A slip of tongue
These words fall like an avalanche
And I won't be ignored
My lungs expire
The water's getting deeper and
I can't hold in my breath.
So hear me now
This distance is quite simply too much
To take in at once.
My lungs expire
The water's getting deeper and
I can't hold in my breath.

Malice on your breath
Your trembling hands speak of severed ties
In a language that not even God could divide.
So lay your weary, burdened head upon my side.
Sleep will bring you close to God.
It will bring you close.

Swallow them down, it burns like fire
Your words are the devil's machine.
Keep your breath, you're leaking lies.

Wait now on approaching sleep.
The death of day, the great release.
Where words cannot breed like disease
From lepers' rotting hands and feet.

Swallow them down, it burns like fire.
Your words are the devil's machine.
Keep your breath, you're leaking lies.
Like the cracks in the teeth of the beast.

Swallow them down, it burns like fire.
Your words are the devil's machine.
So watch closer now as I slip and
I swallow my tongue.

