

The Honorary Title "Dilute"

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The island's small and desolate
The highway stretch towards nothingness
Weeds infest our front lawn
The picket fence impales the sun
That silhouettes on our houses
Dressed up in luminesce

And the softest part of your flesh
Helps my body ingest sleep
In the dead of the summer

I will pretend that you won't be gone
Distance dilutes it rewrites and rewrites
And I will pretend that you won't be gone
Distance dilutes it rewrites this song

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But I keep asking you to tell me what is wrong
And you, you just tell me that it's nothing at all
But in your helplessness I can see, you know I can see

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