

## Honorary Title, The "Dilute"

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The islands small and desolate  
The highways stretch towards nothingness  
Weeds infest our front lawns  
The picket fence impales the sun  
That silhouettes on our houses  
Dressed up in aluminum

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  
And rewrites  
And rewrites

I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes  
And rewrites  
â€¡ This song

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And rewrites  
...This song

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, yeah

The softest part of  
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In the dead of the summer

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And rewrites  
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And I will pretend that you won't be gone

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