

Tsunami Bomb

"Swimming Thru Molasses"

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theres a light inside my head,
flickering but almost dead,
my will to be awake.
covered in 2 tones of sand
more weight than when i began
impossible to get up now its too late
and i feel like moving on
and i feel like getting on with life
to feel the presence of the sun, on my face
is what i need to smack the cob webs in to shape

my room is an empty cave, darkness swallows up the
day,
the shades are always drawn
skin as pale as dirty soap
im looking like a ghost
cant even see that my love of life is gone

and i feel like moving on
and i feel like gettin on with life
to feel the presence of the sun on my face
is what i need to smack the cobwebs into place

oh while outside my bed is cole, each day im swimming
thru molasses
how can i wipe the saw dust from my eyes
each day im swimming thru molasses

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