

Emm Gryner, All-Time Low

If drugs, helped, you
not black out together now.
That's(It's) so last century.

And if the rain, could, stay
pressed against the heavens now.
The sun would say we were lucky.

My tortured wonder
with the great lakes in your eyes.
(They've)???? ?????? (slumber???)
God loads a gun.

We're at an all time low.
But couldn't have dreamed this cold.
Where everything we think we know
keeps letting us down.

If red, hell, rides
in front of us forever now.
Tell me will you still adore me

My tortured wonder
It's a slow burn suicide.
They've named the thunder.
(But) God loves the world

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"musical interlude"

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