

# Kyuss, Isolation

Did your wants of sin,  
Crumble at your feet?  
Does the blood on your face,  
And your hands taste too sweet?

And in my mind,  
You were looking fine.  
Well isolation.  
Well and inside, you aint fine to me  
Well isolation, desolation.

Don't wait for me,  
Well at the edge of the world.  
Yeah, don't come to me at all.  
The way you look and think of me,  
Well it's much,  
much,  
much,  
much too strong.

And in my mind  
You were looking fine  
Well isolation.  
Well and inside, you aint fine to me.  
Well isolation, desolation.

Don't wait for me,  
Well at the edge of the world.  
Yeah, don't come to me at all yeah.

The way you look and think of me,  
Well it's much,  
much,  
much,  
much too strong.

And in my mind,  
You were looking fine.  
Well isolation.  
Well and inside, you ain't fine to me,  
Well isolation, desolation.