

# Tool, Sweat

I'm sweating,  
and breathing  
and staring and thinking  
and sinking  
deeper.  
It's almost like I'm swimming.

The sun is burning hot again  
on the hunter  
and the fisherman,  
and he's trying to remember when,  
but it makes him dizzy.

Seems like I've been here before.  
Seems so familiar.  
Seems like I'm slipping  
into a dream within a dream.

Must be the way you whisper.

The sun is setting cool again.  
I'm the thinker  
and the fisherman  
and I'm trying to remember when  
but it makes me dizzy.  
and I'm sweating,  
and breathing,  
and staring and thinking  
and sinking  
deeper  
and it's almost like I'm swimming.

Seems like I've been here before.  
Seems so familiar.  
Seems like I'm slipping  
into a dream within a dream.  
It's the way you whisper.  
It drags me under  
and takes me home.