

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.