

Tsunami Bomb, Swimming Through Molasses

There's a light inside my head
Flickering but almost dead
My will to be awake
Covered in two tons of sand
More weighed down than when I began
Impossible to get up now, it's 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 those cobwebs into shape

My room is an empty cave
Darkness swallows up the day
The shades are always drawn
Skin as pale as dirty soap
Eyes that do nothing but close
Can't even see that my love of life is gone

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Oh, outside my bed it's cold
Each day I'm swimming through molasses
How will I wipe the sawdust from my eyes?
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