Seeds

Fig Dish

I can see it now, you're gonna spiral down
I'd like to shake this feeling
But it sticks somehow
And you wipe it off like a cold brush smear

Like the stinking summer you can disappear
You're still around
Can't you swallow it down
Well I'm so unsound

Can't you figure it out?
Well I know that you're only gonna find it's no big deal
It kills me just to think that you're for real
You're only one crack on the back of the last page

And I'm nothing too
All your twisted thoughts are falling at your feet
Your mind is gristle and you can't speak
I can wipe you off like a cold brush smear

And like the stinking summer, you disappear
You're still around
Can't you swallow it down?
Well I'm so unsound

Can't you figure it out?
Well I know that you're only gonna find it's no big deal
It kills me just to think that you're for real
You're only one crack on the back of the last page

And I'm nothing too
With seeds in the brain

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written by SMITH, BLAKE / NESS, RICHARD M.
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