

Sheets of Green

Cat Clyde

I'm looking for,
I'm craving for,
The feeling of my absent thoughts,
Spiraling away from all my fears,
It's coming now,
I'll just relax!
Following the sickness pasted,
There are only good things here!
And my mouth is dry,
And my face is numb,
Another one I will become,
You know she makes me clean,
Wraps.. me.. in.. sheets.. of.. green..
Takes me under the ground to see the sun,
Another one I will become,
She makes me pure,
Sweetest cure,
Hands like vines caress my spine,
Smother than a wave on sail,
Inside of me and underneath,
She fills me with that sweet relief,
Holding and contorting my disease,
And my mouth is dry and my face is numb,
Another one I will become,
You know she makes me clean,
Wraps.. me.. in.. sheets.. of.. green..
Takes me under the ground to see the sun,
Another one I will become,
Another one I will become,
Another one I will become..
You know she makes me clean,
Wraps.. me.. in.. sheets.. of.. green..
Takes me under the ground the see the sun,
Another one I will become..
Another one I will become.

Lyrics Submitted by Ashlee Asher

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