Seams

Creepoid

Green trees lining all the streets...
they hide things - I wonder what's beneath those perfect little leaves.
Lift me up, I wanna leave.
I taste a sickness in the stream.
My vision's coming in.
My mind is slipping in.
Hold me high enough to reach the seams holding back the real thing - I hear the vultures sing.
Lift me up, I wanna leave.
I taste a sickness in the stream.
My vision's coming in.
My mind is slipping...
The seams are ripping & all this is nothing.
Nothing at all...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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