

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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