Beneath the Tides

Down

Setting sail from a crushed rooftop
Fathoms deep, shallow as a raindrop
Attempt to feel 20/20 now
React like gasoline cornered by a house fireYou can't come clean
You can't come clean
You can't come cleanBeneath the tides of the washout
Beneath the tides of the washoutCut from the filthy cloth
A sucking would left in our chests
Being burned around the heart
The boil under your fleshHidden at home
Chasing a tucked tail now
Acting on the instinct
Of self haphazard yetYou can't come clean
You can't come clean
You can't come clean
You can't come cleanBeneath the tides of the washout
Beneath the tides of the washout
Beneath the tides of the washoutThe saving down, the saving down, the saving down
In milligrams with a gun in your hand
Directionless, directionless
Memories of combat on your headRain can't soak what is not there
Rain can't soak what is not there
Rain can't soak what is not there
Rain can't soak what is not thereThe first thrill demands another
Consequence, the trigger of the operative
Playing Russian roulette with a full chamber
Miserable outcome, one and the same want to knowYou can't come clean
You can't come clean
You can't come clean
You can't come cleanYou can't come clean
(Beneath the tides of the washout)
You can't come clean
(Beneath the tides of the washout)
You can't come clean
(Beneath the tides of the washout)In the washout
Beneath the tides of the washout
In the washout
Beneath the tides of the washoutYou couldn't ever come clean

Beneath the tides of the washout, washout

Songwriters
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