

# Way Too Long

## Bent Knee

Oil spill out by the docks.  
What color were those feathers before?  
Oil up to my ankles, sticking.  
Swallowing tar and I am sinking.  
Consequences way too much,  
my capillaries look like big black gloves.I've held this secret for way too long.Rainbows glisten on sand,  
they lure me in close until I gag.  
Every inch of skin ripples, twitching.  
Inhaling toxic gas I'm choking.  
Glazed by a layer of slick,  
I'm latched to the hull of a dirty ship.  
I've held this secret for way too long.And it's squeezing all the air out of this  
goddamn cave I live in.And it's squeezing all the air out of this  
goddamn cave I live in.Oil spill out by the docks.  
What color were those feathers before?  
And it's squeezing all the air out of this  
goddamn cave I live in.And it's squeezing all the air out of this  
goddamn cave I live in.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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