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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