

# Dilute

## The Honorary Title

The island's small and desolate  
The highway stretch towards nothingness  
Weeds infest our front lawn  
The picket fence impales the sun  
That silhouettes on our houses  
Dressed up in luminesce And the softest part of your flesh  
Helps my body ingest sleep  
In the dead of the summer I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes it rewrites and rewrites  
And I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes it rewrites this song The island's small and desolate  
The highway stretch towards nothingness  
The weeds infest our front lawn  
The picket fence impales the sun  
That silhouettes on our houses  
Dressed up in luminesce And the softest part of your flesh  
Helps my body ingest sleep  
In the dead of the summer I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes it rewrites and rewrites  
And I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes and rewrites this song But I keep asking you to tell me what is wrong  
And you, you just tell me that it's nothing at all  
But in your helplessness I can see, you know I can see The softest part of your flesh  
Helps my body ingest sleep  
In the dead of the summer I will pretend that you won't be gone  
That distance dilutes it rewrites and rewrites  
And I will pretend that you won't be gone  
Distance dilutes it rewrites and rewrites  
And I will pretend that you won't be gone

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>