Undertow

Tool

Gone under two times.
I've been struck dumb by a voice that
Speaks from deep
Beneath the cold black water.
It's twice as clear as heaven,
And twice as loud as reason.
It's deep and rich like silt on a riverbed
And just as undisturbing.
The currents mouth below me opens up around me.
Suggests and beckons all while swallowing.
It surrounds and drowns and sweeps me away.
But I'm so comfortable, too comfortable.
Shut up shut up shut up shut up
Shut up shut up shut up shut up
You're saturating me
So how could I let this bring me
Back to my knees again again again
Under for the third time.
I've been baptized by your voice.
It screams from deep beneath the endless water.
And it's half as high as heaven
And half as clear as reason.
It's cold and black like silt on the riverbed.
But I'm so comfortable.
Far too comfortable.
Why don't you kill me,
I'm weak and numb and insignificant,
And I'm back on my knees.
Lost in euphoria.
I'm back down. I'm in the undertow.
I'm helpless and awake in the undertow.
I'll die within your undertow.
It seems there's no other way out of this undertow.
Euphoria.

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written by Carey, Daniel / Jones, Adam / D'Amour, Paul / Keenan, Maynard James
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