Heat Wave

Diarrhea Planet

Weighted down by the heat wave
Not the kind that's heavy but the kind that sticks to your throat
So stuck in this kind of thinking
A constant conversation storm, then sitting at homeGet off of my ass when you can be there still
I don't give a shit and I know that you don't care
But I really wish that you were here still riding over bodies
Skimming over flesh into the edges of the unknownYou should know that I'd be glad to have you here
With all of us no need to say anything
And I'm so sorry for the words I did not speak
When you were up all night with your mind racing
I'm furious with the splinter in my brain
That won't let me share what I'm feeling
And you can tell I've got demons dragging me down
So please come out I can't stand all of this waiting.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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