Melt

Gruntruck

Drink fire

Well, the sun hung real low And the heat dissed on our beds And the sky was closing in And the stars were screaming mad To melt, to melt, to melt, to melt

Power blinds its own information And power sows thee on its back I feel the heat, separation Long, low fist closing in, fight back To melt, to melt, to melt Melt, to melt, whoa

Well, the sun hung real low And the heat dissed on our beds Power blinds its own information And power sows thee on its back To melt, to melt, to melt, to melt

To melt, to melt, to melt Melt, to melt, whoa