

Hiding From The Sun

I the Mighty

With respiratory responses, I'll bridge the gap from
one breath to the next.

Let me sink.

I'll find oxygen unnecessary. My lungs, they no longer
need the air from way up there.

I'll find peace amongst these sunken ships and bones
that kissed away their prior skins.

They could not adapt.

The potent hit of salt has lost its sting inside my
chest and with this breath I am home.

And though its neurotic to run from a cancer born love,
the undulating blue will keep my mind from thoughts of
you.

As I'm hiding from the sun.

The moon has put the sun to sleep as I rise to the
surface to attain my night on the town.

My feet will touch dry land again as I break down and
sink into the sand, underground.

But here their eyes all read resent and I dig my way
back up

before they get the chance to waste a drug.

Oh, but the city lights are much too bright and my eyes
they paralyze and dilate to compensate.

And though its neurotic to run from a cancer born love,
the undulating blue will keep my mind from thoughts of
you.

As I'm hiding from the sun.

I can't live in-between, I must choose an extreme.

A years worth of metaphors couldn't find a meaning.

I'll invite the infection through skin cells and
chromosomes,

bones that grow hollow no marrow to decompose.

I suppose, I suppose I can never grow old.

But these pirates and sunken ships, they're alive once
the day is dead.

And they don't forget, they don't forget, they don't
forget,

And one says to me: "My friend, re-invent what you
thought was dead, because we have our fun."

Yeah, we had our fun as I was hiding from the sun.