

Dilute

The Honorary Title

The island's small and desolate
The highways stretch towards nothingness
Weeds infest our front lawns
The picket fence impales the sun
That silhouettes on our houses
Dressed up in aluminum

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
And rewrites
And rewrites

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... This song

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But I keep askin' 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, yea

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