

# Swimming Through Molasses

Tsunami Bomb

There's a light inside my head  
Flickering but almost dead  
My will to be awake  
Covered in two tons of sand  
More weighed down than when I began  
Impossible to get up now, it's too late

And I feel like moving on  
And I feel like getting on with life  
To feel the presence of the sun on my face  
Is what I need to smack those cobwebs into shape

My room is an empty cave  
Darkness swallows up the day  
The shades are always drawn  
Skin as pale as dirty soap  
Eyes that do nothing but close  
Can't even see that my love of life is gone

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Oh, outside my bed it's cold  
Each day I'm swimming through molasses  
How will I wipe the sawdust from my eyes?  
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