

Glow

Delta Sleep

Speak soon, I need some headroom for my mental
In a big room, and a gold spoon on the mantle
Hear the night, bring the terror through the voices muffled into
my sheets
While the earthlings are retreating from the right thing (to do
)

Talk soon, I need a space that I can feel, feel real
And a big spoon for my cereal
But when you're cold and alone, you got nowhere to go
Except your head, but it hurts a lot and it never stops
Feeling the weight of the world on your shoulder, so it goes
And it hurts a lot, and it doesn't stop

Lay low, I need a halo on my exit
With a bright glow, and a gold spoon for my family
When the night rains the terror in the fighting muffled into my
sheets
While the earth is in regression from the heart strings

Cold and alone, you got nowhere to go
Except your head, but it hurts a lot and it never stops
Feeling the weight of the world on your shoulder, so it goes
But it hurts a lot

Cold and alone, you got nowhere to go
Except your head, but it hurts a lot, it's never hurt so much
Building a wall that sequesters my home, and so it goes
But it hurts a lot, and it doesn't stop