

The Softest Touch

Delta Sleep

It often feels conflicting
Writing about the same thing
Pass out, wake up repeating
The future isn't ending

It often gets defeating
Always drawing the same conclusions
The world is overheating
Pretty soon we'll be swimming out here
Sat on the floor repeating
What you're doing is really helping

The world is overheating
Sat on the floor repeating
That you are really helping
By rolling up a green thing

I don't do well
Knowing the days are a number
Telling myself to do
My part as I try to
Eat plants, sleep well
Inhale, exhale and we'll get there
Over the hill, we will
Grow older together

I know you're going through a little darkness
Your mind racing for him back from the fall
Forget the story lurking at the surface (don't you know?)
When summer comes the sun will heal us all