

Diluted

Gordi

Diesel, calloused palms
Your dark glasses on
Turns out this thicker blood
Wasn't made well enough

Don't know what to say
Except it's getting late
I was hoping you
Could love me anyway

Nightmare, tell me I'm not lucid
Do you think of me diluted?
Well, pour me out

All your tenderness
Vanished in thinning air
I sat across from you
But couldn't see you anywhere

Lie down in the mess
Fear your irrelevance
Might leave me outside
A home with no address

Nightmare, tell me I'm not lucid
Do you think of me diluted?
Feeble, weak and undesired
Shield myself from raging fires
Every word from now polluted
Do you think of me diluted?
Well, pour me out

I had you as the captain
I thought you were the sun
I knew you as a martyr
So reverently won

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