

Melt

Gruntruck

Drink fire

Well, the sun hung real low
And the heat dissed on our beds
And the sky was closing in
And the stars were screaming mad
To melt, to melt, to melt, to melt

Power blinds its own information
And power sows thee on its back
I feel the heat, separation
Long, low fist closing in, fight back
To melt, to melt, to melt
Melt, to melt, whoa

Well, the sun hung real low
And the heat dissed on our beds
Power blinds its own information
And power sows thee on its back
To melt, to melt, to melt, to melt

To melt, to melt, to melt
Melt, to melt, whoa