

# 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

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And the heat dissed on our beds  
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