

Fever Dreams

Johnny Booth

I'm breathing the infection
Seeking out the storm overhead
Weeding out the senseless
Getting closer, always closer

I watched them all set the fire
You're on your own
In a fever dream, a shadow you follow
You're always preaching to me the worst of us all
You're always preaching at our backs

We're swinging for the fences
Crossing his name off of the list
Feeding into tension
Getting closer, always closer
Raise the flag
Witness how they kneel
I will claim
Every last piece of regret
Raise the flag
Witness how they kneel
I will claim
Every last piece of regret
Every last piece of regret

I watched them all set the fire
You're on your own
In a fever dream, a shadow you follow
You're always preaching to the worst of us all
You're always preaching at our backs

I'll beg right when the floor bottoms out
We still race to just take it
When the ink starts to fade, start it all over
When the ink starts to fade, we're going backwards
When the ink starts to fade, start it all over
When the ink starts to fade, we're going backwards

Following what is false
Spreading across what's ours
It's ours
Spreading across what's ours
It's ours
Spreading across what's ours
Filling the desperate hearts
I'm getting closer