

Soil

Slowly Slowly

There is blood inside my body
There are things I'll never see
When the doctors cut me open they will find
All the organs I don't need
But I got this feeling they will find you
Wrapped inside me like a snake
Blowing kisses in the morning while you say
Ben, don't be home too late

We are both just soil, decomposing slowly
I would have never got to this age, if you hadn't found me
And when you did, I felt relief, a 20 year long exhale
So I don't mind being soil, decomposing slowly

Decomposing slowly
Decomposing slowly

And as I lay there on the table
They will cut me up inside
They will finally set you free from everything
From all those years of holding tight

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So I don't mind being soil, decomposing slowly

There is blood inside our bodies
And all these things we'll never see
But when the doctors cut you open on the table
I got this feeling they'll find me

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