

Siphon Song

Squid

My shaky hands in the morning
When I'm being beamed back down
I log onto the website, where a 2D flame
Surrounds the building I'm in now
Ask, 'Do you see the bodies?'
They're thrown around like plastic in the wind
The bigger picture is immobile
When you're used to only seeing from the ends

It cracks me up
It gets me out, but it's pulling me down
It cracks me up
It gets me out, but it's pulling me down

Clipped from the sides, you're looking rough
Was that another month gone?
Can't get the kick, or taste the salt
And now the memory's gone

It shoots me up
It gets me out, but it's pulling me down

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