

Saline Solution

Wilbur Soot

One, two, three and four

I think this time I'm dying
I'm not melodramatic
I'm just pragmatic beyond any reasoning
For thinking, I've got fucking rabies or something
I think this time I'm dying
I think this time I'm dying

I think I've lost my mind
Blurring the fact and the fictions
While simultaneously fixing
Myself up with a girl
Named Panadol
Bite the tablet, elixir
Disintegrate, mouth's a mixer
I think I've lost my mind
I think I've lost my mind

If I could just break one more night
Maybe I could wake up and feel alright
My optimistically set alarm clock time
Serves only to mock me with flashing lights

I think I've made my choice
I'm a disease playing victim
Slip the face slip the victory
I think I've made my choice
Sick, secluded and hatred
Void the plans friends are making
I think I've found my voice
I'm a leech-sucking blood bags
Taste defeat, it's a sandbag

Saline solution
Saline solution to all your
Saline solution to all your
Saline solution to all your problems