

# 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