

Kyuss, Isolation Desolation

Wait for me
At the edge of the world
Don't come to me if you're not quite sure
Do you feel the emptiness inside your soul
Did it break that heart of coal
Did your walls of sin
Crumble at your feet
Does the blood on your face
And on your hands, taste too sweet
In my mind you ain't looking fine
So isolation
And inside you ain't fine to me
So isolation desolation
Don't wait for me
At the edge of the world
Don't come to me at all
The way you look
And think of me
Is much much much
Too small