Sleep Deprivation

Professional Murder Music

This life distorts and slowly washes away all the pain they thought they had inside
There's no regrets or time to stop this beautiful day
I felt so lost just killing time mistakes always made
Watch the hours through the sun

I can't see through this daze
I will not say I really love this

This life distorts and slowly washes away
either way I'm trapped inside of here
I can't express how I won't accept this any other way
Your eyes I knew would say so much
but they make me lost gone in thought
I can't accept this any way

I can't see through this daze
I will not say I really love this

How the $f^{**}k$ can you walk away now How the $f^{**}k$ can you tell me those things What the $f^{**}k$ am I suppose to know

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