

Dark Days

Art of Dying

I've been down enough to know
When to pull the chain
I see the writing on the wall
Here it comes again
Standing on the edge far too long

And I don't know
If I'll be here tomorrow
No I don't know

Crashing like paper planes
In the pouring rain
Dark days
Dark days
Paper planes
Come and take my pain
Dark days
Dark days
(Get me out of my mind)

Staring at the ceiling
Counting cracks
This calm before the storm
How long will it last
I've been caught up in this feeling
Far too long

And I don't know
If I'll be here tomorrow
No I don't know

Crashing like paper planes
In the pouring rain
Dark days
Dark days
Paper planes
Come and take my pain
Dark days
Dark days
(Get me out of my mind)
Dark days
Dark days

I get high
Low and high
I get high
Low and high
Oh I get high
Low and high
I get out of my mind
I get out of my mind

I've been down enough to know
Down enough to know