

Days Move Slow

Bully

Sometimes when I zone out at night
I forget you're out of sight
Like living before you were gone
So I read up on the afterlife
I don't believe in Jesus Christ
Just somewhere we can all belong

And days move slow
I'm living in the same black hole
But there's flowers on your grave that grow
Somethings gotta change, I know

And I'm stuck somewhere in between
Your death and my lucid dream
I'm no help lately I know
But I'm tired of trying to prove my worth
To be accepted on this earth
Baby I'm ready to go

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