

## 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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