

## even when the sun is dead

Glaive

If you asked, I'd oblige, I would die in your arms  
And if Heaven and Hell are only miles apart  
And there's fog on the road and my high beams are on  
I muttered prose as a joke and my high beams were on  
If you asked, I'd oblige, I would drown in your wake  
I've heard Heaven itself was not mine to obtain  
But they lied, oh, they lied, 'cause I've seen it in your face  
And the high beams were on, bet they're still on to this day

Can't help it but be scared a bit  
But f\*ck me, I'm scared all the time  
Recently, I've realized that death is not an opposite, suppose  
it's just a part of life  
I envy all of the little things, the dirt, the air, the Father's  
eyes

(adsbygoogle = window.adsbygoogle || []).push({});  
'Cause they know you more than I ever will, no matter how hard  
I try  
No matter how hard I try

It really gets to me some nights that I have it all except for  
time  
It really gets to me some nights that I have it all except for  
time  
It really gets to me some nights that I have it all except for  
time  
Even when the sun is dead, will you tell them how hard I tried?  
(No matter how hard I try)

If you asked, I'd oblige, I would die in your arms  
And if Heaven and Hell are just a mile apart  
And there's fog on the road and my high beams are on  
I muttered prose as a joke and my high beams were on