Counting Sheep

Glass Cloud

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Well don't cry your eyes out
On the ballroom floor
We're all murderers
In a martyr's world
So don't cry your eyes out
We're only lonely
When we're half awake

And it's only a matter of time
This pillow talk illusion
It feels so real

Just get me out of here
All you talk about is counting sheep
Anything to fall asleep
No light behind the window
Time just builds
Slowly kills

This pillow talk illusion
It feels so real
Illusion
It feels so real
So real

We don't give a f*ck who you are
This time of night
Miserable empty arms
They tend to put up a fight
So when you open your mouth
You better bite your tongue
And God knows
You're not the only one

And it's only a matter of time
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