

The Dark Line In the Middle of Hope

Moriarty

When the morning comes
There'll be no right from wrong
When it's getting dark out there
You better pack your things and go
Oh I know, I know, I know I've got to go
Slow down my mind you're going too fast
Slow down my mind you're going too far

I'm locked in stone and I shiver to the bone
I'm hot when it's cold and cold when it's warm
I feel like melting in the snow
I feel like melting in the snow
I long for the sun and it's white killing glows

Well my shirt it makes me sick
The [?] makes me sick
The walls they make me sick
And I wonder what the others do while I dig

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When it's getting dark out there
You better pack your things and go
Well I know, I know, I know I've got to go
Slow down my mind you're going too fast
Slow down my mind you're going too far
Slow down, slow down, slow down
You're gonna crash