

# Passing Through

Remo Drive

Yeah, I've been dying on the low  
Torn my insides by someone  
I'm always on my backbone  
Losing hope in all I know

I hate it  
I hate the way it makes me feel  
Like I'm floating through my life

And all the way excuse perception  
Sitting on my deathbed  
Every day from eight to three  
Waiting to feel like me

In a tortured existence  
Existential crisis  
Never been so vicious  
Trying to enlighten

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I hate the way it makes me feel  
Like I'm floating through my life

And all the way excuse perception  
Sitting on my deathbed  
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