

To Better Days

Slaves

I know apologies won't pardon who we are
Would you promise me you'll never let me go?
'Cause I'm starting to think when I'm not by your side
That you're telling me, telling me lies
'Cause I'm starting to think when I'm not by your side
I'm waiting to die
I know I'm neurotic but what's underneath?
I'm sick of being lost and keeping fingers crossed
So silent
I'm feeling heavier, despite my hollow soul