

## Slow

### Professional Murder Music

Sink through the floor feels no different today  
I tell you it's like the sky's  
Getting further away  
Still close without a reason  
Still the same when I hold it in sight  
Still close without a reason  
Still real when I have it inside

Pounding me to black  
Pounding me to black  
I take my eyes  
Say the reasons  
Tells me not to try  
Tells me not to try

All those things you keep on telling me I keep on saying it's a  
ll wrong  
Many times over again I don't want to see that time coming soon

Thanks so much for your thoughtless reason  
Thanks so much for your thoughtless reason  
I thank you more for the greed you hide inside  
I thank you more for the greed you hide inside

Pounding me to black  
Pounding me to black  
I take my eyes  
Say the reasons  
Tells me not to try  
Tells me not to try

Sink through the floor feels no different today  
I tell you it's like the sky's getting further away

Getting further away