

Out Of Body

Art of Dying

Out of body
High above ground
I feel nothing
Is there a way

Will I bend or will I break
There's no way down until I'm broken
Pain I feel is no mistake
So much hangs on me unspoken
Hard to say I will find a way to turn this back around

Out of body
High above ground
I feel nothing
Is there a way to bring me down

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High above ground
I feel nothing
Is there a way to bring me down

Is this a dream
Or am I awake
Either way it hurts to swallow
Everything that I can take
I'm so full, why am I hollow
Hard to say I will find a way to turn this back around

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Is there a way to bring me down

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I feel nothing
Is there a way to bring me down
down
down
down
down

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