

In Time

Grey Daze

Time, why must it fly so slow
Waiting, is something that's easy for you
Pull the plug, send it down the drain
Pain is easy to get used to
What's in me, is in you
What's got me, has got you
And everything told, must come true
Pretending to be real, forgetting who you are
Sin, is always at my door
Slice the vein, blood spilled on the floor
Light shining in my eyes
Death greets me with a smile
Pain
So much pain
Pain
So much pain