

# Killing Time

Mozella

Put your pocketbooks away  
My soul can't be bought through the loss of one day  
'Cause you know that you are the same  
As me when we move from your ideology

The situation is out of control  
Some reach for their Bibles I reach for my soul  
'Cause you bleed red and so do I  
Who's to say that you're wrong or to say that I'm right

And was I just killing time  
Was I just filling space  
Sitting on a land mine  
Sipping drinks that were laced  
I don't think that there's anything I can't do  
But like a loaded gun in the hands of a child  
Or a man on the run  
Something's bound to happen

Oh Lord and,  
All the days get so long  
I don't think I will make and

Oh Lord and,  
All the days turned to darkness  
Sadness can't shake it

Now I just can't stay quiet and you wonder  
Why it don't pay to feed and not be fed

I was told to stand in line  
By someone long ago that explained me my life  
I'm a mold and I know it's a crime  
That I followed the leader to dark and not light

And who was making these rules that we follow like sheep  
And who's bending these rules just to format their needs  
I'm faced with falsehood everyday  
It's hard to tell who's real it's hard to tell who's fake

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