

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