

Freesignal

Beanbag

I have a reason to live. Can't take away from me!
The car drove past at a hundred miles.
It threw a bag in the shape of a body that read.
I've got time and you're wasting it here.
She knew these words and placed her body back into her bunk.
She dreamed of better spaces.
Like the ones stuck in replay.
Ejected from her morals
Her mind told her it's sane, it's sane.
I'd like a signal that I receive.
A clearer picture than my TV.
A static free emotional sound
breaking through all the darkness that surrounds me.
Towns seem to compliment her style.
She tries to swallow a sinker with the hook intact.
Probing her heart with words of fabrication.
She torments herself but that thin line to heaven is strong.
Her feet can barely function. (she looks around)
She's breathing from one lung. (she looks around)
She's just convinced to die, to die.
She says "that word" which cuts like a knife.
Coming from your TV is a message far from truth.

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