

Demon Days

Zebrahead

In demon days, it's cold inside
You don't get nobody, people sigh
It's so bad, lasting far, but love yourself
Hiding in a hole in there All the glasses are too big bring it back, got to hold it back
To let you do that yet you don't want me back
Before it fall down, falling down, falling down
Falling out to go far from the sun In these demon days it's so cold inside
So hard for a good soul to survive
You can't even trust the air you breathe
'Cause mother earth wants us all to leave When lies become reality you numb yourself with drugs and TV
Pick yourself up it's a brand new day so turn yourself round
Don't burn yourself, turn yourself turn yourself around into the sun In these demon days it's so cold inside
So hard for a good soul to survive
You can't even trust the air you breathe
'Cause mother earth wants us all to leave When lies become reality you numb yourself with drugs and TV
You pick yourself up it's a brand new day so turn yourself round
Don't burn yourself, turn yourself, turn yourself around into the sun To the sun, to the sun
To the sun, to the sun
To the sun, to the sun

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