

# A Good Reason To Grow Old

## Owl John

Good grief and Grace turn their backs to me  
Push shovels into the cold sand  
In a pulse-racing second  
They gave up on their awful toil Hell on earth and Hate turn to face me  
Stuck knuckles into each of my eyes  
And a drunken thumbed stranger  
Prepared to the constant cryoooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo With my head in my hands, I resolved to die alone  
Now I've finally found a good reason to grow old  
A good reason to... Rapture and Love brought me dancing  
Lit up every last every last heartbroken life  
In the ecstasy of everything  
The death I have wanted expired Bitterness and Loss caught me laughing  
Asked why my expression had changed  
After years in such company  
They'd never see the look on my face With my head in my hands, I resolved to die alone  
Now I've finally found a good reason to grow old I was ready to drown in the afterlife  
Not anymore  
That I've finally found a good reason to grow old  
Good reason to... Ohhhhh  
How she murders morbid thought  
Ohhhhh  
Plunges a knife into the suicide in my life Ohhhhh  
How she murders morbid thought  
Ohhhhh  
Plunges a knife into the suicide that I've borne Turn your back to the afterlife  
Kick dust into the eyes of them all  
Turn your back to the afterlife  
Climb out of your shallow hole

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>