Slow

Professional Murder Music

Sink through the floor seems no different today
I'll 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, take my eyes
Say the reasons, tells me not to try
After all those things you keep on telling me
I keep saying it's all wrong
Many times over again
I don't want to see that time coming soon
Thanks so much for your thoughtless reason
I thank you more for the greed you hide inside
Thanks so much for your thoughtless reason
I thank you more for the greed you hide in sight

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