

Billy Klippert, Days Are Numbered

I got this feeling you lost yourself
In change of seasons there's no one to help

You're all alone, you're all alone
You sold your soul, I told you so

It's aiming for you and you're outnumbered
You've run out of places to hide, it falls upon you
Your days are numbered don't let it take you down

No rhyme no reason you tripped the wires in your head
Fell short of succeeding, do you feel sorry for yourself