

# Filter, Kill The Day

A night turns to daylight  
Daylight brakes you  
You feel lost and lonely  
Your thoughts betrayed you

It isn't the first time  
It won't be the last  
This crushed up feeling  
Has a place on my crime

Close your eyes  
The curtains that you like  
Push them away, it's ok  
Kill the day

And day turns to nighttime  
And the nighttime makes you  
You use a playwright pony  
Your thoughts remake you

It isn't the first time  
It won't be the last  
This crushed up feeling  
Has a place on my crime

Close your eyes  
The curtains that you like  
Push them away, it's ok  
Kill the day

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Hates you  
Brakes you  
Hates you  
Brakes you

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Push them away, it's ok  
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