

Jont, Another door closes

So if another door closes
I hope you see the window opening
As people suffering all the time
Don't waste your days life slips away
Like butter from a knife
And if you had a good day my sis
Make sure you raise your back, give your wife a kiss
The secrets species x and lines
Stolen from nests time after time
Like butter from a knife
Oh can't you see we're all crashing, in slow mo
Holding to this wheel we know
What I see is, don't want to be sleeping too long
Why can't we try to fly ourselves back to an old skin Making do is no way to live
What I see is, we're only here
Then we're gone, gone, gone
So turn your collar up to some wickedness
And fudge the lines between the crimes
You've been taught to miss
As ancient ladies baking bread
Bent underneath this pyramid
And all these things that you and her have never said
And when the time comes that you and her must kiss Well if you miss her mouth and screw it up a
You can impress her when you say,
"Darling each and every day life slips away"
Like butter from a knife
Oh can't you see we're all crashing, in slow mo
Holding to this wheel we know
What I see is, don't want to be sleeping too long
Why can't we try to fly ourselves back to an old skin Making do is no way to live
What I see is, we're only here
Then we're gone, gone, gone
So if another door closes
I hope you feel the window opening
As people hurrying down the lines
Don't waste your days life slips away
Like butter from a knife