

# Brand New Sin, Days Are Numbered

Bad enough i got time killing me  
It keeps dragging on  
But now it seems you're a burden to me  
The way you're hanging on  
Who the f\*\*ks gonna hold your hand  
Every time you cry  
Your life just seems to easy to me  
It makes me wonder why

It's only now i see  
You weren't built to last

When your days are numbered  
And you're fooling yourself fooling yourself  
And the truth's uncovered  
Don't blame nobody else nobody else

You think you serve some kind of purpose  
When you through your weight around  
We played your game for a long long time  
But now we're pulling out  
I think you know and you understand  
I think you realize  
But now i know that the truth could never make it  
past your f\*\*king pride