

# Professional Murder Music, Slow

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