

## **Sleeping, The "Dark Days"**

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In a state of mind half-a-world away, split apart from  
day to day.  
The thought of switching grooves, a sudden swing of  
moods,  
Then somehow everything changed.

Drastic differences in song, severed tunes now sung  
A full-circled hymn, a body rebuilding it's tired right  
from wrong.  
It's always wrong.

Life, I was sick of a verse, it couldn't get much worse.  
I was caving in.  
Then my words dropped out of the sky, out of the odd  
summer night.  
I am the song.

Now my darkest days are half a world away, worlds  
away.  
There were no choruses allowed.  
There was dust spewed from the mouth.  
The scent of growing old, a rushing surge of cold,  
A never-ending cloud.

There were beautiful bridges burning thin.  
All of the melodies sinking in, the thought of switching  
skin.  
The need to make it out, I gotta make it out  
But it's always wrong.

Life, I was sick of a verse, it couldn't get much worse.  
I was caving in.  
Then my words dropped out of the sky, out of the odd  
summer night.  
I am the song.  
Now my darkest days are...

Half a world away, worlds away.

