

Up Syndrome "Epidermia"

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This suit is tailored but it still doesn't quite fit
And I don't smoke but yet I'm still trying to quit
Even the devil once wore wings
Yeah I know and it feels like I'm running

OUTâ€¦ RUNNING OUT OF L-U-C-K AND
NOWâ€¦ NOW WE WATCH THE CLOCK JUST TICK AWAY

This epidermis is starting to creep me out
And all this choking-choking's leaving my throat in
drought
You just might be out of your mind
That's ok 'cause so am I
But if you're not with me
Than you're against me
I'm hospitable
To hostility
Will you ever get over this
I dunno but I'm pissed and I'm running

OUTâ€¦ RUNNING OUT OF L-U-C-K AND
NOWâ€¦ NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE I'M PERMANENTLY STUCK
STUCK INSIDE THIS SKIN

I'm running out of this thing we call time
I never see but it's passing me by
Each waking hour each and every day
My reflection is slowly fading away
So if you see me and I'm lonely
Quarterless and my luck meter has expired
Make sure you tell me that you know
And that you knew me before my soul retired
I'm running out I'm running out I'm running

OUTâ€¦ RUNNING OUT OF L-U-C-K AND
NOWâ€¦ NOW THE CLOCK'S TICKING AND I'M
RUNNINGâ€¦
OUTâ€¦ RUNNING OUT OF L-U-C-K AND
NOWâ€¦ NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE I'M PERMANENTLY STUCK
I'M STUCK INSIDE THIS SKIN

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