

Mat Musto

"Euthanasia (Youth In Asia)"

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I must be too late,
I loosen up and look at the doors in front of my face
It must be today
Read the clock with the sticky notes you made.
I'm unattended here as a super glued tape decker
beats your name.

I'm running out of time,
Were running out of time.
I feel like I'm climbing to heaven,
and I'm locked outside.
I feel like I climbing to heaven,
and I'm locked outside.

I ran all night and day
only to find that I was running in place.
I can't sleep at night when
I evaluate conceptions of becoming away.
I tremble in fear scraping the sky with my finger nails.

Ana-lyzing the freeway
because the light at the end of the tunnel is just
another train
and now we model the word "anxiety"
and I made it a phrase.
I pulled my heart off my sleeve and I shipped it away.

I feel like I climbing to heaven,
and I'm locked outside.
I feel like I climbing to heaven,
and I'm locked outside.

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