

Mike Mineo

"Killing Me"

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I cough violently till the pain satisfies as I curse all the
air that I breath,
There's a murder each day on the detectives desk,
But I can't figure out what is killing me
It must be the smoke from all of these factories,
It must be a joke, it must be destiny
But it can't possibly be,
That I'm Killing me,

But maybe I am killing me,

There's a problem I feel deep in my core,
It's the realness of mortality,
If eternal life provides shade like a tree,
Then it's underneath it my angel sleeps,
Then it must be it's fault, I'll die as it dreams,
It must be Adam but we know it is Eve,
But it can't possibly be,
That I'm killing me

But maybe I am Killing me,
(Gods mock mortality while humans all take
themselves seriously)
But maybe I am killing me,
(But who do you really think has control?)

And how can I take responsibility for something I was
just born into?
It can't possibly be,
That I'm killing me

But maybe I am Killing me,
(Gods mock mortality while humans all take
themselves seriously)
But maybe I am killing me,
(But who do you really think has control?)
I take my time each moment is new

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