

BeerBong "Nothing"

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Time goes by depression,
choosing wise length breaths,
I just walk one meter down
a sort of quick-earth-ground.
Looking backward and forward
for those things I have forgiven myself
between long steps, crossin' on this lane.
It's a lucky chance finding good words backwards:
my body is blank, full of nothing,
non-sense is my own fault.
Hallucination trails coming up next.
I mean this is just wasting time.
Let me remain again.
So, I used to play with insane toys
hoping my body doesn't grind.
But I only wonder if my silent calls
I only wonder if you tear along now.
But you stay locked up with hope in tomorrow,
you have a key to save your own life
from big damage lighting in your eyes.
Time goes by depression,
it looks fast & comfortable
to play and reply, that's how my jingle sounds.
I flow into fresh waters,
trying to turn my troubles into sleep,
I go back up a mindless trip away.
I drag on drama dream depression,
I rise up in your lawn

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