

Artist: nine_days

Title: Running away

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Don't drink me I'm like turpentine
Make you blind, burn your insides
If I don't know me then I don't know you
Can't figure out what I'm supposed to do

I ain't running away from my mind this time
I ain't running away from my mind this time

There's a killer in me and a killer in you
A little talent but a lot would do
If I don't know me then I don't know you
I don't know why I do the things I do

I ain't running away from my mind this time
I ain't running away from my mind this time
I ain't running away from my mind this time
I ain't running away from my mind this time

Too stressed to eat, too tired to sleep
Alien to all you meet

It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin
And nobody knows what state we're in
It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin
And nobody knows the trouble we're in
It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin