

Autopilot Off, Wide Awake

I'm breaking promises and breaking you apart
while this constant battle rages in my mind.
Over which path to take
How much of this is fate
and how much is just a waste of time

Because I don't know just what I need
Stuck somewhere in the in-between
3 in the morning and I wish that I could sleep.
But I'm wide awake.

Medicine bottle's laying empty on the floor
But I still can't make these headaches go away
More of a bastard than I've ever been before
I'd be better off just bashing in my brains.

All this feels like it's some other life
Doesn't it seem way too dark tonight

Because I don't know just what I need
Stuck somewhere in the in-between
3 in the morning and I'm writing this all down
And I hope it makes it easier somehow.