

Barcode, Stressed

Hammering pulse, bloodshed eyes
Restless thoughts, sleepless nights
Out of reach, out of mind
Restoration, medication time
This is the confession of a man who admits
(I can't complete this)
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
(I'm way beyond your reach)
This comes from a man who is about to pass out
(I cannot hear you shout)
This soul's lost and it will never once again be found