

# Far From Finished, Plague

I feel kind of weakness  
It's a kind of mental sickness  
Caused by caffeine and cigarettes  
Aggravation from the shit I regret

I'm wasting away  
But I can't help but laugh at my own decay  
Rot away from within  
But the feeling's so intoxicating

Think I lost my voice of reason  
Guess I learned my last lesson  
I hear something like a whisper  
But all I see is my own murder

Struggle with mental compensation  
I've got my own reservations  
Don't come too close there's nothing I trust  
The words have all faded my brains gone to dust

I'm wasting away  
But I can't help but laugh at my own decay  
Rot away from within  
But the feeling's so intoxicating

I'm running out of time (it's a plague that lives within my mind)  
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