

Autopilot Off, Clockwork

You're probably sick of being tired.

You can't find the strength to close your eyes,

You can't let go, but you can't change everything.

No matter what, it seems some pages go unturned,

But that's not for us to understand.

My only hope is that you get what you deserve.

Some things are just out of our hands.

Time is going to warn you with a whisper,

When it wants to let you know.

You can't live in fear of the things that aren't for sure.