

Autopilot Off, Sleptight

I know you wish you were dreaming.
The silence is keeping you awake.
Staring outward past your ceiling, and pushing aimless
thoughts away.
There's no resolution when the day is over,
when so much is left undone.
There must be something better than this
tired cycle, where so much gets left unsaid.
An empty bedroom can be freezing.
Every midnight seems so cold.
Staring outward past your ceiling.
There's nothing lonelier, I know.

Please look out your window.
You'll see the stars outside.
Just think of how wide the sky is,
before you close your eyes tonight