

# Darkest Hour, These Fevered Times

my heart's been racing with my mind to the finish  
line of these fevered times struck down again this  
turbulence has overcome tranquility pounding  
the walls inside these thoughts i can't control  
and shooting through my veins these heightened  
senses overwhelming confusion replaces clarity a  
neurotic rearrangement you know the feeling when  
down feels up to it's old tricks again so misleading  
when it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest out  
of breath on the bathroom floor and i'll make  
light of this night and night of this day it's what  
i tell myself to sleep when i dream myself awake