

Horror Show, 76 Hours

Living a life kept shut by a dream
I'm reaching out to grasp my reality
Hands of time wrap tight around my neck
And hit me so hard
Leaving me eyes black
Staring at a ceiling
Wondering why I never left
Penning words in a notebook
Wondering why haven't slept
Sanity is tapping in a cell
Inside my f**king head
Begging for redemption
After hearing what was said
The nights, they will not sleep
'Cause the days, have played for keeps