

Jim Robert, Insomniac

I'm elated Intoxicated
Everything I hated: boiling over
Save me from myself,
Still freezing in hell,
Lock me in my cell:
This spinning oblivion

I'm cryin for a second chance.

These fan blades spin, over head
As I lay limp in my bed
Trying to find exactly what I am
I try to sleep, all alone
I'm giving in, on my own
To this lonely insomniac addiction.