

Transit, Empty Shell

When I stepped inside
My room was just the way I left it.
An empty shell waiting for the sea.
To be swallowed up inside a wave
Left only to be forgotten.
This empty shell it's waiting for the sea.
Sink or Survive this place will bury will us alive.
I'll be here up all night staring at the ceiling.
On this bed of nails that wont stop piercing me.
I'll be here up all night staring at the ceiling.
Closing walls are caving in.
And I am left without an inch to spare.
I'm losing track of what is fake and what is real again.
I Wish I could sleep the day away.
I've been running circles in my head.
The clock is laughing in my face again.
Cars cast shadows on my walls from the street below.
Another hour and still no sleep to get me through the night.
The mourning air will flood these halls
Pouring in the windows
Soon we'll be up to our necks in a new day.
Why is it so hard to close my eyes and just drift away?
Sink or survive this place will bury will us alive.
I'll be right here.