

We Came As Romans, Everything As Planned

I don't sleep at night
I just lay and think
About if everything went just how I've planned
And how nothing is going how I've planned
I'm tied down to the bed I've made
The one I've said that I have left
I shouldn't speak before I know
I've built and rebuilt the bed I lay in
But I always end up restless in the same place
I don't sleep at night
And I don't know what to think
About the life I've made for myself
Or have I created my own hell?
Did I set myself up to fail?
Tried to take care of everyone else
Neglected taking care of myself
How can I take care of anyone else?
The one thing I wanted most
Was lost because of my own
My own irresponsibility
Do it getas many chances as it takes?
Or have I not earned them?
Tell me that I have earned them
Tell me that I can...
Start sleeping through the night
Will you tell me that I've created a life for myself
None of us were made to fail
I know without taking care of myself
I can never take care of anyone else
Will I start to sleep at night?
Or will I just lay and think?
About how if everything went just how I've planned
Or if I'm better off it never has
Will I start to sleep?
Or will I just lay in bed?
Will I start to sleep at night?