

Wyrd, Ominous Insomnia

Still Holding on to a memory (of a dream)
Clung to a ghost of the past,
I am entangled in a maze (of the self)
With no way out
...Alive

Tired of the empty promises of a new brighter dawn
Tired of all your fucking lies, that you keep preaching on
Tired of all the hypocrisy, all the scorn, and double morality
Only refuge is in a dream, but the dream always dies

An image of a desolate meadow (it's a dream)
All black, dead and barren, paints itself unto my cornea (it's for real)
I know, I've seen it before
...In a dream, maybe?

The drugs don't work anymore, immune to all the pills
Too afraid to sleep, too tired to live

Can't sleep, the visions haunt me
Should I close my eyes, would I dare?, dream, my last sanctuary
Now twisted into a morbid nightmare
...Without an end

The fever's getting higher, burning inside me like fire
The shadows are getting deeper, oh dawn, why won't you come?

Tired of being alive, of thinking, of breathing
So why not just end it? Right here, right now
The sickness burns in my veins, working like a daze
Yet I am too scared to end my days