

# 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