

These Fevered Times

Darkest Hour

My heart's been racing with my mind to the finish line of these
Fevered times stuck down again this turbulence has overcome
Tranquility pounding the walls inside these thoughts I can't control

And shooting through my veins these heightened senses overwhelming

Confusion replaces clarity a neurotic rearrangement you know the

Feeling when down feels up to it's old tricks again so misleading when

It hits like a ton of bricks to the chest out of breath on the
Bathroom floor and I'll make light of this night and night of this day

It's what I tell myself to sleep when I dream myself awake