

Plague

Far From Finished

I feel kind of weakness
It's a kind of mental sickness
Caused by caffeine and cigarettes
Aggravation from the shit I regret

I'm wasting away
But I can't help but laugh at my own decay
Rot away from within
But the feeling's so intoxicating

Think I lost my voice of reason
Guess I learned my last lesson
I hear something like a whisper
But all I see is my own murder

Struggle with mental compensation
I've got my own reservations
Don't come too close there's nothing I trust
The words have all faded my brains gone to dust

I'm wasting away
But I can't help but laugh at my own decay
Rot away from within
But the feeling's so intoxicating

I'm running out of time (it's a plague that lives within my mind)
I'm running out of time (it's a plague that lives within my mind)
I'm running out of time (it's a plague that lives within my mind)