Sleeping Limbs

From Indian Lakes

My lungs are not waking up
They don't listen to what the rest of me knows.
And I'm counting down the days I have left
Only listening while I'm holding my breath
'Til I see you.
Cut it down, I will cut them down
They tower over me while I sleep
But I've had too much to just lay around
Only pretending while I'm facing the ground.
These scars, my only wish
What's the point to this?
There's no point to this
And these scars, my only wish
What's the point to this?
There's no point to this.
Hold on to me,
Hold onto my back,
I've fallen down the hole much too fast
And even if the light pours in up over my head
Will I see it then or pretend that I'm dead again.
These scars, my only wish
What's the point to this?
There's no point to this
And these scars, my only wish
What's the point to this?
There's no point to this.
Cause we all change with the morning after
But these tired hearts aren't beating fast enough
So can I ask you to leave me alone
I'll help when I am able to
get back up
get back up
get back up
get back up
get back up
get back up
get back up
get back up

Correct these lyrics