

I've been awake for what feels like a thousand days.
Twilight keeps me here suspended frozen still as time intended.
The path that binds must be what is defining me.
So sing me back to sleep, wrap me in your memory.
I can't stop hearing these voices (these voices in my head).
They try to keep me wide awake and I just want to give in .
I can't stop hearing these voices (they never end).
When will they let me fall asleep?
Wake up.

The night is clever, capable of deceiving weather.
Nothing always has a meaning if everything is always breathing.
The body is my temple, a gold fragile vessel.
So sing me back to sleep, wrap me in your memory.
The floor boards speak, the curtains start to breathe.
Suck in a lucid dream wake from this treachery.
I can't stop hearing these voices (these voices in my head).
They try to keep me wide awake and I just want to give in .
I can't stop hearing these voices (they never end).
When will they let me fall asleep?
So let me sleep.

I can't stop hearing these voices (I can't stop). (I can't stop
).
I can't stop hearing these voices (they never end).
It shifts from dark to light as daybreak intervenes.
Another sleepless night, another page to write.
My mind lost in between