

I wake up every morning to the sound of motors roaring
they are drowning out the voices in my head
at night while I am sleeping I can hear the angels speaking but
I can't recall a single thing they said
I see their lips move clearly I feel their presence near me
but each word they try to tell me just slips through the cracks

I push I strain I wrestle with my brain and then a voice from somewhere whispers to relax.

I'll say a word for sickness
she is my favorite mistress
yes she knows my body like no other can
my flesh and spirit keep colliding when her fingers are inside me
oh my god oh my god, lady
I'm your man
Fever flu malaria come near me
do not spare me
I just long to spend another night under attack
I wretch, I shake, I cry until I break
and then I feel something release and I relax

I've banged my head for days against the walls inside this maze

I've never been so good at this damn kind of thing
I'm in here with my father I'm just pacing but he's smarter
he's been building a fantastic set of wings
and like that I'm up and flying
with the labyrinth behind me
but I go too high
the sun is melting through the wax
it burns it hurts I tumble to the earth and as I fall I feel my self relax.

Am I letting go? I think I'm letting go.
I must be letting go.
I've got to let it go. Let it go. Let it go. Let it go.

I wake up every morning
to the sound of motors roaring
they are drowning out the voices in my head
at night while I am sleeping I can hear the angels speaking but
I can't recall a single thing they said
I see their lips move clearly I feel their presence near me
but each word they try to tell me just slips through the cracks

I push I strain I wrestle with my brain I wretch, I shake, I cr

y until I break
it burns it hurts I tumble to the earth and as I fall I feel my
self relax.