

When night seems to wrap me in exhaustion,
and I keep wishing I could start the day again,
sleep takes its sweet time finding me;
it's always bittersweet, it used to come so easily.

For when I'm discovered, the fever starts all over.
And death leaves dreams to be desired'

What could be more enticing than a painless ending?
You don't need to rock me so fast;

I know the tremors haven't passed.
It's not the fear that makes me tremble,
but the sweat on my face you keep trying to wipe away.
I've never been this cold.

If you could just lend me your eyes,
then I might find the strength to see a different light.
Or maybe I could close my lids
without seeing the words burned onto the back of them:
"You'll never find it, you'll never be found"