

## Counting Sheep

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm sorry for feeling sorry for myself  
Feeling helpless could be helpful with a little help  
Hopelessly hopeful that my dreams will come true  
It's hard to focus when it's only day dreaming I do  
I'd be thoughtlessly thoughtless if I thought it would work  
But I've been working on my thought process, now my brain hurts  
In bed, wide eyed, awake,  
I pray to God, if he exists, my mind he'll take

Never any sleep between these sheets  
But I've been counting sheep for weeks  
Inside my head, when I'm in bed  
Maybe I'll sleep when I'm dead  
Fighting the night by writing lyrics describing the act of sleep depriving  
Fighting the night by writing lyrics describing the act of sleep depriving

I'll go insane if I don't get some rest  
Why am I emotional when I'm motionless  
Lately it's been getting later 'til I drift away  
But I know forty winks later I'll be fast awake  
Getting bored of bordering the state of consciousness  
I'm half asleep the whole time, three quarters at best  
Down I lie to try and get myself some shut-eye  
To no surprise I find my eyelids are avoiding my eyes, I'm tired

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