

mentally deranged

Pale Forest

There's that something in your eyes again
I can't get you to speak
I try to catch your gaze
Are you watching someone else?

I try to hold you up, but you go limp
and you feel so cold
I try to get you to communicate
but you are stuck, controlling your own fate

Can you hear me?
I think maybe not
Can you bear me?
holding on to what I haven't got

And so I swallow the bitter pill
turn my back and head for home
Tears in my eyes and fading will
please don't leave me alone

Can you hear me?
I think maybe not
Can you bear me?
holding on to what I haven't got

A snap of fingers and you're back again
your eyes turn to warm
But there is something which will now be changed
now I'm the mentally deranged

Can you hear me?
I think maybe not
Can you bear me?
holding on to what I haven't got