

Reverie

Passafire

Got these visions inside my head
trying to sleep
tossing turning all around in my bed
wrestle for peace
I'm running with a hundred pounds of lead
chained to my feet
sinking deeper in a sea of dread
facing defeat

Wake now,
having a reverie
visceral dormancy
Wake now
reveling heavily
settling steadily
Wade out
tied to the tide
letting it rise
Fade out

There's a factory inside of my brain
Manufactures it all
Takes the things that really drive me insane
Rolls them into a ball
Then they soak the ball in gasoline
wait until I fall
Asleep and waiting for the fatal flame
that makes the bomb go off

Break down

Lay down

Space out

Fade out