

I'll Sleep When I'm Dead

Set It Off

It's the same each and every night.
Glare at my screen with two big bloodshot eyes.
I'm stuck self-torturing; my meds are failing me.
Internal clock in smithereens.
Can't fix this, I'm hopeless.

My eyes are stapled open wide,
As I lay down on my side.
I am bouncing off these walls.

Notice my hands begin to twitch.
Unprovoked assaulting of my conscious wit.
Me and the TV are enemies.
Sickening static surrounds my mind.
I'm losing time, and realizing that
After days of thought that I'm
Stuck self-torturing; my meds are failing me.
Internal clock in smithereens.
Can't fix this, I'm hopeless.

My eyes are stapled open wide,
As I lay down on my side.
I am bouncing off these walls.
As I focus on the clock,
Time stands still, but I cannot.
I should strap myself in bed.
I guess I'll sleep when I am dead.

Talk to myself, lie in the darkness so content.
As the sun begins to rise, I can barely shut my eyes.
This crazed, delirious mess; laughing at everything I see.
My sanity is spent. Just tell me where our time went.
I'm losing it.

Attention: All insomniacs, please raise your right hand.
And kindly, repeat after me.
"I guess I'll sleep when I am dead!"

'Cause I'm stuck self-torturing; my meds are failing me.
Internal clock in smithereens.
Can't fix this, I'm hopeless.
My eyes are stapled open wide,
As I lay down on my side.
I am bouncing off these walls.
As I focus on the clock,
Time stands still, but I cannot.
I should strap myself in bed.
I guess I'll sleep when I am dead.

I guess I'll sleep when I am.