

the head is shot the nerves rubbed raw  
like a tooth sharpening cannibal  
i'd eat the heart that beats in fear  
so it could never keep me here  
i'm working on my satellite  
if you could help me i might find  
a way to make my plea get through  
just beam me back a little proof

i'm tired of feeling... feeling tired  
and I'm feeling... feeling tired

i'm scratching at these cataracts  
to try and see what's still intact  
i sold the heart that beats in fear  
the road ahead now is desolately clear

i wish i may i wish i'd find  
a way to make these scars feel real  
so i could stand and face what's here

i'm tired of feeling... feeling tired... i'm feeling tired

mother won't you hear  
my desperate cries?  
i'm calling in...  
mother won't you hear my desperate crying?  
i've been so shut down yeah i'll admit i'm struggling  
mother won't you hear my desperate crying?