

Pillow Over The Face As Therapy

Thought Riot

The only life I've come to depend on has turned against me.

What am I to do when there's nothing left?

No one left for me.

The only one who can change this lies in front of a machine.

Medicines and cures seem too far away.

So sick of playing this hide and seek game with reality.

Count to ten; release my grasp on today.

What has happened? Why do I fall?

Glorified problems in a chemical mess.

Stripped down I fall into unconsciousness.

What is left of me?

I see you in the glimpse of a forgotten dream walking beside me

(just a glimpse of a forgotten dream).

You're there through it all but it still isn't real.

Climb inside; destroy that which makes me ill.

Look closely; it hides well in this mangled mess that makes what I am.

What has happened? Where have I gone?

Is it a problem to be solved by anyone?

I sacrifice myself 'cause there is no way out.

Life is suffocating me as I beg for sweet catharsis.

Nobody cares except you, in love with what is left of me.

What is left of me?

(just a glimpse of a forgotten dream).