

Intrapersonal

Turnover

I can see you beside me,
in my peripheral vision,
Always right there,
Always aware,
Of this manic depressive condition

There's a fever burning up in me,
I'm tangled up inside a sinking feeling,
Slipping out of touch with the controls,
It's all intrapersonal.

Lay my head down,
Try and sleep now,
Can't slow down my mind.

Close my eyes, try to find,
A train of thought I can hop,
Out of the mess I grew in my head,
Afraid I won't know how to stop

And I want to know,
And I want to know,
And I want to know

Native delirium,
Are you a daughter of
This new insomnia,
My hypochondria?
Wilt me just past the bloom,
Pull up my deepest roots,
A graceful poison like
a wave of vile blight.

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It's all intrapersonal.