

I've been having a hard time with myself  
Counting the beats of my bad pulse again  
Then it turned into a nightmare

I've been tossing and turning in my bed  
Sleep deprivation worked me overtime  
Until my body hit the decline

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so erratic

I was a misfit in my youth  
I thought I knew everything but I admit  
That I used to wallow in shit

So what was there to love about the thrills  
Other than the time it killed  
I'm motionless, still I fear the regress

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so erratic

Now, I've got a big lump in my throat  
And it may take some time to swallow it  
I'm still trying to get used to it

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low  
There's always something on my nerves  
That gets me so

Here lie the pieces to my puzzled weakness  
A term that made me so erratic

It made me so erratic