

Insomnia

War from a Harlots Mouth

The light is drifting away
The experience is passing by
I did not really witness the day
And now its end is nigh

In my state of mind
I am too irate to find rest
Too tired of being tired
Too overcharged to think straight

Chased by my thoughts
Trapped in between worlds

Everything is far away
Nothing is real
Everything's a copy
Of a copy of a copy

Chased by my thoughts
Trapped in between worlds

Too tired of being tired
Too overcharged to think straight
Too bound to depart