

## 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