

Psychasthenia

William Fitzsimmons

Could you map this globe
With a torment slowly rose
To a fear resigned
Quiet room I hope I find

Cut me open please
Cut me open please

With an alter robe
I have stumbled knife to lobe
In compulsion drown
Counting every phantom found

Cut me open please
Cut me open please

With a bridge I've killed
I will serotonin fill
To a fear resign
Quiet room I hope I find.