

# 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.