

I ignore it and toss to prevent it from winning,
Yet still it will succeed in suspending unconsciousness.
A symphony of droplets which I couldn't classify as the spit of
a harlot.

No more thinking tonight,
Drying out my sanity in a way that seems intended.
'Cause I have done my overtime.
Sick of sight, serenity and the way it's implemented.

The blue twists and turns to red,
With bricks in my head.
These bricks in my head

And my conscience has been fed,
With bricks in my head.
These bricks in my head

I shake my pride and move, clutch and turn.
Exploding with every half movement.
Reaching out and stumbling like a short-
sighted old aged wretch,
I clamber onto the switch, pupils dilating, flinching back.

Sight is overwhelmed by all the other senses,
So I sit, sip and watch as they all merge back into one.