

I'm Hibernating

The Antlers

Whether you're aware of your limbs or of your hair
you're the spitting image of you in glass
you've got scratches on your arms
and you sleep through car alarms
who is stealing all the cars as you sleep

the knives can cut the locks
we can set back all the clocks
just to lose another hour away
we'll live twice in every day
that we keep the sleep away
i'll be good and keep my mouth shut
i know i can breathe
but that's not enough

i feel like i'm sleeping
and i can't wake up
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