

Counting Sheep

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm sorry for feeling sorry for myself
Feeling helpless could be helpful with a little help
Hopelessly hopeful that my dreams will come true
It's hard to focus when it's only day dreaming I do
I'd be thoughtlessly thoughtless if I thought it would work
But I've been working on my thought process, now my brain hurts
In bed, wide eyed, awake,
I pray to God, if he exists, my mind he'll take

Never any sleep between these sheets
But I've been counting sheep for weeks
Inside my head, when I'm in bed
Maybe I'll sleep when I'm dead
Fighting the night by writing lyrics describing the act of sleep depriving
Fighting the night by writing lyrics describing the act of sleep depriving

I'll go insane if I don't get some rest
Why am I emotional when I'm motionless
Lately it's been getting later 'til I drift away
But I know forty winks later I'll be fast awake
Getting bored of bordering the state of consciousness
I'm half asleep the whole time, three quarters at best
Down I lie to try and get myself some shut-eye
To no surprise I find my eyelids are avoiding my eyes, I'm tired

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