

For all intensive purposes I'm dead.
The alarm clock sets my fate and tonight this place means nothing.
Just concrete walls dressed in photographs of people I've never met.
These are the things you think about when you can't get to bed.

But I've heard it said that the toughest times will end.
But I've seen enough to know that those are just
flimsy affirmations from your friends.
So I'll take what I can get,
from another night laying open eyes
thinking about the reasons why I'm alone again.

With every tick this clock it takes.
I'm lying helpless underneath the sheets closing my eyes bears
no escape.
For troubled minds these dark rooms are getting smaller by the
day.
These are the longest nights of your young life so plan accordingly.

Can't sleep, won't sleep.

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