

Are You Anywhere?

Poison the Well

Go to sleep, go to sleep.
I'm hardly what I make myself out to be.
I know what happens when I'm alone.
Go to sleep.
The cowering and whimpering of a weak-willed son.
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child.

I'm tired of dying.
I'll be prepared when it comes.
I'm tired of dying.
This isn't fun anymore.

Go to sleep, go to sleep.
The constant confrontation that I protect.
Protect myself from every night.
Go to sleep.
No preparation avails me for what's to come.
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child.

I'm tired of dying.
I'll be prepared when it comes.
I'm tired of dying.
This isn't fun anymore.

Now will it be rainbows or knives.
This isn't funny anymore.

And in the morning the only way to feel accomplished is to be visited by every horrible thought in my mind.

I'm tired of dying.
This isn't fun anymore.
I'm tired of dying.
I'll be prepared when it comes.