

Relapse; Signs.

Structures

When I awoke in a pool of sweat,
Not a thought crossed my mind that I was
Reading the wrong signs.
This all so meaningless to me, and as endless as it seems,
I've been turning the other cheek
To the thoughts that left me feeling weak.
Every time this happens to me, I find more than good reason in
speaking slowly.
Yet I refuse to believe that the truth is a life.
I'm at fault for the decisions I have made.
I'm falling asleep. I swear I've seen this a thousand times before.
It's like a metaphor that I can't ignore, anymore.
This is the last time I remember crawling on my knees in desperation.
I'm falling asleep again.

Why can't I wake up? Time to wake up.
Pretend, everything's fine.
Relapse, one more fucking time.
The grass is greener on the other side.
All the time spent backbeddling seems useless because
You never really get back what you've lost,
But I've spent my life at the edge of the clouds.
Obsessed with the sound, I'll never look down.

Why can't I wake up? Time to wake up.
Pretend, everything's fine.
Relapse.
Dear dreamer, did you ever think to cover your tracks?
Keep light on the footsteps.
Cause if the shoe fits, well the fucking shoe fits...
come to peace with it and you'll breathe sanity,
It never seems to come easily to me.

Dear dreamer, it's not my fault your life's a fucking nightmare
.
It'll slip right through your hands.
Dear dreamer, it's time you rub your eyes and look at your sad
reality.