

Asylum

The Awakening

Hid in the Asylum
Waiting on the Lord
Needle's at the front desk
But it never takes that long

Judas of confessions
Broken on my knees
Down on medication
Innocent but always losing sleep

I wait alone

All the lights are turned on
Scalpel in the hand
A minor indiscretion
I feel the harness tightening

Analyse my breathing
The company I keep
Prostitutes and Presidents
Are here in the Asylum losing sleep

I wait alone
Alone

I'm letting go
I'm coming home

Hid in the Asylum
Waiting on the Lord
Needle's at the front desk
But it never takes that long
In the Asylum

I'm letting go
I'm coming home
I'm letting go