

Sick

Twelve Foot Ninja

Are you sick of being tired?
Are you tired of being sick?

How did I get to where it pours,
Never rains,
Highway-lost,
Out of range,
My time,
A memory.

As you grip for the future,
It slips out of your hands,
The bitter-sweet truth,
You know too well,
You've got to take it,

You've got to face it where you stand.

Get out of your own damn way,
You must be out of your mind.

Don't ask if refusal offends.

I can get a handle on it.
Time is a memory,
Time is ticking,
Time is a memory,
Time is illusion.