

Barcode "Stressed"

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Hammering pulse – bloodshed eyes
Restless thoughts – sleepless nights
Out of reach – out of mind
Restoration, medication time

This is the confession of a man who admits
I can't complete this
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
I'm way beyond your reach
This comes from a man who is about to pass out
I cannot hear you shout
This soul's lost and it will never once again be found
'Cause there are no rebounds in the final round

Push push push push push it
Stretch it a little more
Faster than before
Gotta reach the call
Gotta climb the wall
Last man to fall
Still missed it all

This is the confession of a man who admits
I can't complete this
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
I'm way beyond your reach
This comes from a man who is about to pass out
I cannot hear you shout
This soul's lost and it will never once again be found

All these creepy smiles
Glancing down the aisle
all god's graciousness deprived

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