

Iota

"Awake And Nervous"

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So the certainty is I can get no air,
Getting nowhere at all,
Open-ended and suspended one by one,
In the slipstream,
And Harvest hold the horrbag,
Emotion starts to lag,
With panache I keep a-crashing,
Through the sky,
No compassion have I.

Kick a kiss of superstition and I cry,
"Just a guide or I throw
All the panic I can muster,
Threatening to the cluster";
The hangman's whore so obvious,
Discretion's such a drag,
But I know his apparatus snows my mind,
When it gets too far out.
Guard the ribs and fall,
I long to catch my breath, condemn it all
As the number I become,
They count me out a volunteer.

See how they run in silence up the belfry steps,
Each unaffected by the sight of the blistered skin;
Someone to calm me till the pounding in my head
stops,
Over the tens of thousands find no way out of in:
Through the pandemonium, My heart is beating like a
drum,
Barricaded in here, crawling's getting creepier,
With my head in my hands, all the heaven in my heart.

Get me out of here, let me get away,
Let me go from here, get me out away,
Get me out of here, let me get away,
Let me out of here, let me go today....

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