

## Ophthalmia

### "Up To Me"

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Passing out  
Giving in  
This final pill- it bleeds me

Reaching out  
Breathing in  
This righteous path- it drains me

In my hand  
Drips of sweet  
Contraband  
Let me sleep

Falling out of my control  
'Till a better day  
Pack your things and drive straight home  
And just leave it up to me

All comes out  
Nothing in  
An emptiness that haunts me

Left alone  
Pray I keep  
Skin and bone  
Still I weep

Falling out of my control  
'Till a better day  
Pack your things and drive straight home  
And just leave it up to me  
To me

Falling out of my control  
'Till a better day  
Pack your things and drive straight home  
And just leave it up to me  
To me

