

Darkest Hour

"These Fevered Times"

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My heart's been racing with my mind
To the finish line of these fevered times
Stuck down again
This turbulence has overcome tranquility

Pounding the walls inside
These thoughts I can't control
And shooting through my veins
These heightened senses overwhelming

Confusion replaces clarity
A neurotic rearrangement
You know the feeling when down
Feels up to it's old tricks again, it's so misleading

When it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest
Out of breath on the bathroom floor
And I'll make light of this night and night of this day
It's what I tell myself to sleep, when I dream myself
awake

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Out of breath on the bathroom floor
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