

Zach Morris**"Tired"**

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Eyelids heavy
Breathing slowly
Bed is ready
Sleep is holy

Vision hazy
Colors blurry
Mind is lazy
And full of worry

Heart is busy
Stuck on you
Tongue is fizzy
From words true

Bones are brittle
Skin is weak
Life is little
Memory bleak

Fallen angels
Around my bed
Losing braincells
From my head

Completely aware
But fully insane
Soul is rare
As well as brain

No longer last long
Their life is gone
No they've passed on

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