

Day Green

"Brain Stew"

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I'm having trouble trying to sleep

I'm counting sheep but running out

As time ticks by

And still I try

No rest for crosstops in my mind

On my own... here we go

My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed

Dried up and bulging out my skull

My mouth is dry

My face is numb

Fucked up and spun out in my room

On my own... here we go

My mind is set on overdrive

The clock is laughing in my face

A crooked spine

My sense dulled

Passed the point of delerium

On my own... here we go

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