

Sane

"last act"

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what do you think about
when your eyes close for the night
and who do you dream about
does the dawn wake you in time

in the midst of the flickering
we seek to be whole
and when will the state Im in
begin to take its toll

Im sick of the sound, sick of the sound
of your words saying you dont want me around
sick of the sound, sick of the sound
of your words saying you dont want me around

you saw me tonight, could have saved my life
but I knew that you wouldnt even try
Im sick of the sound

you let all the prisoners out,
now their fighting for their lives
you tore all the fences down,
now I can walk for miles

and the wind is whistling a song, but its so cold
cause you crushed all the fragile things
that are propping up my soul.
dont crush my soul

I had to see you just once more
I went to your window but the view was obscured
I could heal, start it again
but I lie in the basement as the water pours in

Im sick of the sound, sick of this town
sick of their faces and Im sick of the frowns
you color my eyes, color my tears
I talk to myself because youre not here
I talk to myself because youre not here
I talk to myself because youre not

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