

Paul Byrom

"A Need To Survive"

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I've got to much to go
Can't go to sleep cause I'm too tired
What do you mean but it's my own choice
A need to survive and a need to go on
What happened what's wrong?
These nightmares are taking too long
Can't sit up can't sit still
These drugs are making me I'll
A momentary loss of muscular coordination
A few extra foot pounds of energy per second
Cold inside
Trapped and no life
Cold is the grave
Can't decide
To live or to die
When something hits you this hard
There will be noone to whine to
I have no sympathy for fools like you
This is how reality fucks you...

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