

## Letters Organize, The "Trouble Sleeping"

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Only sleep can wake me. Too much is always on my  
mind.

Only sleep can take me out of my own skin.

Awake at 6am to rack my brain of all this.

Awake to feed on the pain that we enlist.

Only miles wake me. At home is still too far away.

Can we work through the bleeding? Don't ask me why.

Awake at 6am to rack my brain of all this.

Awake to feed on the pain that we enlist.

Wide eyed, my chest is caving in.

Mind tired, direction is lost but not forgotten.

When it's gone you miss it the most.

I really can't, I really can't tell.

When it's gone you miss it the most.

I really can't, I really can't tell what defines my time.

Time.

Unexpected and uncontrolled. Wide eyed, drained and  
cold.

Awake at 6am to rack my brain of all this.

Awake to feed on the pain that we enlist.

Trouble sleeping, trouble sleeping.

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