

## **Mortisabstract**

### **"Insomnia"**

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V1: I cant seem to dip deep in a pool of dreams An  
incessant duel of dams and streams 6 degrees  
between me and wonderland Eyelids bolted shut but  
pupils still on pan Nothing else but ponder creation A  
thousand and one basis conjured by sleep deprivation  
Why O why is this crickets friction twig legs keeping me  
up? Forcing the east and west edge of my pillow  
against this mug to plug like burning lights shinning in  
eyes with your lids cut off Im never a pagan pacing and  
chatter til Polly Grip Mimicking maydays mission to the  
milky way playing lactose intolerant While the flood  
grows up vertically Youre chained to a cactus trying to  
stay dry Look up to the sky and see Billy hand cuffed to  
a kite Some guys get all the luck Reaching for nothing  
butting heads with a buck, kid Wanting something  
someone else was entrusted with I start my own flood  
repelling chunky discharge from my lips Throwing up a  
flux of lost spirits Theyre morbid culpable custody of  
revenge Pending replies of those in tuned to elusive  
spooks rude and angry That no one showed them  
salvation spearheaded by manger baby How many  
compliments does it take to lift a frown? A kind of down  
syndrome propped up on the rocker Infamous mocker  
of BLAW-BLAW talker, Slapdash! Vicadin or the chapel?  
Opt for the latter of two addictions Attention disorder  
canyon gap deficit Impartial to dialogue outside the  
crevice Potty mouth disperse stipend doses cold  
Natural gifts play host to mold stuffed in the closet  
pocket of ability Picturesque this pathetic messy The  
eeny-meany-miny-mo approach to course THE AGONY  
OF REPROACH opposital static pragmatic to both  
HURRAH and CALM Seeing the bright side of things  
while sanding off in the shade Inprint my foot in the  
clay of painstaking Coalesce fervid and precise Splice  
bees to my honeycomb Gambling talents pull and  
shoot The plates prosperous down the line Cry splats to  
an anti-empathic slab of foundation Tasting the muck  
of experiences weve walked on passed A lass residue  
on the sole of shoe peruse delusion Whos to sooth my  
contusion? Prove zero to be the moody barrens deeds  
Glaring me when I condone charity I sweep off the

porch and bring the leaves back to the trees In a literal  
sense, it makes none but think beyond a rubex cubex  
thought box set con I water the plant in me Embark on  
embracing catalogue eternity tasting a race formless  
Smell the dill weeds Keep seeps from acid plop atop  
dreams with lips a grip anxiety and brimstone DONT  
FOOL YOURSELF! Pelted ego plethora of bore head  
trophies hung High and mightys murk intake to  
charcoal the lung Insert cancer glances which appears  
to be unsung Punk oracle Help the waddle up on toes  
Riddle me lines of disgust Knuckle heads is what Im  
dealing with Count the holes in the ceiling fist busts  
Level with the modern day epiphany ME I take a stroll  
down the doll western parts of gray matter Call out  
through the desolate dwellings of all who pitter-patter  
The mad hatter Rescuing innocence down the hatches  
of slapdash Transcend to lay pains in starving artist the  
empty cartridge My girlfriend mood swings me a  
couple of black eyes sometimes then the regretful  
kisses after cryin Lying in park shadows on top of  
sheets Watching my Tasmanian angel sleep Picture  
perfect of my certain certainties Im nursing Her, wanting  
to pull the plug on my compulsive flirting Whats wrong  
with a couple of complimentary tries to someone in need  
of lies By the way, unfrank and countless Profound  
meets dumbfounded with sharp pains up the anis The  
intellectual wink and force the dumb to explain it  
Patterns of male magnet pulling played out due to  
stupor lab rats that cant hack a come on or let alone  
decode it cause in this game Only the perceptive get  
promoted While the hesitant become sediments of the  
clones who foreboded Stones cackle at the guilty in  
mid air thrown by sinless This never happened before  
people started asking forgiveness Just to chuck  
pebbles that the misfortunate tortoises But remember  
All tortoises go to heaven because they take time to  
learn why theyre running before they finish the race  
Good night

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