

Clarity

Defeat The Low

It makes a lot more sense to be slapped in the face
With the truth than to die from a lie
It makes a lot more sense to ask questions
Open your mouth and be fed
Than to keep it closed and just starve to death
All these dreams come rushing back to play
When the sickness dissipates
Endless nights of sweat and cold Illusions take the stage Put it off, is it really me conjuring these things
I may never understand the things
I see after I've fallen asleep
This is something I want, this is something I need
To extinguish a fire that I will no longer feed
Because I have burned in the fire, yes I have burned in that fire
Just to prove that I am a man, all to no avail
Because in the ashes is stand
All to no avail, because in the ashes I stand
All these dreams come rushing back to play
When the sickness dissipates
Endless nights of sweat and cold Illusions take the stage Put it off, is it really me conjuring these things I may
never understand the things I see after I've fallen asleep

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