Drowning The Old Hag

Fear Before The March Of Flames

i can't get her off of my chest unless i'm sleeping on my side
it's like drowning when the water may only exist in my head
so i'll put a hole there and let my seas spill onto your shores
rendering your plane of thinking a dizzy little girl on the edge of the world
don't tell me that there is nothing to fear
trying to share it is a reckless endeavor
i can't take the weight of this head full of water
i
don't
sleep
i
hardly
move
you won't sleep you won't move at allwhen what you see and what you believe are two different things
you can really start to wear down and lose it
and they will never see it

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