

Brain Stew

YC the Cynic

I'm having trouble trying to sleep
I'm counting sheep but running out
As time ticks by
And still I try
No rest for crosstaps in my mind
On my own here we go My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed
Dried up and bulging out my skull
My mouth is dry
My face is numb
Fucked up and spun out in my room
On my own here we go My mind is set on overdrive
The clock is laughing in my face
A crooked spine
My senses dulled
Passed the point of delirium
On my own here we go My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed
Dried up and bulging out my skull
My mouth is dry
My face is numb
Fucked up and spun out in my room
On my own here we go

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