

# Sick to my Heart

Desa

Sleeping tight.  
Contented sugarplums danced.  
Not a care in the world.  
The contract shone with permanence.  
The moment had arrived.  
Somehow I had survived the questions.  
A new road was opening.  
It was my chance to sing at long last.  
The academic blockade was melting.  
When along came a quiet truth with fire for my bed: 911.  
Sirens awoke my neighbors.  
EMT's confused, asked me where I was bleeding.  
But it was so dark.  
Waking up in the middle of a freezing night,  
I wondered if I'd ever see the sun again.  
Wind whistling warnings on my frosty window.  
Summer where'd you go?  
I dig for answers under snow.  
The moment had arrived.  
Somehow I had survived the answers.  
A new road is opening.  
What will tomorrow bring?  
You never know.  
Finally, the sun came through my window.  
I got up slow and plugged in my guitar.

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