Trying To Kill M.e.

The Streets

I used to love the night and now I dread my bed
Using all the light is how my head got spent
Torturous virus talk to my eyelids, walk in my size nines
Is this depression or a lesson from inner pressure pressing?
Either way, the fevers it deals me are evil

The thing that I love most is trying to kill M.E.

I have the queerest feeling of my dearest appearing
To be leering from the ether, fear more fever
I don't like sleepers, drugs make me sleep
Sleep is like death, to do death when you're dead

Bridge disappears through fog in my ears
For this chronic fatigue, there's no tonic is seems
Lucid thinking is loopy to think of on and on weeks

The thing that I love most is trying to kill M.E.

General health making my mental health break
But I'll never let go of what helps me create
Nothing to this point but for this love
Love, torturous virus get out from my eyelids

Just wanna ride out life in the key of C
I won't bash the black notes, I won't ask for answers
Glance up at the banister

The thing that I love most is trying to kill M.E.

The only good thing and I should cling to it good
Are the sparks of good art that park in the darkness
Shaking eyes hate me to write
But make me think up quite nice ideas

It's like me enemy, telling me forget the pen dwelling
The madness and sadness is long
But flashes of mastery

It seems

How many ways will it warm up, 8 months ago fate came
To break me in somewhat and rape me on the flames
The queerest feeling of my dearest appearing
To be leering from the ether, I fear more fever

Like the bridge disappearing through fog in my ears
There's no tonic it seems for this chronic fatigue
I'm happily trading insanity lately
For passion, that makes me a man at least, maybe

The thing that I love most is trying to kill M.E.
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What was I thinking, who was I then?
Duly I tried, truly amen
What was I thinking, who was I then?
Duly I tried, truly amen

Pull some paper out the printer, pick up a pen and pen into the winter
The oldest cell in my body's only 10 years old
With the smell of the kitchen, I dwell on the kissing of my missus
Holding a bowl and reminiscing
(I am just a child who got a few years older)
Pull some paper out the printer, pick up a pen and pen into the winter

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