

Are You Anywhere

Poison the Well

Go to sleep, go to sleep
I'm hardly what I make myself out to be
I know what happens when I'm alone
Go to sleep, go to sleep
The cowering and whimpering of a weak willed son
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child
I'm tired of dying
I'll be prepared when it comes
I'm tired of dying
This isn't fun anymore
Go to sleep, go to sleep
The constant confrontation that I protect
Protect myself from every night
Go to sleep, go to sleep
No preparation avails me for what's to come
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child
I'm tired of dying
I'll be prepared when it comes
I'm tired of dying
This isn't fun anymore
Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny anymore
Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny anymore
Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny anymore
And in the morning the only way to feel
accomplished
Is to be visited by every horrible thought in my mind
I'm tired of dying
This isn't fun anymore
I'm tired of dying
I'll be prepared when it comes

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