

These Fevered Times

Darkest Hour

My heart's been racing with my mind
To the finish line of these fevered times
Stuck down again
This turbulence has overcome tranquility Pounding the walls inside
These thoughts I can't control
And shooting through my veins
These heightened senses overwhelming Confusion replaces clarity
A neurotic rearrangement
You know the feeling when down
Feels up to it's old tricks again, it's so misleading When it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest
Out of breath on the bathroom floor
And I'll make light of this night and night of this day
It's what I tell myself to sleep, when I dream myself awake When it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest
Out of breath on the bathroom floor
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