

# Awake and Nervous

I.Q.

So the certainty is I can get no air,  
Getting nowhere at all,  
Open-ended and suspended one by one,  
In the slipstream,  
And Harvest hold the horribag,  
Emotion starts to lag,  
With panache I keep a-crashing,  
Through the sky,  
No compassion have I. Kick a kiss of superstition and I cry,  
"Just a guide or I throw  
All the panic I can muster,  
Threatening to the cluster";  
The hangman's whore so obvious,  
Discretion's such a drag,  
But I know his apparatus snows my mind,  
When it gets too far out. Guard the ribs and fall,  
I long to catch my breath, condemn it all  
As the number I become,  
They count me out a volunteer. See how they run in silence up the belfry steps,  
Each unaffected by the sight of the blistered skin;  
Someone to calm me till the pounding in my head stops,  
Over the tens of thousands find no way out of in:  
Through the pandemonium, My heart is beating like a drum,  
Barricaded in here, crawling's getting creepier,  
With my head in my hands, all the heaven in my heart.

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