Awake and Nervous

I.Q.

So the certanty is I can get no air,
Getting nowhere at all,
Open-ended and suspended one by one,
In the slipstream,
And Harvest hold the horrbag,
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, condemm 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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