Funus-Eris

The Sleeping

"It's been a rough few months, and I'm so exhausted I can barely keep my head up. I've been spilling onto floors, like clumsy bottles from sweaty palms as useless as my own.
So I stay in bed crying. I'd rather cry to lifeless heirlooms than assume somebody cares. But I'm getting tired in hopes that sleep could hit me sooner than a pillow to this dying breath. And I'm cold. And I'm getting so cold."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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