Brain Collapses (Revisited)

Psyche

In the morning when I awake
The room spins 'round my stomach ache
That leads straight to my head
The curtains are closed
The room is cold
And there's nothing left but my memory
Scratching the air
Another body falls to the floor
And a disfigured face waits at the door
As the brain collapses
And you couldn't ever call this living
When you 're just physically going through directions
Trying to avoid the obvious dead end
I don't want to see the obvious dead end
As the brain collapses
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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