

# Sleep paralysis

## Whiskertwister

It was somewhere around Sheffield where my conscious concedes  
Fiction halts, the drugs began to wear thin, oh  
Colored obvious, the world slid off it's tilt  
Waking up each night from the gravitational pull  
What is the sound of something trying not to make a sound?  
So sick of all the same old shit, so spent on being sick  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?  
Ghost wrote in the middle of the night, chocking and obvious  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?  
Always afraid, afraid of what the truth may bring, oh  
The last horse has finally crossed the finish line, yeah  
Long and clever titles doesn't bring a clever song  
This show has been going downhill since season one  
Just an open book reading itself to sleep  
So sick of all the same old shit, so spent on being sick  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?  
Undone in the middle of the night, stinkingly obvious  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?  
So sick of all the same old shit, so spent on being sick  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?  
Oh, so tired, oh, so tired  
Will everybody wake up before it gets too late?

Lyrics provided by

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