

Psychasthenia

William Fitzsimmons

Could you map this globe?
With a torment slowly rose
To a fear resigned
Quiet room I hope I find Cut me open please
Cut me open please With an alter robe
I have stumbled knife to lobe
In compulsion drown
Counting every phantom found Cut me open please
Cut me open please Cut me open please
Cut me open please With a bridge I've killed
I will serotonin fill
To a fear resign
Quiet room I hope I find Cut me open please
Cut me open please Cut me open please
Cut me open please

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