

Sleeping Limbs

From Indian Lakes

My lungs are not waking up
They don't listen what the rest of me knows
And I'm counting down the days I have left
Only listening while I'm holding my breath
Till I see you...Cut it down, I will cut them down
They tower over me while I sleep
But I vent too much to just lay around
Only pretending while I'm facing the ground
And these skies, my only wish
What's the point to this? There's no point to this (x2)
Hold on to me, hold on to my back
I'm falling down the hole much too fast
Even even if the light pours in up over my head
Will I see it then, or pretend that I'm dead again.
And these skies, my only wish
What's the point to this? There's no point to this (x2)
'Cause we all change with the morning (mourning?) after
But these tired hearts aren't beating fast enough
So can I ask you to leave me alone?
I'll help when I am able to
Get back up (x8)

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