Constance

Broccoli

Oh....
What has exhaustion brought me?
Unvisited, but still too busy to close my eyes. (to close my eyes)Maybe one day I'll grasp the pattern, maybe in time this will all be readable.
Maybe in time. (time)As if the solitude could bring me any peace,
I was greeted with constance, I found no sleep.These thoughts are nothing but wished away. I can't remember what it is to be content.
These thoughts are nothing but wished away. (but wished away)
I can't remember what it is to be content. Eeah....Show me the exit: Let the signals fade. Maybe one day I'll defeat the cycle,
maybe (maybe) in time (in time) I'll be able to define this...
this wretched purgatory (purgatory).As if the solitude could bring me any peace,
I was greeted with constance, I found no sleep.These thoughts are nothing but wished away. I can't remember what it is to be content.
These thoughts are nothing (these thoughts are nothing) but wished away (but wished away).
I can't remember what it is to be content. This is bound to fail. This is bound to fail.Go ahead....[Tim Lambesis:]
The enemy will not resist, deceived until the end.
I hate this persistence, my eyes may never close.
I hate this persistence, my eyes may never close.

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