These Fevered Times

Darkest Hour

My heart's been racing with my mind
To the finish line of these fevered times
Stuck down again
This turbulence has overcome tranquilityPounding the walls inside
These thoughts I can't control
And shooting through my veins
These heightened senses overwhelmingConfusion replaces clarity
A neurotic rearrangement
You know the feeling when down
Feels up to it's old tricks again, it's so misleadingWhen it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest
Out of breath on the bathroom floor
And I'll make light of this night and night of this day
It's what I tell myself to sleep, when I dream myself awakeWhen it hits like a ton of bricks to the chest
Out of breath on the bathroom floor
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