Stressed

Tortuga

Hammering pulse, bloodshed eyes
Restless thoughts, sleepless nights
Out of reach, out of mind
Restoration, medication timeThis is the confession of a man who admits
(I cant complete this)
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
(Im way beyond your reach)
This comes from a man who is about to pass out
(I cannot hear you shout)This souls lost and it will never once again be found
Cuz there are no rebounds in the final round
Push push push push push it
Stretch a little more, faster than beforeGotta reach the call
Gotta climb the wall
Last man to fall
Still missed it allAll these creepy smiles
Glancing down the aisle
All Gods graciousness deprived

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