

# Sleeping Limbs (Paper Tiger Remix)

## 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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