

Sleeping Sickness

The Aposematics

I awoke, only to find my lungs empty
And through the night, so it seems I'm not breathing
And now my dreams, are nothing like they were meant to be
And I'm breaking down, I think I'm breaking down

And I'm afraid, to sleep because of what haunts me
Such as, living with the uncertainty
That'll never find the words to say
Which would completely explain, just how I'm breaking down

Someone come and, someone come and save my life
Maybe I'll sleep when I am dead but now it's like the night is taking sides
And all the worries that occupy the back of my mind
Could it be, this misery will suffice

I've become, a simple souvenir of someone's kill
Like the sea, I'm constantly changing from calm to ill
Madness fills my heart and soul as if the
Great divide could swallow me whole, oh how I'm breaking down

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