Adrenological

Cire

A plastic bag of revelations.
Count my patience in grams.
Never "I am" just "was".
Now sleeping. Words are useless.
Brains are truthless and love to waste time,
making reasons for hormone shifts we call fate.
Our love and our hate are just inside-outside confusions.And all that I am is a malleable happening,
and all that I have is this intricate web of beliefs...So I wash myself in condemnation for not seeing through this,
and becoming trapped once again in this adrenal reasoning
that apparently controls my ability to filter out,
the useless complications in this violent sea... of passion.(chorus)
Sewn in my head.
Reflexive blindness, intelligent fever.
Sewn in my head.I've come to find that there's no meaning without this volatility,
and struggling to hold on is the one and only way to feel.(chorus)

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