

Chapter 1 takes place on empty canvases  
And idle hands are silencing the oxygen.  
The clock keeps the beat,  
The sweat turns to beads,  
And the salt burns me alive,  
But my tears have all run dry.

I haven't slept in days.  
The devil's just like cocaine,  
Gradually constant and permanently pain.

Stop and breathe.  
It was just an awful dream.  
A nightmare. A night scare.  
Nothing to worry about.

Chapter 3, the things that lawyers never tell.

Chinese finger trap,  
Arms tied behind your back,  
And you wish that we'd lend a hand,  
But that wasn't in the contract.  
This is your fascination, inflammable exaggeration.  
Signature signed in blood, but it's artwork that we love.

I haven't slept in days.  
The devil's just like cocaine,  
Gradually constant and permanently pain.

Stop and breathe.  
It was just an awful dream.  
A nightmare. A night scare.  
Nothing to worry about.

Wrap your hands around this pen  
I'll show you what it is to live.

Stop and breathe.  
It was just an awful dream.  
A nightmare. A night scare.  
Nothing to worry about.