Hammering pulse - bloodshed eyes
Restless thoughts - sleepless nights
Out of reach - out of mind
Restoration, medication time

This is the confession of a man who admits
I can't complete this
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
I'm way beyond your reach
This comes from a mon who is about to pass out
I cannot hear you shout
This soul's lost and it will never once again be found
'Cause there are no rebounds in the final round

Push push push push it Stretch it a little more Faster than before Gotta reach the call Gotta climb the wall Last man to fall Still missed it all

This is the confession of a man who admits
I can't complete this
This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it
I'm way beyond your reach
This comes from a mon who is about to pass out
I cannot hear you shout
This soul's lost and it will never once again be found

All these creepy smiles Glancing down the aisle all god's graciousness deprived