

Each Waking Hour

Bones Brigade

head under my pillow, i refuse to wake up.
it's back to my dreams, i just can't get enough.
i'm tired and worn out so i'm staying in bed.
the alarm's going off like a bullet in my head.
no point in getting up just to be bored.
the sun's rising up, i wish i'd never been born.
i'm sore as hell, i just want to be lazy.
another wasted day is driving me crazy.

i don't want to get out of bed.
you should just consider me dead.
feel like a zombie when i'm awake.
not much more of life that i can take.
each waking hour i want to die.
i've got no reasons to justify.
am i depressed? am i crazy?
i can't control being lazy.

the days of my life are blending into one.
i've worn out every option, i'm not having any fun.
the games are all the same, the shows so f**king lame.
i crawl to the mirror to forget my name.
no i don't remember yesterday or how i felt.
i don't fit in my own shoes, i feel like someone else.
dead to the world, i've lost my identity.
i think i'm better off just going back to sleep.

come home from work and hit the hay.
unconsciously living another day.
i've got suicidal tendencies
and a building caffeine dependency.
slept all day while my friends skated.
my head feels like i've been sedated.
i slam the snooze for another ten.
hoping i never wake up again.