

# Sleep

Casey

If I'd had known, that from the minute I was born,  
That the price of my existence would be the weight of expectation  
Then I wouldn't fucking be here.  
How can I focus on the life I'm "supposed to lead"  
When everyday I struggle with existing?

I've dug a hole so deep in my mind,  
That I can no longer see the light of the sun;  
I can no longer hear the voices of people I love.

I've been breaking my hands  
Trying to carry the burden  
That I've placed on myself.  
I'm so afraid of the end  
I've lead myself to believe  
I may never be happy again.

I think the hardest part of all is trying to justify self-deprecation  
When I am constantly surrounded by sources of love and affection.

I know that I'm not on my own,  
But I can't shake the feeling  
That I'm in this alone.  
There's no one that I feel safe with.

All I've wanted for so long  
Is to succumb to a sleep  
That I am not afraid of.

Give me the strength to love myself,  
As I am told that I am loved.  
May I believe, despite my doubt,  
That someday I'll be good enough.

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When you don't know where you're going  
And you don't care where you've been.

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