

I'm lost inside my head
always sleeping but never dead
has time moved on I can't be talked off this ledge

It's filling me up, this fear of existing
I'm constantly missing the point of when it started

you said you're running running out of time
you said you're running running out of lies
you told me that some days you feel like running away
you feel like running away

I take a walk through my head
always searching around the bend
as you move on
I'm left to wander instead

all of this chasing of my sanity
has left me torn and depleted
all this searching inside of me
has left torn and depleted