

Self-medication for short-term elation
Vacation from racing thoughts
A complacent existence
Refusal to give in to the fact I am truly lost
As thoughts of you fade, I think that I'm safe
In a web spun from traces of dependency

And I know
I'm letting shit pile up
To the point that my knees give out and go back to my old crutch
I need to find
A new way of coping

A different distraction
A new plan of action
But I can't imagine anything other than...

Self-medication for short-term elation
Vacation from racing thoughts
A complacent existence
Refusal to give in to the fact that I'm truly lost
As thoughts of this fade, I know I'm not safe
In a web spun from time wasted in a place I should not be

I spent the whole night getting wine-drunk and reading
Until I grew woozy and the lines lost their meaning
The room is now spinning
So I turn off the ceiling fan
I spent the whole night getting wine-drunk and reading
Until I grew woozy and the lines lost their meaning
The room is now spinning
So I bury my face in my hands
Fuck!

I'm spinning
I'm spinning
I'm spinning out of control
I'm spinning
I'm spinning
I'm spinning out of control

I'm spinning
I'm spinning
I'm spinning out of control
The light's dimming
My mind's giving out