

Sleepless

Fuck the Facts

Drawn back, unresigned, blacked out from all the abuse.
The firewater, the rains is pouring out the window and it
will testify. I fell the rain drops on me, I cannot
sleep, I cannot rest. Eyes wide open, they're coming for
me. All the noises timed, timed with my heart beats,
makes it hard to focus. And this lucid conviction, this
feeling, I'm being watched. It's been too many nights. In
the fainting light, I listen I hear the whispers. The
voice enunciating my fate, shouting my irrelevant story,
the plot and its ending in this endless flow. My limbs
numbed, detached, I struggle to possess my own self. I
ache and fear. The sound of the slow pace music, I'm
fighting for the last chances to sleep. It's been too
many nights. The discomfort speech drilling my spine.
High-pitch dissonance tearing in, feeding back.