

Sleep Therapy

Ghost Atlas

My anxiety is keeping me awake
And I am desperate to display a facade of security
As a means to incite a dream of convenient solution
One imagined, rooted in a fantasy where suffering alleviates

I'm sweating in my sleep
Because I question if I'm worth it to the company I keep
Well, I'm sorry for who I was
But maybe it's who I am after all, this is who I am after all

My greatest fear is paradoxical, as they all are
It is one of immediacy, and yet seamlessly correlated with forever
And I'm afraid of today; when I slip to sleep, was it a waste?
Is this just space to fill a song, or is this me? It is something in between

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