

Cycles

HeartSounds

I've been slowly spiraling down the same roads again,
Where the past and future tense are all that I'm living in.

I'm buried deep inside my head.
You'll never see me. I barely exist.
But the more it seems I live and breathe,
I feel too much of anything.

I'm breaking down, I want to get out of here.
But I'll ride this out until it all seems clear.

From the looks of things, you'd think I never felt this way.
Control always loses me,
But life is disaster when you're swallowed by reaction
And the burden of recurring disease.

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You'll never see me. I barely exist.
But the more it seems I live and breathe,
I feel too much of anything.

I'm breaking down, I want to get out of here.
But I'll ride this out until it all seems clear.