

This is
A spiritual decline
An affliction of the heart
A possession of the mind

A welcomed collapse of my head held high
You see, these days and weeks of futile breath
Have worn me down so that there's nothing left

And inspiration only fails me...
Only fails me time and time again
(Time and time again)

No, it shouldn't take a miracle to get out of bed
But to summon the strength
Give me a reason to stand
And start over again

Show me a sign that all is healed in time
And I'll show you ten more that suggest otherwise
Come on and prove me right

I've seen
This vicious cycle repeat
More pills but less soul
At least I'm on my feet

I'll drift through the day just to get back to sleep
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Or self-meditate my way into the arms of relief
Into the arms of relief

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