

# The Big Sleep

Idiot Pilot

The feeling of love  
So often denied outright  
I'm searching for some  
Sort of respite  
From this boot to my throat

Let me up  
Let me breathe  
In a rage filled storm  
In a rage filled storm  
Where we drift to sleep  
To sleep

The feeling of angst  
Somewhere so deep is stored  
A catch and release  
But circling ankles  
With its teeth  
Underneath

Let me up  
Let me breathe  
In a rage filled storm  
In a rage filled storm  
Where we drift to sleep  
To sleep

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Let me breathe  
In this rage filled storm  
In this rage filled storm  
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To sleep