

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

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