

## Brain Stew

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I'm having trouble trying to sleep  
I'm counting sheep but running out  
As time ticks by  
And still I try  
No rest for crosstops in my mind  
On my own... here we go  
My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed  
Dried up and bulging out my skull  
My mouth is dry  
My face is numb  
Fucked up and spun out in my room  
On my own... here we go  
My mind is set on overdrive  
The clock is laughing in my face  
A crooked spine  
My sense dulled  
Passed the point of delerium  
On my own... here we go