

Hypnic Jerks

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

I'm slipping away to call collect, sir
My quarters are set aside
Not a payphone in this realm could dial out to a landline
I got no patience for this bullshit
I got a vision on both sides
They keep pulling on me every time I try to sleep on my bad side

That food's not edible
I can't sift through this in a year
Breaking my back to fall asleep without any fear
Breaking my neck to fall, ah

No sleep when it's clear

Tell me where not to look and I won't look at all
(You're already gone)
Take my eyes and flush them out
Paste them to the wall
(You're already gone)
Moments before REM, I jerk up and sweat
(You're not better yet now)
Count my sheep, one, two, three, four, five
And back to sleep, now clutching to my dreams