

Mind of an Insomniac

Spor

Welcome to the mind of an insomniac
Spor, Icicle, Linguistics

Night's gone, all I can do is want it back
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Wide awake with a mind filled with Zopiclone
No one's awake in the city, trust me, I'm on my own
Somewhere between the lines of deep meditation
And a paranoid state from the sleep deprivation
Medicate my brain, still never feel sane
Wondering why I can't move from this vegetative state
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