

Help Me, I'm Spiralling

SPRINTS

It's another dim day, wasting away in this slow vicarious life
I'm feeling photosensitive on this faux fence I sit on just watching it all pass by
It's another dim wasting away without a clue of how to start
I scream and I pull and I cull and I whisper I crave a pseudo sense of art

Oh, I'm spiralling

It's another dim day, wasting away watching minutes as they pass
I feel the hands of time are turning like grains of sand in a glass
It's another dim day, wasting away and losing patience as I speak
I can feel the burning, my words, the churning, I think it's all about to peak

Oh, I'm spiralling
Can't you help me, I'm spiralling
Can't you help me, I'm spiralling
Can't you help me, I'm spiralling