I'm Hibernating

The Antlers

Whether you're aware of your limbs or of your hair you're the spitting image of you in glass you've got scratches on your arms and you sleep through car alarms who is stealing all the cars as you sleep

the knives can cut the locks
we can set back all the clocks
just to lose another hour away
we'll live twice in every day
that we keep the sleep away
i'll be good and keep my mouth shut
i know i can breathe
but that's not enough

i feel like i'm sleeping
and i can't wake up
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and i can't wake up
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and i can't wake up

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