

Mind Mutiny

The Rare Occasions

There's a shadow inside my head
Drowns the moon when I go to bed
Tells me I won't wake up alive
So I just don't sleep at night

Instead, I flex the hobby kit
Build a world I see better fit
Model trains, model villages
Pretend these nights were different

It's spinning through me like a swarm of bees
And sending my mind into mutiny

I see my villagers in their homes
Sound asleep with their curtains closed
So I whisper into their ears
And force them awake with my fears

It's spinning through me like a swarm of bees
And sending my mind into mutiny
Nobody is free from the tapestry
That they weave through their own minds

It's spinning through me like a swarm of bees
And sending my mind into mutiny
Nobody is free from the tapestry they weave inside
So when I cover the loom that I weaponize
I feel the pull slip

There's a shadow inside my head
Drowns the moon when I go to bed
Tells me I won't wake up alive
Strangles me when I close my eyes