

It always starts the same way
A sight, a sound, or something
Then everything decays
Till I gather myself

And by gather myself I mean
Tune out the hemorrhaging
And by gather myself I mean
Tear down possibility

But at the risk of sounding fake
I'll walk you through my day to day
But don't expect to comprehend
It's little things, that do me in

It always starts the same way
Someone mentions something
Then I'll just turn away
Till I gather myself

And by gather myself I mean
Over analyze everything
And by gather myself I mean
Point my eyes to the ceiling
To evade what I'm feeling
In some cunning attempt to
Outrun the things that have made the night my home

Point my eyes to the ceiling
To evade what I'm feeling
In some cunning attempt to
Outrun the things that have made the night my home