

I've been having a hard time with myself
Counting the beats of my bad pulse again
Then it turned into a nightmare

I've been tossing and turning in my bed
Sleep deprivation worked me overtime
Until my body hit the decline

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so erratic

I was a misfit in my youth
I thought I knew everything but I admit
That I used to wallow in shit

So what was there to love about the thrills
Other than the time it killed
I'm motionless, still I fear the regress

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so erratic

Now, I've got a big lump in my throat
And it may take some time to swallow it
I'm still trying to get used to it

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so erratic

Down, over the low
There's always something on my nerves
That gets me so

Here lie the pieces to my puzzled weakness
A term that made me so erratic

It made me so erratic