

I kick the sheets
Until they rise like mountain ranges at my feet

I'm in the dark
God only knows the torment writ large upon my heart

What wouldn't I?
What wouldn't I give?

It comes to this
I'm only sure of things I know now don't exist

There's no precision
I'm inside-outside-in I want subdivision

And all of this fills my aching head
I hate this space, the luxury hotel bed.
Oh dear, oh me-oh-my
Got to concentrate just to keep from trying
Oh dear, oh me-oh-my
Got to concentrate just to keep from trying
Don't lose it
Things move rapidly
Don't lose it
Try to maintain composure
Don't lose it
The dead are haunting me
Out with it
Let's get it over.

What wouldn't I?
What wouldn't I give?

I'm thoroughly wasted
My mind's hallucinating lucidity

It's over sensitized
And something's moving on the periphery

What wouldn't I?