

Sleep Easy

Sleepless nights aren't new to him
All these thoughts are killing him
Someone come and put him to ease

He's on the outskirts of paradise
Chasing desire through the night
Picturing ways to take flight
When the time comes

Come creeping, no one can hear him now
Softly, stab his evil dreams
Faster, help him fall asleep

The mood swings under porcelain skies
His life turns in slow motion
An ephemeral sense of space and time

A familiar face, a pulse that escalates
He hates his pulse
Because it still thinks he's alive

He wishes he could tell but he's probably still sleeping
He looks to the window
He looks through your eyes
He sees his reflection but he can't close the blinds

They said sleep is for the weak
He needs sleep no more
He likes the blue brittleness of the nighttime
Dreams say goodnight
Every time he closes his eyes

Who knows how long
He's been awake now
The shadows on his wall don't sleep
They keep calling

He keeps falling down