

Catawampus

Air is sifting out of my lungs
How do I bring you up to speed?
I'm sorry I don't return any calls
It's like I ate the sun

I promise, I'm the most qualified
Let's see if they believe me this time

It was captivating
The notion of the fervor
Their colours bleeding out
My grand illusion

I can see it, shaking, wistful
It makes my knuckles white

There is a shift in polarity
The fog is just too thick

But when I'm good and ready
And my demons have leashes
I swear I'll fly away

What's next can't be that far
But I swear I'll jump out of this car

And my hands will still shake
And the skeptic still lives
And the night will still win
But not over me

But not over me