

I can't imagine there's an end  
Slowly convinced I'm doomed to be the way I am  
Horrible patterns as powerful as a black hole  
And as unseen  
And now there's a fear the sun won't rise  
Or from an unfamiliar side of the sky  
    Battle internal, and battle at will  
The same, the free, and an island of smiles  
Infinite squinting, and it's only my feet  
"Please," I beg, and then I retract  
The damned alarm is the same as the sun  
Scared of the chaos, scared of the norm  
    Scared, I am, of getting out of the hole  
  
The doom can be glory  
The end I'll never see  
Not unless the sun comes up  
    Not unless I'm free