

A Day at the Fair, The Blame Anxiety

You can cut to the bone with, all my angry obsessions,
All these chalky happy pills, and their consequences,
Am I done with sleeping?
Am I done with waking up?
And I'm tired of thinking,
That I've taken to much into my apologies, and lucid dreams, and fucked up thinking,

I bleed inside,
I fear my life,
I wake and I hide,
I choke till it soaks into all these anxious fits, and agoraphobic dreams of happiness,

You can cut to the fucking point, of how I'm so frustrated,
As you strip away this fear, and you sand and paint it,
Am I done with drinking?
Am I done with waking up?
And I'm tired of thinking,
That I've taken to much into all I want to be, this ghost of me is far from leaving,

I dig inside,
I fear my life,
I wake and I hide,
I choke till it soaks into all these anxious fits, and agoraphobic dreams of happiness,

I feel claustrophobic thinking,
That my skin is a prison in itself,
You want to share my cell?

I bleed inside,
I fear my life,
I wake and I hide,
I'll lose what I'll find,

I bleed inside,
I fear my life,
I wake and I hide,
I'll lose what I'll find