

Atreyu, Five Vicodin Chased With A Shot Of Clarity

After all this time of asking questions
Of trying to find something to quiet this soul
I'm left alone within my mind into this self-made hell I delve
It's not as hot as you think
More so dark and cold with no room to breathe

I'm sorry, I don't think it's going to be okay this time
My heart has skipped its final beat
It's beating me down onto the floor
That must mean that the pills are working
The glass isn't half empty this time
I smashed it to the ground a long long time ago
It shattered when it fell and I broke to pieces
Each shard's another reason, another way to give up

This skin is so tight that the air can't reach my brain
There is nothing telling my heart to beat any faster
To let me scream for help, I will never give up
I will never take the easy way out

This is life
This is struggle
This is love
This is war