

# Bracket, John Wilke's Isolation Booth

Every time I look inside myself I'm my only friend  
I try to put my feelings on a shelf so that the pain will end  
There's a crowd around me and I don't feel that I'm safe  
I wish that I could disappear and leave without a trace

I try to hide behind a blanket of seclusion  
I think that I could do without your intrusion  
Sometimes I wish that everyone would go away  
I can't think of anything else I can say

I can't figure out why I can't look you in your eyes  
Maybe I don't want you to see right through all my lies  
I lock up all my doors and hide in quarantine  
I think that I am at my best when I'm not seen

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CHA CHA CHA!