

# One True Thing, Monster

I'm not so sure how I feel,  
Inside these days.  
Its seems I'm slipping further  
Into the black and gray.

My only way to escape,  
The only way to breathe,  
Is to.. retreat..  
Into my dream.

I'm not sure how I feel.  
I'm not certain its real.  
I don't know if you need to know.  
I am the monster,  
Beneath your bed,  
And the skeleton in every closet.

I'm the things you hide.  
So you'll know when you see me.  
Those are the things that make up...me.

I thought I'd figure things out,  
While I was gone.  
Instead, I realize that  
I just am more alone.

Don't need this disappointment.  
The guessing who's to blame.  
Let me go home,  
And face my shame.

I'm not sure how I feel.  
I'm not certain its real.  
I don't know if you need to know.  
I can hear when you pray,  
But I won't make you stay,  
And I think you already know.

I am the monster,  
Beneath your bed,  
And the skeleton in every closet.  
All the things that you hide.  
So you'll know when you see me.  
Those are the things that make up me.

I'm too strong for my own good  
Now I've built all these walls  
And I can't get out

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Now I've built all these walls  
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I'm not sure how I feel  
And I'm not certain its real  
I don't know if you need to know

I am the monster  
Beneath your bed  
And the skeleton in every closet  
All the things you hide  
You know you can't hide  
Those are the things that make up... me.