

# Papa Roach, 829

I am scared  
Pray  
Because  
I think I'm scared of myself  
My problems and faults  
They lay upon a shelf  
Bring it out with the shroom  
I'm paranoid laying crouched in a room  
I will pushing  
Away from a love that is close to me  
I'll go away  
I need to be stable like my buddy with grey bell  
Called up my mom  
Cause I know she was strong  
Talked about Jesus, my daddy, and bongos  
Aside from the world that I know  
People and whatnot and girls that do blow  
Brought back to childhood  
Not close to feeling good  
Go away