

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