

# Papa Roach, Black Clouds

This is making me crazy  
These black clouds following me  
So I look for signs of light  
But rarely I see them

I return to my shelter  
And I crawl in a bottle  
I'm losing my will for this  
So over emotional

Black clouds  
They rain down but  
They can't kill the sun

Confession of depression  
This life I'm second-guessing  
Like ashes to ashes  
I always seem to fall down  
I'm tired of running  
It's time to face my demons  
Confession of depression  
This life I'm second-guessing

My emotions are storming  
And tears fall just like rain  
Pain strikes like lightning  
Despair is becoming my friend

I'm pushing myself to a point of self-destruction

Black clouds  
They rain down but  
They can't kill the son inside