

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