

# Rollins Band, Thin Air

The night falls - Shadows join me

My room becomes a cell - The walls define me

Silence grabs me - It holds me down

Depression finds me - and pounds me down  
Solitude becomes the weapon I use

A knife that cuts me and cuts me smooth

I got a new identity - I become my enemy

A big part of me so seldom seen  
No one lives to myself like I do

To myself in my room

The silence howls in my ear  
The deafening roar becomes so clear

I'm drowning in thin air

The more I think - The more I hate

I hate myself

I sit still but I turn

On myself

I kill my soul piece by piece

I feel myself slipping

Common sense fails me  
Existence flails me

Guilt trips nail me  
I'm here starving in my room

Eating myself cell by cell

My eyes stretching wall to wall to wall to wall

When I'm left to myself  
I keep myself to myself

When I'm here by myself

I cut myself on myself

It's nothing - I'm nothing

I'm breathing in thin air

I'm choking on thin air  
Losing my breath in thin air