

Balance And Composure, Alone For Now

Is it this air that turns me cold?
This time of year I feel alone.
The wind blows and dries my skin.
These people keep to themselves, all living in their own hell.
I need to get out of the place I'm in.
Take me to a place where I don't know anybody.
Leave me alone for now.
I've grown sick of every face that I've known.
This keeps me up at night.
See outside but you can't see in, my words don't penetrate the skin.
Nothing will ever seem to get through.
Walk past your problems and your fears, the ones you love are left in tears.
Nothing will ever seem to phase you.
I can't let go, I'll break, I'll fold.
It's got to be this air that's killing me.
I know alone is all I've known and its old and I'm cold but it doesn't phase me.