

Days Of The New, Phobics Of Tragedy

Nothing is real when you're talkin'
I don't believe what i'm watchin'
Shelter me 'til it's over
Of what you want to believe, hey yeah

I'm afraid of what i see and
What i see is everything, yeah
Mmm, shelter me with my own hands
And with my hands i will depend, yeah

Oh, god i don't know what to say
Everything is in my way
Get up and deal with the pain
Drowning your mind in the way

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Let me sleep
I'll let you sleep
Put on your mind frame, yeah
Take off your mind
Put on your heart
I'm going down stream, yeah
Ahh

Yea, yeah
God i don't know what to say
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