

# Faithless, Salva Mea

How can I change the world if I can't even change myself?

I cannot change the way I am?

I don't know, I don't know.

I take a look at the world behind these eyes,

Every nook, every cranny reorganize,

Realize my face don't fit the way I feel.

What's real?

I need a mirror to check my face is in place,

Incase of upheaval, fundamental movement below,

What's really going on I want to know,

But yo, we don't show on the outside, so slide.

Just below my skin I'm screaming...

I need a mirror for my spirit,

Yeah, can you feel it?

When I get deep, want to hear myself sleep,

Not drowning, tumbling around and around in the voices

Like a crowd in my head so loud,

I wonder what it's like to be dead,

I hope it's quiet, noise in my head like a riot,

Any remedy you have for me I'll try it.

Just below my skin I'm screaming...

I'm going deep, so deep that I can't sleep,

The pills ain't cheep but the bills are steep,

So I [?] with a booze and a spiff,

Try to snooze,

But who's dreaming, this is win or loose,

Put down the drink, try not to think,

Let it go, fundamental movement below,

And yo, reality is dreaming,

Just below my skin I'm screaming...