

Riverside, Panic Room

302 Panic Room

Used to be my Panic Room
The other side of me
Where I slept and woke by turns
And nothing seemed real

I was feeding on your life
Peering through the hole
And it scared me out
Someday
You would knock on my door

Sweet shelter of mine
I'm freezing without
Sweet shelter of mine
I'm dying without

Cover up my twisted thoughts
Shattered all around
Muffled sounds
Recurring dreams
Melatonin smile

Used to be my 302
The other side of light
Trap of my own
That helped me deal
With what I lost inside

Sweet shelter of mine
I'm freezing without
Sweet shelter of mine
I'm dying without
Sweet shelter of mine

I've tried to make self-portraits before
But they always turn out so contrived
I've spent too much time
Correcting light and shade
Hiding wrinkles
Blurring scars

I've tried to make self-portraits before
Through my eyes
Just see myself
Now I know
I'm not in denial
That I need someone else
To see me