

# Taproot, Hand That Holds True

The manic stage,  
A scary phase  
Feeding all I know,  
A cloudy haze,  
The hectic pace,  
Strips me of my throne,  
It seems there is nothing but you,  
To please in this world around you,  
And in this place,  
In my domain you're always in control;  
Not the same without you like you really care;  
I never thought you'd be the one to bring me down,  
I never seem to hold onto a hand that holds true,  
A never ending maze of crazy days have come an end,  
(I find I'm reaching out again),  
It doesn't have to be this way;  
I lie awake,  
Make no mistake  
I'm so alone,  
My body aches,  
Nothing I take  
Could fix me like your hold,  
It seems there is nothing but you,  
To please this withdrawal now from you,  
And in this place in my domain you're always in control;  
Not the same without you, like you're even there;  
When I think about this loss too much,  
It accumulates,  
I realize just what i've done,  
With my fate,  
I've blown my chance for better days  
Come back to me