

# Xymox, Tightrope Walker

Slow days falling, one by one  
It is an endless cycle  
All things around me are holding their breath  
It is speechless, I wonder  
I build up walls of thoughts to keep this pain out  
It is so hard to imagine you are somewhere else

You could help me out  
You could tell me how

Like a tightrope walker, a silent talker  
I stop believing everything will be alright  
A silent scream is craeling to get out  
Feeding on the anger  
Feeding on the pain  
It is trapped within  
It is the state I am in

You could help me out  
You could tell me how  
You could be my guide  
You could make me see  
You could help me out  
You could tell me how