

# Tomorrow

Prozak

My introduction to  
Your instructions are hard  
Go with the pain  
You're out of control with the brain  
Will I still be here  
Will fear keep me in a bottle  
Cause I'm not sure about tomorrow  
Tomorrow  
And whatever our chances are  
The devil just dances on  
Sinking me to the bottom  
Behind this fake smile I'm just frowning  
My world is upside-down, full of problems  
Really hard to breathe, it feels like I'm drowning  
Reaching for the top while I'm sinking to the bottom  
So here I go again lost in my own head  
Digging my own grave, making my own bed  
Have the candles lit and burning at both ends  
Just hoping for some door to open  
Every direction seems like a wrong turn  
Another dead-end road with the detour  
Meaneture grave that is for sure  
A headstone for my family to grieve for  
And these shadows of darkness surround me  
Antagonise, and torture, profound me  
The pain caliber is high velocity  
Time to analyse my lifes philosophy  
Somebody throw me a lifeline, it feels like  
I'm lost in the night-time  
Everyday the same no escaping these confines  
Here to run away but i don't ever seem to find my way  
Out of this, and it's obvious lately I'm out of it  
Remain hopeful but feeling the opposite  
If tomorrow is sorrow and time can't we borrow  
This moral is hell, I want out of it  
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I want out  
Tryna make my way through this maze and it  
Never seems to stay the same way  
No escape from the pain this game of chains  
And I'm forced to play sort of like I'm juggling hand grenades  
Black ink on a blank canvas future so bleak that I can't handle it  
Submit to defeat or self-analysis  
Thoughts so deep it'll cause paralysis  
I guess this means I'm the catalyst  
Self destruction, my own antagonist

Hard to function I'm not a fan of this  
I must be insane or a sadomasochist  
Started thinking will I ever get my life back  
Or is it even possible to find the right path  
I keep on looking for the light but all I see is black  
And I don't need another reason can't you see that  
Reaching out I'm just holding on for dear life  
Even now how come I can never feel right  
Sick and down, suffocating is what it feels like  
Message in a bottle with the cap sealed air-tight  
Drifting away lost at sea, perhaps somebody will receive  
Maybe even help to set them free  
Go save yourself, too late for me  
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I want out x4