

The Mind Bends to a Will of Its Own

Alpha Wolf

They said it's all in my head
Like that's not the fucking problem

Searching for a feeling
A semblance familiar
Floor to the ceiling
The wall of eyes leering
Fruition of anxieties
Suicide analogies
All I want is an exit
All I am is a nervous wreck

Wrong inflection, disconnection
Feel the essence shift
Armageddon premonition
I think myself sick
Leave me where you found me
Free me from the grey

Before I wind up dead
Drag me out of my head

I'm a perpetual deficit, made of missing pieces
Absence in my chest, screw loose in my head
Rorschach, fever dreams
In fucking hell, but home it seems
Leave me where you found me
Leave me in the grey

While the mind bends to a will of its own

They said, it gets easier
But I'm starting to think they lied to me
Lie to me

Migraine like a freight train
Mind gone down the sink hole
Nothing for me here
Might drive home, with my eyes closed