

anxious

atlas

I haven't been able to cry since the sixth grade

I thought I found myself in the music
But all I found was more evidence that I'm useless
There's nothin' in my mind left to do with
The person I can see when I look in my mirror
I started to create when it got worse
Wanted so badly to sing that I forgot to learn to talk first
Created a persona where I locked words
Into phrases so that they could get a little bit clearer
Over time I started changing, rearranging
My mind into the lowest fruit hanging, dangling
And picked it like a flower to pretend that it was me
And let it take me over it was all that I could see
And my true self faded into context
I started seeing all the evil in the world, quantified time and bomb threats
All nicely drifted to something something out of movie scene
I no longer remember who it is I truly used to be

Now I'm just an anxious mess
With an aching neck
Cause I can't stop looking back
Now I'm just an anxious mess
Takin' shaking steps
Hopin' I'll get off this path

I could try to act like it didn't affect me at all but, I'm really scared of
the future

I used to stand so tall
They used to be so proud
I couldn't even hide
Myself in the crowd
But somehow it's now when everything's changed
I'm wondering why every day feels the same
I'm searching and looking for something to say
But really it should be "No, I'm not okay"
I've been trying so hard to find my escape
But really I don't know how long that will take

Today or tomorrow
I'll swim in my sorrow
That I could use a smile
That I could share or borrow
But secretly I'll keep it just for myself
And please don't come closer I don't want your help
I'll figure this out, on my own
I'll stay with these feelings at home and alone

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