

Stigmata

Basement

The holes in my palms
Are just like a miniature stigmata, stigmata
And as the color drains from my fingers
I'm reminded of the fear, the fear

It feels like, feels like
We're falling in the dark, falling in the dark

Do you see through my best behavior?
Can you see I'm ill from fear
Of failure?

It feels like, feels like
We're falling in the dark, falling in the dark

I can feel the sickness
Taking over my senses
I'll give in to darkness
In hopes I can forget

It feels like, feels like
We're falling in the dark, falling in the dark

It feels like falling in the dark