

Breathe, rip myself away from sleep
Stare at a hole through the ceiling
I trace all the valleys I have in my mind
Then repeat, I see different shape from all the lack of sleep
Just thinking what the hell is wrong with me?
Have I lost my mind?

Tear down my walls and be real again
When I look in your eyes, I can feel again

I couldn't trust anyone, 'cause I'm too fucking cynical
Too many bruises on my chest
Too much weight and not enough progress
You run through my mind again
As you take all this weight off of my chest
You stitch up the wounds I thought would never close
Please don't be the eye of the storm, eye of the storm

Tear down my walls and be real again
When I look in your eyes, I can feel again
Tear down my walls and be real again
With my hands in your hands, I can feel again

Not stuck in the cycle anymore
Please don't be the eye of the storm
Not stuck in the frame I was before
Please don't be the eye of the storm

I can't be a hurricane, 'cause I know you will be the same
You got me break away from this frame, from this frame

Not stuck in the cycle anymore
Please don't be the eye of the storm
Not stuck in the frame I was before
Please don't be the eye of the storm