PTSD

Dax

LexNour

I was walking home on a Sunday
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And I'm not looking back
But I'm not looking forward to anything in my life 'cause it never liked me
I can't sleep 'cause I don't know what's inside me
The devil's demons haunt and do divide me
And I think I'm over it
So I won't stop walking
If I told you the story bet you wouldn't believe
Not sure I should feel a sigh of relief
He got them but he didn't get me
But for some odd reason I don't feel free

So now what?
This pain is too much
The screams of the people make music in my head and to listen's too tough
So I must

Wipe my mind of everything I saw in that church
Suppress all these feelings even though that they hurt
I don't understand how You could let this happen God
I wanna know why You even let that man on earth
I believe that this life is by You and whatever You choose is the best
I believe in the choices You make even though they may hurt and affect
I'm just human I don't understand You I know you are very complex
What should I go do next? My thought cannot connect
My PTSD shakes me and leaves me depressed
In the back of my mind there's a place that I know full of sorrow
When I think of those times my anxiety fills what is hollow
I don't know when it'll go away
But I hope it'll go away
I just pray I feel better when I sleep and wake up tomorrow

Left foot, right foot, keep walking
Left foot, right foot, keep walking
Don't look back your past is haunting
Demons creeping always stalking
In that church I got down crawling
Could not stop my eyes from bawling
Children screaming, bodies falling
Keeps on shooting, bullets hawking
Someone help us, please just stop him
Why's he laughing, he's been plotting
Says, "Get up," I hear death calling
I stood up and started walking
We locked eyes and he was smiling
Shot himself, I saw him dying

Adrenaline was in my system. I couldn't stop. I had to go
But I just knew that if I made it, I'd get out and praise to the Lord
Now I'm walking on this Sunday and I just hope I make it home

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