

Suffocating

Dax

Huh

I'm tired, man

Sometimes I just sit in my room and I just hold my breath

And let all the pressure and anxiety build up

And just let the time pass by

At first, I couldn't breathe

Now I'm suffocatin' (Suffocatin')

Maybe the pressure from the fame isn't worth what I'm chasin' (I don't know)

I used to say God's playing

Now the devil's on my team acting foul and it's all flagrant (Huh)

Tryna push me off the path that I'm steady paving

Sin is the currency and every day I'm making payments (Every day)

I don't wanna live in it, but I heard a saying

"Good knows evil 'cause the houses are both adjacent"

I don't know if I should go for these goals

I've seen people gain the world but lose their souls

My anxiety is buildin' as the weight of it grows

I seclude myself in privacy inside my home

And I barely answer calls, and when I see my phone

I'm reminded that the real feelin' of being alone (Real feelin')

Is having millions who love you but can leave you

Or say that they hate you at the moment they don't fuck with a song

I used to laugh it off

Now I hold my breath and suffocate (That's what I do)

Then I sit and wait just to see if I can kill the hate (I can kill)

And as I'm fleetin' I see God at the heaven's gates

Then come back down to fight another day

Then I grab that same phone and smile and wave

And pour my empty heart into a song that they won't praise

They say patience is the key but they didn't tell me

While I wait, I'd be locked inside a steel cage

Something's wrong, I feel claustrophobic (Claustrophobic)

I'm stuck living in the past and not the moment (The moment)

Or the future where my life is only more broken (More broken)

'Cause those wounds from the past are still open (Still open)

I take sips of love and every single time it's poison

I see women who can't see past my employment

Or see me as enjoyment so I can't enjoy it

'Cause the ride's temporary and they leave once they crash and destroy it

I don't think this life is healthy, why didn't anybody tell me?

Everybody'd want help but nobody'd wanna help me

I'm an ATM, a therapist and everybody's friendly

And they hide their real intentions, but my mind won't let me

If I make a sad song, don't ask me if I'm happy

Fuck a hook, my pain isn't catchy

If you relate, or worse, feel badly

Fuckin' pity me at least, and check in if you at me

That's the only way I'll know who it touches

That's why I stay awake and answer DMs by the hundreds (By the hundreds)

So I don't lose myself and fill my stomach

With the feelin' that I'm here just to suffocate for nothin'

If you know real pain then you see it when you look me in my eyes (Fuckin' pain)

I try to hide it, but they do not lie

I wanna sleep, but if I try

The demons who creep in my dreams will collide

So I stay up and I stare at the ceilin'
And ask myself if I should even share these feelings
Then I hear a voice in the distance from a ghost-like image
Sayin' my pain could be somebody's healin'
So I close my eyes and drift to the place that inspires these lyrics
And as I see flames and I scream
I pray it's a place you'll never have to visit