

Tension

DRAIN

Within the walls of my skull
There is a war zone
Conflicting thoughts
Are taking over
Emotions run
In every direction
And I'm left as a slave
To this inner tension

They say I've got the life
But all I've got are regrets
It's a cycle, endless
I'm at my lowest and I can't handle more
Wish I could run, but I can't find the fucking door

Within the walls of my skull
There is a war zone
Conflicting thoughts
Are taking over
Emotions run
In every direction
And I'm left as a slave
To this inner tension

They say I've got the life
But all I've got are regrets
It's a cycle, endless
I'm at my lowest and I can't handle more
Wish I could run, but I can't find the fucking door

I'm surrounded by filth
Derived from ignorance
No solutions arise from floating in muck
We try to swim
But end up getting stuck