

# Hollow

Icon for Hire

I don't wanna break down, but I'm feeling low  
Let me sink to the bottom  
Air in my lungs keeping me afloat  
Inside I'm still hollow

I know I'm not my thoughts  
But my thoughts don't know that yet  
Sometimes I try to sneak up  
On the voice inside my head  
I've tried to meditate, cause they tell me it'll help  
But the last thing I need is more time alone inside myself  
I know I'm not unique, we all got broken brains  
Culture recently decided being crazy is okay  
And now we all can talk about in on our social feeds  
Having a rough day?  
Hashtag mental health awareness week

I know that's progress  
We don't have to hide no more  
But it leaves me wondering why we ain't said this stuff before  
Like, were we always all crazy and we all just kept quiet?  
Are we on the same page with what we're identifying?  
And if crazy's the new normal, then it's not that crazy, is it?  
Cause the word by definition means it sits outside the system  
And how can we tell the difference between sick and tryna fit in?  
If everybody's crazy, then who's supposed to fix it?

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I don't want to break down, so where do I go?  
My screams sink to the bottom  
Top of my lungs, just an echo  
Inside I'm still hollow

No one told me it could get this bad, this fast  
Guess we only hear about the struggle after it's passed  
Getting easier to open up, share what we've lost  
Good to know I'm not alone  
But if I'm really being honest

I kinda hope there's something wrong with me  
I kinda hope this isn't how it's supposed to be  
(Supposed to be)  
I pray to God it's not normal  
Crying on the floor  
I don't want to do this anymore

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