

Demons

Jacob Whitesides

I think I'm gonna cry till my eyes fall out of the back of my head
I think I'm gonna lie to myself and tell myself I can do this again
Bowling balls cynder blocks holding me down to my bed
Falling down, falling down, falling down rock bottom never really ends

I've got demons and they're feeding
My soul is a magnet for all things dramatic
And I don't think that it's gonna end
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Right around 3am all of them toss and turn round in my head
Tried my best to suppress and they never stop when I say when
Heavy eyes, morning skies, no surprise another day I'm going to dread
Falling down falling down falling down rock bottom never really ends

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With demons attacking your soul
It's hard to know when to let go
Its either you win or you don't
Its either you win or you...
Give in and let them take hold of ya
But demons they never let go

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