

Panic Attacks

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Wounds that we broke are easily mended.
I wrote you a letter, but I never did send it.
About where I worked and how I resented
The way that I feel, and that you never felt it.
Oh, did you?

Elderly bones are easily broken
I wrote you a poem I never had spoken.
About all the love and how it was stolen,
And how you shine like a sun that is orange and golden.
You framed my sky

How much longer will it take?
How many more bones have to break?
For all the love we make
When the panic attacks.
A mess like this won't heal,
These bones no longer feel.
Nothing can conceal
What the panic attacks.
I never wanted love to be like this.

The poems that I wrote, you never needed.
The warnings you gave, I never heeded.
All those miracles in church, you still won't believe in.
But my heart is a stone, it's constantly bleeding.
I mean hangs in there like a cross.
Just hangs in like a cross.

How much longer will it take?
How many more bones have to break?
For all the love we make
When the panic attacks.
A mess like this won't heal,
These bones no longer feel.
Nothing can conceal,
What the panic attacks.
There is nothing left to fear,
Will you just leave me here?
It's cold and insincere,
While the panic attacks.
I need more than this.
I need more than this.
I need more than this.
I need more than this.