

Panic

Movements

Wish I could stand without stumbling
Never had much symmetry
End up on hands and knees
Anxiety
I'm learning to get a handle on myself
But I feel like someone else
And it feels like hell

Take me, I've had enough
Can't breathe when the going gets tough

I'm on thin ice again
Already sinking in my skin
It always starts out like this
When I start to shake I can't shake it
Try to feel alright again
But right now I'm slipping under
This shortness of breath with a twist
The habit of panic

Define me
The illness I've become
I'll press it to my lips
And place the product on my tongue
I'm finding relief in emptiness
And numb because of it
But I'll take what I can get

Take me, I've had enough
Can't breathe when the going gets tough
It's in between and it can't be seen
This living injury
Anxiety

I'm on thin ice again
Already sinking in my skin
It always starts out like this
When I start to shake I can't shake it
Try to feel alright again
But right now I'm slipping under
This shortness of breath with a twist
The habit of panic