

Hell is in Your Head

Senses Fail

I spend so much of my precious time
Worrying about how I'm gonna die
If I could just focus that energy
I would be a billionaire or a famous astrophysicist
Instead I'm writing the same boring songs about suffering

The older I get the harder it gets
I'm crippled by my anxiety

What the hell is wrong with me?
Why do I always feel like I'm dying?
God will it ever stop?
Someone please make it stop
Someone please help me I'm not gonna make it

I've been spending so much of my precious time
Worrying about how my friends will die
Instead of actually hanging out with them
And I catalog all of my physical symptoms
Just in case there is something I'm missing
From what I can tell I think I have a disease

The older I get the harder it gets
I'm crippled by my anxiety

What the hell is wrong with me?
Why do I always feel like I'm dying?
God will it ever stop?
Someone please make it stop
Someone please help me I'm not gonna make it

I waste so much of my life wondering
If this world is nothing but suffering
I'm crumbling like clay into dirt
Hoping for water but praying for worse
If I should bloom then I'll wither
The only time I get warmth is when I shiver

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