

# Holding Cells For The Living Hell

Stray from the Path

Stop shaking  
The medication isn't taking  
My pulse is racing  
As the symphony of screams down the corridors  
And the squeak of the stretcher on Linoleum floors  
Fill the air with panic

This place is for the savage  
A holding cell for the living hells  
The drugged and the damaged  
I can't hear another empty answer  
We need a doctor in the room  
She's gone too soon

She used to save me  
From the monsters underneath my bed  
How can I save her from the one that's in her head

A chemical imbalance  
No diagnosis  
Up the dosage  
Up the dosage  
Your mood is always swinging  
Answer the phone keeps ringing  
It's crossed my mind at least a dozen times  
That one day I'll find you hanging from the ceiling  
Yeah one day I'll find you hanging from the ceiling

She's gone too soon

She used to save me  
From the monsters underneath my bed  
How can I save her from the one that's in her head

In her darkest days  
I still carry all the weight  
She tried to smile today  
But everyone looked away  
She tried to change her face  
But she still feels the same

Stop shaking