

Caught thinking of the right thing to do
In and out
Of consciousness and boiling over you
Just the thought
Of falling on the face of moving forward
Brings the breeze I needed to a halt
Stuck suffocating, thinking it all through
Spiral out in solitude

I could be your seasonal depression
Your personal question
The souvenir stuffed deep in your drawer
All your consequences
Addled, apprehensive
I am the evil scratching at your door

Busy fabricating my fortitude
The rabbit hole
Going deeper down than I thought it could
Struggle to slow
Down my brain from catching fire in all directions
Thanks for asking but my skin just needs to soak
In the shadows, under shelter, far from truth
On the wrong side of resolute

I could be your seasonal depression
Your personal question
The souvenir stuffed deep in your drawer
All your consequences
Addled, apprehensive
I am the evil scratching at your door

Every good intention
Scrutinized and spread thin
The souvenir stuffed deep in your drawer
All the hesitation
Your anchor in the ocean
The honourable mention at your door

I'm still the evil scratching at your door
Coming home to find you on the floor