

Inside Voices

Too Close To Touch

I watch from blackened bars, through the window to my soul.
I stand behind closed doors, with a broken heart from shattered hope.
I scrape and I claw through bloodstained walls, as they start crawling in.
I swear I'll fix this. But you just won't listen.

I used to make a sound that shook the earth beneath me.
Now, they're not even listening.
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.
I'd dream, they could never silence me.
They're not even listening.
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.
Feeling trapped beneath the static.

Inside a broken mind is the place that I call home.
I let my thoughts unwind, as they leave my body panic prone.
I beg for peace within me, as I lose a piece of me.
Silent screams refuse to ring, cause hopelessness can't sing.

I used to make a sound that shook the earth beneath me.
Now, they're not even listening.
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.
I'd dream, they could never silence me.
They're not even listening.
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.
Feeling trapped beneath the static.

I used to make a sound that shook the earth beneath me.
Now, they're not even listening.
I used to have my voice. I used to...
Dream, they could never silence me.
They're not even listening.
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.
Feeling trapped beneath the static.

Trapped beneath the static.
Trapped beneath the static.
Trapped beneath the static.
Trapped beneath the static.