

## Lock

Typecast

Trapped inside these walls  
Running out of air  
Better think fast  
'Cause they're slowly closing in  
There's nothing I can do  
There's nothing left to sell  
This will be over soon  
My own private hell

Ripped off finger nails  
Fallen on the floor  
I scream so loud  
Yet no one will hear my call

Whatever I do  
I'll never, I'll never  
Never answer the door

Every knock is like  
A nail pushed through my ears  
Hide under the bed  
And just hold my breath  
Long enough  
So they won't hear  
But I'll suffocate  
And they're closing in

Whatever I do  
I'll never, I'll never  
Never answer the door