

Claustrophobia

30H!3

Claustrophobia
The walls are slowly closing in
This town has a hold of us
The closet's heavy at my skin
Now my conscious is leaving
The words are for speaking
There's no one to speak them to
Claustrophobia
The walls are slowly closing in

Matchbox, padlocks
In the shopping bag 'cross the parking lot
Small clouds, leave mouth
See the shadow stretching till the light runs out
Take away all my fun
You know you can tie a noose around my tongue
You're mad at the wheel driving
My mind is drunk
The focus is gone
The focus is gone

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