

# Panic

Anathema

You know you ain't going nowhere  
you're stuck inside while the mind is flying  
you said you'd help me in the morning  
twisting on pins into my eyes  
and we driving on the ceiling below you  
facin' up the walls with your crooked hands  
while you're miles away...

I don't think at all end up like this  
there's spiders on the wall and they stink of piss  
dead heads lying in the corner  
staring at me making me feel bad  
I put my hands up to my eyes  
but the holes in my palms let me find a way  
to corner you...

I can't feel my chest because it ain't much  
sucking through my skin into my brain  
oxygen pushing on the window  
cracks in the glass let it slip away  
I start to cry and I keep on laughing  
I close my eyes at what's left inside  
and then I'll ran away...

For all the time this land  
for all the time in my hand  
circle around in depth  
found calmness fall once again...

Razor blades floating in the warm bath  
air bubbles in your veins turning my hands black  
whispers coming from the next room  
window cleaner keep on spying  
I put my hands up to my eyes  
but the holes in my palms let me find a way  
to corner me...

Twelve ton hammer for my breakfast  
slipping of the edge in catatonic blood  
multiple decibel inscriptions  
trying all they can in miles an hour  
all face grey and looming downwards  
sniffing all the time for a ounce of silence  
screaming all the way...

Numbers counting down inside me  
solar system thoughts circle round my head  
false teeth hanging from the ceiling  
feet looking of the goms of the 2nd son  
I eat my hands 'cos my legs are crying  
you broke my neck 'cause I snapped my spine  
I wish you would die away...

For all the time this land  
for all the time in my hand  
circle around in depth  
found calmness fall once again...