

Whatever the Case May Be

Anavae

All I do is talk with digits,
And plastic buttons,
(They stare right back at me).
But when the chance to live
finally shows it self,
I shut down.

There's a cloud in my head telling me to be quiet,
A desperate struggle,
These forces tear my head apart,
This black hole sucks all the joy I fantasise about
through tunnels I can't run down.

I've become a numb shell,
Too scared to create a thing.
I've fallen down, down, down again.
I've become a numb shell.
Too scared to create a thing.
Bye bye baby I'm going away.

You say it's real,
What am I meant to think?
It's like a cage wrapped around my brain.
You seem to have the key,
Tucked away beneath the seams.
Walk away he said,
"You've had enough, alright!
Stop staring through the window
Pick up your feet again,
Open up your eyes, and take a breath,
Oh breathe it in!"

You'll be fine they say,
But what do they know?
I've kept it all so hidden inside.
You couldn't even find me oh, if you tried.

I've become a numb shell,
Too scared to create a thing.
I've fallen down, down, down again.
I've become a numb shell.
Too scared to create a thing.
Bye bye baby I'm going away.

It's all these shadows around me.
I can't take this, uncertainty.