

## My Therapy

Bane

This is my therapy  
You breath life into me  
My only sanity  
Within these walls is where I'm free

Square peg, round hole  
Faces come and faces go  
There is so little cast in stone  
Regarding life, luck, loss, love  
But there is one thing that I know for sure

These are the only crowded rooms  
Because of these days I'll never have nothing at all  
Because of these times there's only so far I can tell  
There will always be a place, there will be a crowded room  
Where I'm not all alone

The years have come and multiplied  
So much of me has been washed out with the tide  
Still there's nowhere else  
That I'd rather be  
Drawn like a moth to a flame  
Without these days I'd have gone insane  
So many hearts pinned to so many sleeves  
Within these blessed walls  
You have set me free

There is no mistake that I'm not free to make  
All because of six strings stretched across a board