

Anemophobia

Deaf Havana

I worry about the weather, and the pressure in my head
And how my lungs can't find the oxygen to form a single breath
That doesn't get caught in my throat, with all the words I couldn't say
I pray that things are getting better...

I still worry about the weather, and I'm sick to death of rain
And these panic attacks do nothing for my tired swollen brain
My days aren't getting better, and I'm still numbing the pain
I lost my mind and all my hope in feeling fine again

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the error of my ways
I really need a change
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or missing
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break

I caught a glimpse of my reflection and didn't recognise my face
I left a note at home explaining how I'm sorry that I left
I just needed to be alone for a while to realise I'm a mess
I pray that that things are getting better but I won't hold my breath

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the error of my ways
I really need a change
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or missing
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break

I'm not quite there but I'm on my way
I'm still forgetting names and faces, I need to get away
From this place, 'cause my outlooks' changed
Along with how I speak and I'm really not the same as I used to be
I'm always living in my head and I can't remember when, I last felt alive

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the error of my ways
I really need a change
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or missing
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break