

# Under My Skin

## Elegy

Where shall I begin  
It's hard to explain, what makes a person anxious  
Eyes, all under my skin  
Analyse before their Diagnosis

Take a seat tell us when it started  
Clear your thoughts  
Time for mind, probing

Suddenly first the rush  
Pressure in my brain  
Molecules explode, like drops of rain  
Blinded I can't see, their reality  
Trapped in my hell, will I ever break this spell

My blood, boils under my skin  
Nervously, scratching the first reaction  
How, how shall it end  
It's driving me, totally 'round the bend

Mystified by their own conclusions  
Given time they'll start, mind probing

They keep probing your mind