

How can I change the world if I can't even change myself?
How can I change the way I am?
I don't know, I don't know.

I wanna take a look at the world behind these eyes,
Every nook, every cranny reorganize,
Realize my face don't fit the way I feel.
What's real?
I need a mirror to check my face is in place,
In case of upheaval, fundamental movement below,
What's really going on I wanna know,
But yo, it don't show on the outside, so slide.
Just below my skin I'm screaming...

I need a mirror for my spirit,
Yeah, can you hear it?
When I get deep, wanna hear my soul sleep,
Not drowning, tumbling around and around in the voices
Like a crowd in my head so loud,
I wonder what it's like to be dead,
I hope it's quiet, noise in my head like a riot,
Any remedy you have for me I'll try it.
Just below my skin I'm screaming...

I'm going deep, so deep that I can't sleep,
The pills ain't cheep booze is deep,
So I leak a fifth of booze and a spliff,
Try to snooze,
But whose dream am I in? This is win or lose,
Put down the drink. Try not to think,
Let it go, fundamental movement below,
And yo, reality is dreaming,
Just below my skin I'm screaming...