

The Security of the Familiar, the Tranquility of Repetition

Four Year Strong

He walks alone, the streets deserted
He steps on every crack
He makes and home and no ones waiting to welcome him back
Who is the man in the mirror?
He wonders as he stares in the eyes of a stranger
He's looking for a way
To make it through the day
To say the worst is over
No need to be afraid

He screams out
Someone save me from myself
Drag me from the gates of hell
Cuz I'm hanging by a thread
And I'm getting closer to falling off the edge
And he screams out
Someone save me from myself

He counts the tiles on the ceiling
And everything fades to black
He knows he'll never have the feeling
To take a step back
The voice in his head's getting louder
His skin is crawling
He runs both his hands through the water
There's got to be a way
To make it through the day
To say the worst is over
No need to be afraid

He screams out
Someone save me from myself
Drag me from the gates of hell
Cuz I'm hanging by a thread
And I'm getting closer to falling off the edge

The freaks are coming after me tonight
They capture me and guide me towards the light
Who is the man in the mirror?
The voice in his head's getting louder

He screams out
Someone save me from myself
Drag me from the gates of hell
Cuz I'm hanging by a thread
And I'm getting closer to falling off the edge

He screams out
Someone save me from myself [x3]