

# 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]