

I've got things that make me feel unordinary, not necessarily in need of therapy, and I know things have been slipping. Loosening my grip, how much closer until I'm bound to hit the ground. Sound the alarm, but remain calm, my time is drawn, never meant to cause anyone harm. This time things will be different. I promise, I really promise, and this time things will be different, and it grows and grows, and grows.

Cause it's the way we talk, the way we walk, the way your words connect my thoughts. The way we move, the way we stand, the way our world is in your hands. My life's just like a prison, we shout but no one listens. We're set, all in position, use us, take us, break us!

Questions running through my mind, I'm falling behind. I never would have guessed this could happen to me. This frustration is all I see, and you're taking me and you're breaking me down. And this will be different. I promise, I really promise, and this time things will be different, and it grows, and it grows, and grows.

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It's coming to that point, I'm down on my knees, I'm praying, you can change my life, and change me. I'll follow you there, I've got nothing to lose, unwind me, heal my sickness. Unravel this, and set me free.

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