

Velvet Chokehold

Throes Of Dawn

You may try to follow
You may try to reason me out
You may try to save me
But you can never understand

The way I have burned
The way I have burned
For years
For years

The sound of approaching violence
the pounding hammers of depression
the stifling sense of pressure
Something you can never understand

And Love may offer
a brief relief
And light may scatter
the darkest storm
But there's no release
From this velver chokehold