

## 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 velvet chokehold