

Under My Skin

Elegy

Where shall I begin
It's hard to explain, what makes a person anxious
Eyes, all under my skin
Analyse before their Diagnosis

Take a seat tell us when it started
Clear your thoughts
Time for mind, probing

Suddenly first the rush
Pressure in my brain
Molecules explode, like drops of rain
Blinded I can't see, their reality
Trapped in my hell, will I ever break this spell

My blood, boils under my skin
Nervously, scratching the first reaction
How, how shall it end
It's driving me, totally 'round the bend

Mystified by their own conclusions
Given time they'll start, mind probing

They keep probing your mind