

Anxiety Attack

Fall City Fall

There's a feeling at rise,
it grinds my teeth, stings lungs,
first instinct "draw with my guns" instead I just turn
to run, run from the path of the first born son.
what's done is done and I know all and above time is not always
enough no,
its not always enough, not always enough not always enough.
forget what you think what you believe what you know,
cause in the end, its only you alone.
all I ever wanted to be was a father to you. Just like my father
was to me.

If I admit to the guilt have faith and try to believe
will forgiveness set me free?
Not a chance in hell.
so forget what you think what you believe what you
know, when you finally reach the end it is you who
stands alone. against your foes and the people you love the most.
face your ghosts!
you know this story is fucking getting old all I ever
wanted to be was a father to you just like my father
was to me, if I admit to the guilt have faith and try
to believe will forgiveness set me free?
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it grinds my teeth, stings lungs first instinct "Draw
with my guns" instead I just turn to run,
run from the path of the first born son what done is
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no its not always enough not always enough not always enough no