

Tomorrow

Prozak

My introduction to
Your instructions are hard
Go with the pain
You're out of control with the brain
Will I still be here
Will fear keep me in a bottle
Cause I'm not sure about tomorrow
Tomorrow
And whatever our chances are
The devil just dances on
Sinking me to the bottom
Behind this fake smile I'm just frowning
My world is upside-down, full of problems
Really hard to breathe, it feels like I'm drowning
Reaching for the top while I'm sinking to the bottom
So here I go again lost in my own head
Digging my own grave, making my own bed
Have the candles lit and burning at both ends
Just hoping for some door to open
Every direction seems like a wrong turn
Another dead-end road with the detour
Meaneture grave that is for sure
A headstone for my family to grieve for
And these shadows of darkness surround me
Antagonise, and torture, profound me
The pain caliber is high velocity
Time to analyse my lifes philosophy
Somebody throw me a lifeline, it feels like
I'm lost in the night-time
Everyday the same no escaping these confines
Here to run away but i don't ever seem to find my way
Out of this, and it's obvious lately I'm out of it
Remain hopeful but feeling the opposite
If tomorrow is sorrow and time can't we borrow
This moral is hell, I want out of it
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I want out
Tryna make my way through this maze and it
Never seems to stay the same way
No escape from the pain this game of chains
And I'm forced to play sort of like I'm juggling hand grenades
Black ink on a blank canvas future so bleak that I can't handle it
Submit to defeat or self-analysis
Thoughts so deep it'll cause paralysis
I guess this means I'm the catalyst
Self destruction, my own antagonist

Hard to function I'm not a fan of this
I must be insane or a sadomasochist
Started thinking will I ever get my life back
Or is it even possible to find the right path
I keep on looking for the light but all I see is black
And I don't need another reason can't you see that
Reaching out I'm just holding on for dear life
Even now how come I can never feel right
Sick and down, suffocating is what it feels like
Message in a bottle with the cap sealed air-tight
Drifting away lost at sea, perhaps somebody will receive
Maybe even help to set them free
Go save yourself, too late for me
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I want out x4