

## Inside Voices

### Too Close To Touch

I watch from blackened bars, through the window to my soul.  
I stand behind closed doors, with a broken heart from shattered hope.  
I scrape and I claw through bloodstained walls, as they start caving in.  
I swear I'll fix this. But you just won't listen.

I used to make a sound that shook the earth beneath me.  
Now, they're not even listening.  
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.  
I'd dream, they could never silence me.  
They're not even listening.  
I used to have a voice. I used to be so sure.  
Feeling trapped beneath the static.

Inside a broken mind is the place that I call home.  
I let my thoughts unwind, as they leave my body panic prone.  
I beg for peace within me, as I lose a piece of me.  
Silent screams refuse to ring, cause hopelessness can't sing.

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Now, they're not even listening.  
I used to have my voice. I used to...  
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