

Burdens

"Grind My Teeth"

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Wasting away. No longer sane.
Hiding from demons that call on my name.
Your judging stares cut me to the bone.
And in a crowd room, I still feel alone.
These days are killing me, and I try so hard to see,
Through all these clouded thoughts of panic and
anxiety.
This aggravation forever taunts my thoughts.
My mental health slowly starts to rot.

I'm not the same man I thought I'd be.
My biggest achievement is misery.
Day by day, stuck in my mind.
Drenched in cold sweat, with no more teeth to grind.

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