

Infliction

"Closing In"

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I can't see ever feeling right again
I'm on a raft in a river that's roaring away with me
What good does it do me to have what I want
When I'm in no shape to enjoy what I have
Boiling
I'm burning
I'm losing my hold
On the life that I had
Running
I'm hiding
I'm telling myself
That these things aren't so bad
I can see there's just no way out of this (one)
I can feel the walls closing in on me
The door at the end of the tunnel is far too small
And there's 24 metric tons of fear closing in on me

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