

Papa Roach

"829"

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I am scared
Pray
Because
I think I'm scared of myself
My problems and faults
They lay upon a shelf
Bring it out with the shroom
I'm paranoid laying crouched in a room
I will pushing
Away from a love that is close to me
I'll go away
I need to be stable like my buddy with grey bell

Called up my mom
Cause I know she was strong
Talked about Jesus, my daddy, and bong
Aside from the world that I know
People and whatnot and girls that do blow
Brought back to childhood
Not close to feeling good
Go away

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