

## **Deaf Havana "Anemophobia"**

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I worry about the weather, and the pressure in my head  
And how my lungs can't find the oxygen to form a  
single breath  
That doesn't get caught in my throat, with all the words  
I couldn't say  
I pray that things are getting better...

I still worry about the weather, and I'm sick to death of  
rain  
And these panic attacks do nothing for my tired  
swollen brain  
My days aren't getting better, and I'm still numbing the  
pain  
I lost my mind and all my hope in feeling fine again

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the  
error of my ways  
I really need a change  
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or  
missing  
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break

I caught a glimpse of my reflection and didn't  
recognise my face  
I left a note at home explaining how I'm sorry that I left  
I just needed to be alone for a while to realise I'm a  
mess  
I pray that that things are getting better but I won't hold  
my breath  
I won't hold my breath.

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the  
error of my ways  
I really need a change  
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or  
missing  
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break

I'm not quite there but I'm on my way  
I'm still forgetting names and faces, I need to get away  
From this place, 'cause my outlooks' changed  
Along with how I speak and I'm really not the same as I

used to be  
I'm always living in my head and I can't remember  
when, I last felt alive

I'm holding out for a saving grace, to show me the  
error of my ways  
I really need a change  
Cause I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is  
missed or missing  
I haven't felt so fucking drained, I need a break.

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