

Air Tight Alibi "Proverbial Death Grip"

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Another catastrophe doesn't blend with anxiety,
it mixes a very strong drink when You start to think.
I don't blame you, I know the choice was already made
I can't contain you, please come back to me.
And so I try to hold on, carry the torch,
Am I a pawn? And now you're gone and I'm just not that
strong. I believe In you do you believe in me,
you I'm scared too just relax and breath.
Blurry vision is not the answer,
we took our pain with pleasure and lost dreams of
memories.
I'm always running all of the time, I get so scared of
what to do.

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