

## The 20Belows

### "Like A Chokeslam"

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I start to crumble under self  
Inflicted pressure  
Maybe a little late to settle for the lesser  
And so I move along, tired and reluctant  
A sour state of mind until it's time to disband  
The smiles are bitter and the love  
It turned to disdain  
If this was meant to happen could  
Somebody explain  
Just why my head is full of apathy  
And distrust  
And every single day is beginning to feel just

Like a choke slam, like a tombstone  
Like an elbow from the top rope  
Gave it one shot now I'm out cold  
And so ready to go  
Make it through the day by going  
Through the motions  
A couple drinks at night then go to  
Sleep alone when  
The bottles empty and the pills  
Begin to kick in  
8 hours brake until the same  
Procedure begins  
So I move along ignoring  
Repercussions  
I stay out of the way avoiding all discussion  
Lay me down and welcome the  
Familiar sound  
Of the ringing bell, ready for the 3 count

Like a choke slam, like a tombstone  
Like an elbow from the top rope  
Gave it one shot now I'm out cold  
And so ready to go  
Like a leg drop, like a face wreck  
Like a steel chair to the forehead  
Gave it one shot now I'm half dead  
And so ready to quit

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