

Day At The Fair, A

"Blame Anxiety"

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You can cut to the bone with all my angry obsessions.
All these chalky happy pills,
and their consequences. Am I done with sleeping?
Am I done with waking up? And I'm tired of thinking,
that I've taken to much into my apologize and lucid
dreams and fogged up thinking?
I bleed inside, I fear my life.
I wake and I hide, I choke till it soaks into all these
anxious fits, an agoraphobic dream of happiness.
You can cut to the fucking point of how I'm so
frustrated.
It's how you strip away these fears,
then you sand and paint them.
Am I done with drinking? Am I done with waking up?
Cause I'm so tired of thinking,
that I've taken to much into all I want to be.
This ghost in me is far from leaving.
.. I feel claustrophobic thinking,
that my skin is a prison in itself. Do you want to share
my

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