

Xymox, Tightrope Walker

Slow days falling, one by one
It is an endless cycle
All things around me are holding their breath
It is speechless, I wonder
I build up walls of thoughts to keep this pain out
It is so hard to imagine you are somewhere else

You could help me out
You could tell me how

Like a tightrope walker, a silent talker
I stop believing everything will be alright
A silent scream is crawling to get out
Feeding on the anger
Feeding on the pain
It is trapped within
It is the state I am in

You could help me out
You could tell me how
You could be my guide
You could make me see
You could help me out
You could tell me how