

Crawling

Bass Drum of Death

[Chorus:]

Crawling in my skin
These wounds they will not heal
Fear is how I fall
Confusing what is real

There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface
Consuming/confusing
This lack of self-control I fear is never ending
Controlling/I can't seem

[Bridge:]

To find myself again
My walls are closing in
(without a sense of confidence and I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)
I've felt this way before
So insecure

[Chorus]

Discomfort, endlessly has pulled itself upon me
Distracting/reacting
Against my will I stand beside my own reflection
It's haunting how I can't seem...

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

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