

Shadow

Jonathan Clay

My bare feet are blisterin, from the path that ive been taking,
No sleep, just cant eat, while inside a storm is breaking
Standing in the path of a Mack truck, Locked down, terrified, chained , Doing what i can to get away from, The
thunder, the lightning and the rain
walking alone in a storm im fighting against, Doing what i can to get away from, walking alone in a storm
inside of my head, doing what i can to get away from, walking alone in a storm, that im fighting against. Am
I'm better off now or better off dead.
My mind tries to escape, the storm thats building in my brain, made up of all my problems, my fist against the
pavement, people try to tell me it was bad luck, but the bullet had my name, there was nothing i could do to run
from, the problems, the people, and the pain.
walking alone in a storm im fighting against.
Doing what i can to get away from, walking alone in a storm inside of my head, doing what i can to get away
from, walking alone in a storm, that im fighting against. Am Im better off now or better off dead.
better off dead, the tears that i bled, fighting for my life but am i better off dead, How can someone set me set
me free when the storms inside of me
walking alone in a storm im fighting against. Doing what i can to get away from, walking alone in a storm
inside of my head, doing what i can to get away from, walking alone in a storm, that im fighting against. Am Im
better off now or better off dead.
Doing what i can to get away from.
Doing what i can to get away from.

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