

Schizophrenic Conversations(Acoustic)

Staind

Are you afraid, afraid of the truth?
There's a mirror staring back at you.
The image is cracked but so is the view, yeah.
The strength of a tree begin in the roots
That are tender buried into you at least
Now the storm can't blow me away. So crawl inside my head with me.
I'll show you how it feels to be, to bleed like me. Should I be afraid of this face
That I see this mirror staring back at me
So gone are the days where I listen to you.
And you say that I'm weak show me the proof
Because I still exist in spite of you
But I want to be with you everyday. Schizophrenic conversations that I'm always having with myself
I hear these voices in my head are bleeding maybe I could use a little help
I still have schizophrenic conversations where there's no one else around to hear.
I long for solitude and peace within to bottle all the anger that I feel.

Songwriters

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