

Black Lungs

Despised Icon

My thoughts are turning black.
Here comes a panic attack.
Every day is a struggle to stay on track.
I've had enough of being consumed by your poison.
These are my words of distress.
I must confess.
It's getting harder to see through a thick layer of green smoke.
The deeper I inhale, the harder I choke.
I'm a slave to the habit, slowly becoming a zombie.
The higher I go, the bigger the fall.
The closer we get, the less I need you all.
The higher I go, the bigger the fall.
It's time to stand tall.
Take control.
From summer nights at the park to laying low in the dark, temptation led to isolation.
I'm gasping for air, visiting despair.
My thoughts are turning black.
Here comes a panic attack.
Every day is a struggle to stay on track.
I've had enough of being consumed by your poison.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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