

Krwlng (Mike Shinoda feat. Aaron Lewis Of Staind)

Linkin Park

faint Crawling in my skin*faint* Crawling in my skin

(Without a sense of confidence)

faint Consuming, Confusing...

Crawling in my skin

(Without a sense of confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)

There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface...Ah, Crawling in my skin, (Crawling in my skin)

These wounds, they will not heal... (Wound, they will not heal)

Fear is how I fall, (fear is how I fall)

Confusing... Confusing what is real...

Confusing what is real...There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface

Consuming, confusing,

This lack of self-control, I fear, is neverending.

Controlling, I can't seem

to find myself again. My walls are closing in...

(Without a sense of confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take.)

I've felt this way before, SO INSECURE!!!Crawling in my skin,

these wounds, they will not heal.

Fear is how I fall,

Confusing what is real.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...

To find myself again, my walls are closing in.

(Without a sense of confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take!)

I've felt this way before, SO INSECURE!!!

*Hold 1.5 times longer than last time*Without a sense of confidence, (confidence)

Without a sense of confidence, (confidence)

Without a sense of Confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take.

Without a sense of confidence, (confidence)

Without a sense of confidence, (confidence)

Without a sense of confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take.Seem to find myself

again, My walls are closing in...

(Without a sense of confidence, I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take!)

I've felt this way before, SO INSECURE!!!Crawling in my skin,

Thses wounds, they will not heal.

Fear is how I fall,

Confusing what is real.

Crawling in my skin,

These wounds, they will not heal.

Fear is how I fall,
Confusing, confusing what is real.

Songwriters

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HAHN, JOSEPH

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