

# Phobics Of Tragedy

## Days of the New

Nothing is real when you're talkin'  
I don't believe what I'm watchin'  
Shelter me 'til it's over  
Or what you want to believe I'm afraid of what I see and  
What I see is everything  
Shelter me with my own hands  
And with my hands I would've been dead God I don't know what to say  
Everything is in my way  
Get up and deal with the pain  
Drowning your mind in the way Let me sleep  
I'll let you sleep  
Put on your mind frame  
Take off your mind  
Put on your heart  
I'm going down stream

Songwriters

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