

# apprehension

## Robe.

Finding out  
You had lost the little one inside you  
Not a sound  
But chalk that you had dropped on the floor  
And I could tell that when you fell  
The future never planned on getting easier  
God has never been afraid  
To fill our cups with more than they could hold  
'Til they all overflow, drown once and for all  
How could I misconceive  
I was owed something radically radiant  
The doctor came through  
And asked if you'd like to give it name  
How can you misconceive our ideal  
Growing our futures  
Some impressive prize I find  
Placing all the blame  
My apprehension got the best of me  
Better now than when I found  
I used to have the gift of amusement  
It's funny how without a doubt

The family's far more calmer than me  
And I will cause a lovers' court  
And do you, don't you keep on typing  
Sour-mouth, a coward clout  
The dormant gospel's nativity  
My apprehension got the best of me  
Walking dead, my heart was moldering  
Yeah, got the best of me  
The best of me  
Pushing it out, I heard the healthiest move  
Is to abandon all of my blemish  
That's what the hospital staff  
And the pair of our parents will say  
Here I am again, directly  
Back to the place where Adam ruined family  
Turning in a marathon of mental  
'Til God shows up again

My apprehension got me nowhere  
Swimming in my own filth  
Yeah, got me nowhere  
Nowhere

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