# Anemophobia

## Deaf Havana

I worry about the weather and the pressure in my head
And how my lungs can't find the oxygen to form a single breath
That doesn't get caught in my throat with all the words I couldn't say
I pray that things are getting better

I still worry about the weather and I'm sick to death of rain
And these panic attacks do nothing for my tired and swollen brain
My days aren't getting better, I'm still numbing all the pain
I lost my mind and all my hope in feeling fine again

I'm holding out for a saving grace to show me the error of my ways
I really need a change
I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or missing
I haven't felt so fucking drained. I need a break

I caught a glimpse of my reflection and didn't recognise my face
I left an note at home explaining how I'm sorry that I left
I just needed to be alone for a while to realise that I'm a mess
I pray that things are better but I won't hold my breath.

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I'm not quite there but I'm on my way
I'm still forgetting names and faces, I need to get away from this place
Because my outlook's changed along with how I speak
I'm really not the same as I used to be
I'm always living in my head and I can't remember when I last felt alive.

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I'm not a pessimist but sometimes hope is missed or missing
I haven't felt so fucking drained. I need a break.
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