Coping Mechanism

Wake Self

â€œWhen reality seems too difficult for us to face, we retreat behind defensive mechanisms. Remember the boy who couldnâ€™t dance who always brought a pint to the party? He was trying to escape from a sense of his own inadequacy. The next morning he had a hangover, and he still couldnâ€™t dance.â€•

Yea, Iâ€™m having these thoughts again: this world is so strange how am I a part of it?
And whatâ€™s my part in it? Did I fall from grace, does it fall in place, and do we all fall apart like this?
Am I just wasted space? Have I been stuck in a cycle perpetuating the same mistake?
Is this the view of my life passing me while I stay in place, when reality hits hard like an 808.
My purpose isnâ€™t the paper chase; Iâ€™m searching for the strength to step to my personal issues face to face.
Used to think about the razor blade and bleeding out until I turned around and rewired my mental database.
Let it breathe, loud as the combination and contemplation, a confrontation with my frame of view;
this is me, shattering the here and now; Iâ€™m here and now, open the wreckage while I create a new bridge to maneuver, a lens for the future, the cleanse that cut loose from the constrictions of opinions and the image of thought mattered, hearing the walls chatterin', now Iâ€™m breaking free from restrictions of thought patterns yo.
Distractions that had me froze, fell in love with those; the alternating pain and happiness that comes and goes.
Cut the hole from every string inside this puppet show and maybe a new life is sitting right outside my comfort zone.

Creating art to see our human side connected; using the music vibe as a suicide prevention.
A piece of me that broke the pieces; thinking of a number between thinking it over and overthinking.
And maybe youâ€™re like a tree: you see your leaves fall, you watch the fruits of your labor hit the floor;
you endure the changing of the seasonsâ€”the cold, the warm, the rain, the stormsâ€”to make your roots deepen.
Maybe youâ€™re like a tree, maybe youâ€™re like a tree: no orbits until my problems are sprouted up from a seed;
and to see your faces in feat from places where I feel stranded, from the roots of depression where misconceptions are planted.
Disconnected from the planet, now the branches are withering; the answers arenâ€™t as simple as our imagined derivatives.
I inhabit my habits like psychiatric imprisonment, rising from the ashes that were scattered by the riverbed.
Depressed pain starts wildfires from past to breeze, burn away hurt and mistakes like dead branchesâ€”leaves.
Searchingâ€¦

Oooooooh, Ooooooooooh, OoooooOOOOOOOooooooohâ€¦

Breaking hour glasses, building sand castles out this dirt that you kicking on usâ€”help me keep my feet planted.
Searching: broken open but still whole, holding hope, looking for the light to help my petals blossom.

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Had these growing pains since a teen with the peach fuzz, my heart holding memories like the rings of a tree trunk;
I reach up, tryâ€™na grab a piece of gravity while I travel rapidly on realityâ€™s balance beam.
Chasing after my dreams like nightmares are chasing after me; still in the struggle feeling leg muscles start to atrophy.
So what matters really? What matters really? And what is this Iâ€™m feeling? And whatâ€™s the matter with me?
Self mutilation: am I trying to ask for help? Searching for the answers but I donâ€™t know what to ask myself.
No pill can fix this, I feel so distant, itâ€™s hard trying to understand your own existence.
Altering my senses, all I see is fences; what turns a thought process to a chemical condition?
Maybe we need to listen, maybe we need to listen to the victims of the ward; itâ€™s a war weâ€™re waging on our children.
Like nobodyâ€™s here for us, all they do is judge us, and then we turn to these substances to numb us.
I wish you woulda put the knife down or put the gun up, dedicated to all the precious lives taken from us.
Never assume you understand another personâ€™s journey; a lot of us are bleeding internally but we keep it hidden.
Every tree is different, some need a little attention, reaching towards grace and hope to find the coping mechanism. Coping mechanism, coping mechanism. Coping mechanism, coping mechanism.
Coping mechanism, coping mechanism. Coping mechanism, coping mechanism.

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â€œIâ€™m just making a conscious choice to perceive challenges as something beneficial, so that I can deal with them in the most productive way. I guess thatâ€™s what Iâ€™m really trying to say here today: sometimes itâ€™s okay to ea feelings.â€•

Lyrics Submitted by Emily Jahnsen

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