

# Mansion

NF

Insidious is blind inception  
What's reality with all these questions?  
Feels like I missed my alarm and slept in (slept in)  
Broken legs but I chase perfection  
These walls are my blank expression  
My mind is a home I'm trapped in  
And it's lonely inside this mansionYo, my mind is a house with walls covered in lyrics, they're all over the place  
There's songs in the mirrors written all over the floors, all over the chairs  
And you get the uncut version of life when I go downstairs  
That's where I write when I'm in a bad place and need to release  
And let out the version of NF you don't want to see  
I put holes in the walls with both of my fists 'til they bleed  
You might get a glimpse of how I cope with all this anger in me  
Physically abused, now that's the room that I don't want to be in  
That picture ain't blurry at all, I just don't want to see it  
And these walls ain't blank, I just think I don't want to see 'em  
But why not? I'm in here, so I might as well read 'em  
I gotta thank you for this anger that I carry around  
Wish I could take a match and burn this whole room to the ground  
Matter of fact I think I'ma burn this room right now  
So now this memory for some reason just won't come down  
You used to put me in the corner, so you could see the fear in my eyes  
Then took me downstairs and beat me 'til I screamed and I cried  
Congratulations, you'll always have a room in my mind  
But I'ma keep the door shut and lock the lyrics insideInsidious is blind inception  
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And slept in  
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My mind is a home I'm trapped in  
And it's lonely inside this mansion  
Inside this mansionYo my mind is a house with walls covered in pain  
See, my problem is I don't fix things, I just try to repaint  
Cover em up, like it never happened  
Say I wish I could change, are you confused?  
Come upstairs and I'll show you what I mean  
This room's full of regrets, just keeps getting fuller it seems  
The moment I walk in to it is the same moment that I wanna leave

I get sick to my stomach every time I look at these things  
But it's hard to look past when this is the room where I sleep  
I look around, one of the worst things I wrote on these walls  
Was the moment I realized that I was losing my mom  
And one of the first things I wrote was I wish I would have called  
But I should just stop now, we ain't got enough room in this song  
And I regret the fact that I struggled trying to find who I am  
And I lie to myself and say I do the best that I can  
Shrug it off like it ain't nothing like it's out of my hands  
Then get ticked off whenever I see it affecting my plans  
And I regret watching these trust issues eat me alive  
And at the rate I'm going they'll probably still be there when I die  
Congratulations, you'll always have a room in my mind  
The question is, will I ever clean the walls off in time? Insidious is blind inception  
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And slept in  
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My mind is a home I'm trapped in  
And it's lonely inside this mansion  
Inside this mansion So this part of my house, no one's been in it for years  
I built the safe room and I don't let no one in there  
'Cause if I do, there's a chance that they might disappear and not come back  
And I admit I am emotionally scared to let anyone inside  
So I just leave my doors locked  
You might get other doors to open up but this door's not  
'Cause I don't want you to have the opportunity to hurt me  
And I'll be the only person that I can blame when you desert me  
I'm barricaded inside so stop watching  
I'm not coming to the door so stop knocking, stop knocking  
I'm trapped here, God keeps saying I'm not locked in  
I chose this, I am lost in my own conscience  
I know that shutting the wall down ain't solving the problem  
But I didn't build this house because I thought it would solve 'em  
I built it because I thought that it was safer in there  
But it's not, I'm not the only thing that's living in here  
Fear came to my house years ago, I let him in  
Maybe that's the problem 'cause I've been dealing with this ever since  
I thought that he would leave, but it's obvious he never did  
He must have picked the room and got comfortable and settled in  
Now I'm in the position it's either sit here and let him win  
Or put him back outside where he came from, but I never can  
'Cause in order to do that I'd have to open the doors  
Is that me or the fear talking?

I don't know anymore Lonely (lonely) it's lonely  
Oh yeah, it's lonely  
Inside this mansion

Songwriters

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