Three, Two, One

Prozak

Man I'm really panic'n
Feel'n plastic like manikin
So please pass me the Xanax
I'm just trying to feel like me again
Recently I've been needing reasons
To even get out of bed
The more I think the less I feel
Imprisoned'd inside my head
And I
Can't escape cause there's nowhere to run
Should I
Should I go right into the sun
I feel like
Giving up am I the only one
A matter of time
Til' there design will kill everyone
It has begun
Count Down 3, 2, 1
It's the end of the
World Count down 3, 2, 1
It's the end of the...
Please God help me
Please God help me
Maybe I've been trying to cope
All is lost
A loss of hope
I don't really care no more
Even since that I've awoke
Everything is such a joke
When you can see through the smoke
Find yourself against the rope
Now they got you by the throat
It's all just too much to bear
Is there anybody there
Can somebody hear me screaming
Anybody, Anywhere
How can I
Live like this
Close my eyes

Clutch my fist
Nervous twitch
I'm alive
Yet somehow I don't exist
Nothing but an empty shell
My body a prison shell
All these thoughts surround me
Seclusion inside of my own head
All of this darkness
Holding me hostage
Repetitious nonsense
Every second constant
The [?] plan [?]
No foreign progress [?]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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