

# 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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