

crawling in my skin
these wounds they will not heal
fear is how I fall
confusing what is real

there's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface
consuming/confusing
this lack of self-control I fear is never ending
controlling/I can't seem

to find myself again
my walls are closing in
(without a sense of confidence I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)
I've felt this way before
so insecure

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discomfort, endlessly has pulled itself upon me
distracting/reacting
against my will I stand beside my own reflection
it's haunting how i cant seem...

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