

# Riverside, 02 Panic Room

Used to be my Panic Room  
The other side of me  
Where I slept and woke by turns  
And nothing seemed real

I was feeding on your life  
Peering through the hole  
And it scared me out  
Someday  
You would knock on my door

Sweet shelter of mine  
I'm freezing without  
Sweet shelter of mine  
I'm dying without

Cover up my twisted thoughts  
Shattered all around  
Muffled sounds  
Recurring dreams  
Melatonin smile

Used to be my 302  
The other side of light  
Trap of my own  
That helped me deal  
With what I lost inside

Sweet shelter of mine  
I'm freezing without  
Sweet shelter of mine  
I'm dying without  
Sweet shelter of mine

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I've tried to make self-portraits before  
But they always turn out so contrived  
I've spent too much time  
Correcting light and shade  
Hiding wrinkles  
Blurring scars

I've tried to make self-portraits before  
Through my eyes  
Just see myself  
Now I know  
I'm not in denial  
That I need someone else  
To see me