

Blaze Bayley, Identity

Madness can come from the mind or the heart
Ending is never as good as the start
Nothing is ever as good as your dream
Nothing is ever as bad as

Psychological confusion
Is caused by the inability
To reconcile different elements
In my own personality

I'm feeling all the wrong things, I have become my own shadow
If I could justify things, then I could believe in my life

Who am I, what is me, losing my Identity.
Who am I, what is me, Something's taking over.

All the colours seem so vague now, sharper now here comes the pain
I have wrestled with this nightmare, now I live inside a dream
I'm going through a crisis, losing my identity
How can I reconcile this
Have I been living a lie

Who am I, what is me, losing my Identity.
Who am I, what is me, Something's taking over.

Nothing is ever as good as it seems
Nothing is ever as good as your dreams
The ending is never as good as the start
Madness can come from the mind or the heart

Ideas that I take for granted, are they just the seeds
That some one else has planted, right inside of me

Who am I, what is me
I am myself no longer