

Dri, To Open Closed Doors

Swimming through black Vaseline
Is my existence just a dream?
Can not tell which way is up
What's below or what's above
Fighting for a breath of air
I breath in but it's not there
So as my world melts away

I pray

That I will be OK someday
And may I not stay this way
Then after that I take some more
Hoping that will open the door

But the door is locked
From the outside