

Epidemic, To Escape The Void

...And in my dreams you cross the line
Lopsided grin, the glint in eye
And speak to me in words defied
By journey to your void

And see you with my dreaming mind
A thinker, maddened, scheming eyes,
And from four strings the notes will
Fly
That I hear no more

And I cannot loosen my grip
The final word to see you slip
To fall again my mind resists
To escape your truth

And will I see the day I die
You beckon me over the line
And learn the reason you denied
To be

And as I wake your image flies
Retreats to corner of my eye
To breathe my name then twitch and
Die
Do you hear my tortured scream

I walk alone.