

Firebird, Stranger To Himself

Struggling with confusion,
Disillusionment too,
Turn a man into his shadow,
Crying out from hell.

Between his nightmare visions
He sees nothing, only words.
Mad with the beggar's mind, he's but a stranger,
He's been a stranger to himself.

Suspended on a rope
Inside a bucket down a hole.
Hands are torn and bloody
From the scratching at his soul.

Behind his nightmare visions
He sees nothing, only words.

Mad with a beggar's mind, he's but a stranger,
He's been a stranger to himself.

Between his nightmare visions
He sees nothing, only words.
Mad with the beggar's mind, he's but a stranger,
He's been a stranger to himself.