

Labyrinth, Malcolm Grey

My hands are red of blood
But it's not mine
Inside me there's no light and a frozen soul
I can't understand but I like it
Everything is clear but suddenly that piano....
That mesmerizing sound that pushes me to do it again

Can someone tell me if it's true or not
I'm scared by the pleasure I feel
Too thin is the line between dream and reality

Who is playing here??
Oh my God... The same melody
Different is the scene and new is the victim
But the old man playing is still the same
Hey you, now I wanna see your fucking face
Once for all stop it!!!
...No! It's not possible.... Your face is my face.... No

Can someone tell me if it's true or not
I'm scared by the pleasure I feel
Too thin is the line between dream and reality

Can someone tell me if it's true or not
I'm scared by the pleasure I feel
Too thin is the line between dream and reality
But now I know it was just a dream.... Or not!?