Mudvayne, Trapped In The Wake Of A Dream

Do I deserve these beatings? Hating me, well then, Cut, cut the noose and let me fall away... I'm, growing weak and tired of you and your little shoving games fucking... pushing me. You pulled the trigger, trapped in, the wake, of your Dream You're all killers. Always fucking pushing me; insulting me; I've overcome; I have found the strength of gods in me. Crushing All unwilling; This is so unstoppable. Hard as nails, hook that holds, reach down and find the strength of many in you. My sanctuary... calling my name, so I run through...

to the light,

weeping through a cloud.



