

Nightingale, Recovery Opus

I don't know why
I feel this way
Whatever happened to yesterday
And the voices left without a grace
Maybe I was going insane?
I guess it was all an illusion
Based upon my living
I am raised upon confusion

I must leave this broken home
For my heart is in despair
I have to go back to where I was last night
When there was evil in the air

I can't describe the feeling
I'm like a creature that is drawn to the flame
It has already changed my life
I will never be the same
But first I will close the door to my mind
And sort out what is there behind
It's such a mess here in my head
So I will do what the voices said
(Sleep)