

Queensryche, Damaged

Waiting for the feeling to subside,
Paranoid, I melt into myself.
They say I'm to reach inside and find
the broken part of my machinery.
Psychoanalyze the chapters
on the path to my darkest day.
Searching for the answers,
all I see is damage through the haze.
Picking up the pieces of my life
with no direction for re-assembly.
The one that lays beside me
is sharing scars of my broken yesterdays.
Will tomorrow find me hypnotized? Crying?
Mother Mary in control,
domineering stranglehold
sowing destructive seeds
for the scavengers to feed.
Driving the nail into my head,
memory flows like a river.
With the one that lays beside me
I'm healing scars from my childhood memories.
Tomorrow finally found me.
I'm hypnotized. I'm trying...
to understand the chapters
of the path from my darkest day.
Searching for the answers
but there's DAMAGE!