

# Queensryche, Someone Else?

When I fell from grace  
I never realized  
how deep the flood was around me.  
A man whose life was toil  
was like a kettle left to boil,  
and the water left scars on me.

I know now who I am.  
If only for a while,  
I recognize the changes.  
I feel like I did before the  
magic wore thin and the "baptism  
of stains" began.

They used to say I was  
nowhere, man,  
heading down  
was my destiny.  
But yesterday, I swear,  
that was someone else not me.

Here I stand at the crossroads edge,  
afraid to reach out for eternity,  
One step, when I look down,  
I see someone else not me.

Looking back and I see  
someone else.

All my life they said I  
was going down,  
but I'm still standing,  
stronger, proud.  
And today I know there's  
so much more I can be.

From where I stand at the crossroads edge,  
there's a path leading out to sea.  
And from somewhere  
deep in my mind,  
sirens sing out loud  
songs of doubt  
as only they know how.  
But one glance back reminds, and I see,  
someone else not me.

I keep looking back  
at someone else... me?