

Tankard, Poshor Golovar

Fire in his head
world was turning all red
This wall of emotion
crashing down to him
Soul crushed and drowning

Deeper than a wound,
louder than his own scream
Foreign thoughts rushing in
upon his open mind
No way to stop them

The gift of feeling what others feel
The curse that haunts his family
All pain and pleasure unceasingly
Sucked into his identity

(Head of fire -- Poshor golovar)
(Head of fire -- Poshor golovar)
Feelings not of me are eating me
Prisoner of my sensitivity
(Head of fire -- Poshor golovar)
I can never be alone with me
Alcohol, it's my lone relief

[Chorus:]
I will be all of you,
I will drink your souls
I'll be your goodness
and your honesty
I'll be your happiness
and your excessiveness
I'll be your sadness
and your darkest fear
I will be all of you,
I will drink your souls
I'll be your evil and insanity
Your insanity
Your insanity

Hated by the kids,
tasting their rejection
Confused by the power
raging in his mind
No help from outside

Then a bigger shock
when he felt the psych-ward
Madness overwhelming any sanity
Close to the breakdown

The gift of feeling what others feel
The curse that haunts his family
All pain and pleasure unceasingly
Sucked into his identity

(Head of fire...

[Chorus]

Found a higher love,
couldn't get enough of
inside melting into one another now
Deepest fulfillment

Always needing more,
he was like a vampire
Restless,
feeding on the feelings coming on
Lost in the other

The gift of feeling what others feel
The curse that haunts his family
All pain and pleasure unceasingly
Sucked into his identity

(Head on fire...

(Head on fire -- Poshor golovar)
Feelings not of me are eating me
Prisoner of my sensitivity

[Chorus]