

Trauma, This Can

A nightmare hatches from my consciousness
Disorder drills in my head
Bearfoot I run from the pit of a burning house
I cant believe in what Im feeling
Bombed with disturbing thoughts
I walk down the steers stairs of fear
The night is an absolute horror
Cold darkness with no beginning nor end
I believe the demons of the night
My life rolls on the edge of a dream
Is this what people call hell?
Where does this eon? Where does this eon?
Who am I?
Where am I going?
I stand naked in the middle of the night
Pitifully playing my role of existence
My thoughts and feelings
Departed somewhere in another dimension
They sink in shapeless darkness
[Solo: Mister]
This cant be true
The dream was suppose to end
This cant be true
Where does this end?