Artch, Living in the Past

Mama! Can you hear me ... call your name ...
Am I to blame?
The lights are low, The four winds blow ...
Now! Where do we go?
Tears in your eyes ... mine full of lies
My heart cries ... it's time to die!

I'm livin' in the past, so my doctors say
I should wake up from my dreams
But livin' ain't easy in this world today
When you're surrounded by "terror-screams"
Officially declared insane
A number is not a name. A case without cure
They smile at me sayin' one thing's for sure ...
You've got to stop livin' in the past

Sharks in my bed, demons in my head
Bloody frames hang on the wall
Fires burning higher I hear the hangman's call
Voices from behind echo in my mind
Like an eye-sight to the blind
I'm trapped I am surrounded
Afraid I'm falling 'way behind

They're hunting me
Ooh, possessing me
Controlling me ... tellin' me ...

You are what you are, don't reach out for the stars
Calm down, turn around, with your face against the bars
Strangers in my bed music in my head
My candle's burning low
If only I could hide in my mother's womb
'Cause I don't know where to go

Officially declared insane
A number is not a name
A case without a cure
They smile at me sayin' one thing's sure ...
You've got to stop livin' - livin' in the past