

Grinch, Clay Devils

Hey now
I talk to spiders
I think talking keeps me sane
I hear voices from nowhere
And this is what they say...
All alone
The old man sits and whispers
All alone
"cause they think he's lost his mind
Doesn't care any longer
Caring is waste of time
Not my eyes
Look at them now, it seems they have changed somehow
Out of time
Look at his face, so scarred by age
And time will tell
If this madman sees another day
To weave another tale-
Once I was
Now I am
The only one who understands
Now I am
Once I was-
A million mouths
A madding crowd
Deep inside the tumult spreads
I'm taking notes in a nightmare
Can't find my way