

Hell Is For Heroes, Quiet Riot

I pull back the blinds, taste the air,
Time to return to the warmth they gave you,
All looks the same, feel so strange, time passes by
In a silent vacuum...

I push back the night, step out into the echo,
You've been standing in the corner,
Always listening to the same words,
Night goes, composing in echo's,
Between all the other insects,
Looks like a world lost now...

Tear out the blinds, nothings changed,
Can't place the names, but they sound familiar,
I've died inside, seven days, time passes by,
And died a fraction...

Here comes the time, the sins of disorientation,
Feels like maybe you belong here,
Gather sentences from nowhere,
Creatures crawling out the wood work,
Stand straight, face to face with your fears,
Looks like a world lost now!

Who protects you from, your protectors gone,
He waves a stick. Keeps you sick...
Push back the night. [x3]

Here comes the time, the sins of disorientation,
Feels like maybe you belong here,
Gather sentences from nowhere,
Creatures crawling out the wood work,
Stand straight, face to face with your fears,
Looks like a world lost now. [x3]

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