## James LaBrie, Drained

The air's so thick
It blurs my vision
I can't think straight
In this condition
This dim lit hall
Is stretching further
Not knowing
What I might discover

Through a door half open A painted light bulb swings Casting someones shadow Reaching towards me

Something draws me here Not sure Feeling Drained Still I am curious Haunts me Taunts me Now I start to Gravitate

Remain composed
I hear some laughter
The darkness in me
Moving faster
A handle turned
A door is opened
Ashtrays
Cigarettes still smoking

And there again before me The painted light bulb swings And see I cast the shadow The one I saw moving

Cannot catch my breath Can't cope His face turns toward me Can't be Not me The man in the mirror

It's all too clear As I stood there Acknowledged him In reflective glare

I don't quite understand Why any of this Is who I am I'm damned cause I doubt It's part of me Trick of the mind Schizo you see

It's like awakening
I'm in
Someone elses skin
Molds me
Holds me
Controlled
Left me Drained and empty

Transformed
Shifting
I peer inside
Like quicksand
You pulled me
Down deeper
All twisted inside of me