

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