

LostAlone, Lost Alone

Scream if you are lost alone
Channel the hurt
They will never love you like I do
Voices circle in time on carrousel of venom
They say Steve your screaming in the middle of the night
From which you cannot hide
Lick my wounds for me you predator in heaven
Moon river and lunacy bruised existence
You are a gift and you're a curse
They won't let go they bring you down
I want you to know
Its late switch off the stars you metaphor of buried treasure
The sky was orange and the ground was white
And we fell through each other and I swam through your eyes
Constant visions of hope echo through me forever
You have to laugh at the madness of it all
So paint me a door through which i can crawl