

Md. 45, Voices

Locked in battle hardened
Deep despair and doubt
A gaggle of grenades with
All the pins pulled out
A dog bit my hand, I'm crawling on the ground
Asking for some help, but noone ever comes
Walking in a nightmare, please turn on the light
I hear the strangest sounds, can anyone hear them?
Hit my head on the wall, till my keepers come
Protect me from myself, off to the quiet room
Weird specters ride the air, I know I can't be wrong
I see and hear them too, can anyone else hear them?