

Saint deamon, The Burden

Waking up from the darkest nightmare, feel the shivers fade away
The lights are dim and you try to rise up as you find there is something wrong
Is it the way that you feel, something inside
The dream that you had seems so real and you're left here questioning why
You see it, you breath it, its all around you and youre scared
Will eventually drive you mad
It's a burden, it drains you to see the things that lie beyond and the things thats yet to come
You're asking yourself the question, if you could, would you change the past
Can your actions fight the future; make way in an altered life
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