

Frenzy

Elegy

Four walls, a ceiling, and a constant fear of the unknown.
Driven by a mother's instinct to protect her child,
her worst nightmares materialise before her very eyes.

A constant fear she has
A mother's instinct to protect
His innocence her child, must not be influenced
Surreal nightmares they appear
Before her very eyes
The walls start closing in, then the madness begins

The consequences of her actions
Into a life of stress he came

Frenzy, frenzy
On the edge of a nervous breakdown
A living hell, going crazy Frenzy, frenzy
The unknown, eats your soul alive
Your heart pounds, your blood is boiling

In her chaotic mind
The darkest secrets she would tell
And smothered them with tales,
Not for others
A psychological affect, she'd created
Caused the child to change, he was never the same

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Telling insane stories over again