

The window that looks back in anger...
The stairs here that lean to the side...
The shadow that lives in the darkness...
Where no compassion resides...

The PSYCHE, soaring through the cold dark night
Blood whirlpool, wherever it flies...

All those who hurt me will be doomed...
Who entombed me within the grey room...
And when I'm finished with all them...
I'll have to go and join them...

The PSYCHE, soaring through the cold dark night
Blood whirlpool, wherever it flies