

Touching these walls I am feeling  
How madness is growing in me.  
I'm hearing these voices and I realise  
This house is inside my mind.  
In the garden of this broken court  
I am walking through and through these open doors  
And I'm following the voice in a dream state  
Following these calls from behind time.  
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...  
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.  
The ghostly echoes... of whispers and moan...  
The wind is throwing dry autumn leaves  
On my dream path through the trees.  
Deluded and weak I'm feeling  
Breathing walls against my palm.  
Changing into something hostile and bad  
This court is overpowering me.  
In the garden of this broken court  
I am walking through and through these open doors  
And I'm following the voice in a dream state  
Following these calls from behind time.  
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...  
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.  
The ghostly echoes... of whispers and moan...  
The wind is throwing dry autumn leaves  
On my dream path through the trees.  
I'm wide awake but I'm dreaming  
□ voices are calling for me.  
Floating through hollow halls  
In between the lines of madness and sanity.  
In the garden of this broken court  
I am walking through and through these open doors  
And I'm following the voice in a dream state  
Following these calls from behind time.  
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...  
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.  
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