

I sit in darkness cold and wait
Searching in my mind
My watch has stopped at half past eight
And I can't recall a thing
I won't accept this divided state
Where two are trapped in one
I'd ask them to communicate
If I knew how

(I am the one of your fears
In your head, in your bed, in your dreams - or so it seems
Am I too much
I have no fears, have no tears
And might I add, like I said;
Am I too much)

They're starting to interrogate, looking for a sign
Trying to intimidate, "we know you were there that night"
It seems it's getting far too late to find an easy out
But how am I to indicate that it was eye

(I am the one of your fears
In your head, in your bed, in your dreams - or so it seems
Am I too much
I have no fears, have no tears
And once again, little friend;
Am I too much)

I wake before the curtains fall, just in time to see
His devastating work of art, acknowledged and signed by me
And you... you just... just cry
I...

I, oh I got so much I want to say
Yeah, so many things I've kept away
All the lying, all denying, all the little bricks in his game
So clear to me, yet so obscured
If anyone could help me out, if anyone just anyone
But if anyone would find me out
I couldn't bear, I wouldn't dare...
So I play