

# Voices

Dream Theater

'Love, just don't stare'  
He used to say to me  
every Sunday morning  
The spider in the window  
The angel in the pool  
The old man takes the poison  
Now the widow makes the rules

'So speak, I'm right here'  
She used to say to me  
not a word, not a word  
Judas on the ceiling  
the Devil in my bed  
I guess Easter's never coming  
So I'll just wait inside my head

Like a scream but sort of silent  
living off my nightmares

Voices repeating me  
'Feeling threatened?  
We reflect your hopes and fears.'  
Voices discussing me  
'Others steal your thoughts  
they're not confined  
within your mind.'

Thought disorder  
Dream control  
Now they read my mind on the radio  
But where was the Garden of Eden?

I feel elated  
I feel depressed  
Sex is death, Death is sex  
Says it right here on my Crucifix

Like a scream but sort of silent  
living off my nightmares

Voices protecting me  
'Good behavior  
brings the Savior  
to his knees.'  
Voices rejecting me  
'Others steal your thoughts  
they're not confined  
to your own mind.'

"I don't wanna be here, 'cause of my [Dialogue by rap artist Prix-mo ]  
suffering, 'cause of my illness. [reading from the book "Cultural ]  
Only love is worth having, only [Revolution". ]  
love is what matters, loving every  
people on equal terms. "  
"You've got to know who you're  
dealin' with because, like a stranger,  
a-heh, just might come in through

here with a gun... and then, what  
would you do? (Heh.)"  
"Everything is immaterial..."  
"'n' you know that reality is immaterial."  
"This is not reality..."

I'm kneeling on the floor  
staring at the wall  
like the spider in the window  
I wish that I could speak  
Is there fantasy in refuge?  
God in politicians?  
Should I turn on my religion?  
These demons in my head tell me to

I'm lying here in bed  
Swear my skin is inside out  
Just another Sunday morning

Seen my diary on the newsstand  
Seems we've lost the truth to quicksand  
It's a shame no one is praying  
'Cause these voices in my head  
keep saying...

'Love, just don't stare.'  
'Reveal the Word when you're  
supposed to'  
Withdrawn and introverted  
Infectiously perverted  
'Being laughed at and confused  
keeps us pleasantly amused  
enough to stay.'

Maybe I'm just Cassandra fleeting  
Twentieth century Icon bleeding  
Willing to risk Salvation  
to escape from isolation

I'm witness to redemption  
heard you speak but never listened  
Can you rid me of my secrets?  
Deliver us from Darkness?

Voices repeating me  
'Feeling threatened?  
We reflect your hopes and fears.'  
Voices discussing me  
Don't expect your own Messiah  
This neverworld which you desire  
is only in your mind.