

Streams Of Madness

Excalion

Rising up from this bed of haze
The window's closed still I feel the breeze
Can't recall what I've said or done
Drifting away into subconsciousness

Lost within myself can't find
Any place to hideaway from myself
A bitter feeling in my mind
Devastates me, leads astray
And now I see what this pain holds for me

Cold outside the mist fills the air
Distant voice speaking through my fear
Faces seen all a blur to me
Fading away into subconsciousness

Beams of light are cracking the sky
I stare in confusion
Streams of madness flow inside
There is no end in sight