

Silent movie

Infected Rain

The air is heavy, suffocating
Imagine how tight I'm bound
I feel my demons celebrating
I've lost the fight against my Gods

I lose my faith and all my soldiers
The glimmer in my hopes is dead
I'm slowly burning in my sadness
The color of my dreams is red

My instincts overruled my judgment
The movie of my life is silent
My voice was stolen by the wind
Your tender whisper is my creed
I lose the lost spark of madness
My fingers are searching for a peaceful end
The strings of my guitar are soundless
I dream about your helpful hand, helpful hand...

Help me forget these frightening moments
Help me see a colorful dream
Help me believe in a beautiful story
Help me erase the nightmares I've seen
Help me!

The air is heavy, suffocating
I feel my demons celebrating