

Behind Closed Doors

Project Wyze

Welcome to my wonderful world of pain and agony
Let me introduce myself my name is tragedy
The kind that sneaks into your bedroom late at night
The kind that makes an airplane crash while it's in flight
I'm the type of stress that'll make your heart skip a beat
The type that left you hungry and homeless on the street
The kind that makes you spin like CD ROM
I took the life from your body 'till your spirit is gone
I'm the type that turns your fantasies to bad dreams
I'm the type to turn ideas into deadly schemes
I'm the kind that caused you pain until you blacked out
I'm the last thing you saw before you passed out

[Chorus]

Bang, bang

Now

Tell me what you need

Tell me how you feel when I take away your dreams

Bang, bang

Now

What you looking for

I'm that one standing behind closed doors

Bang, bang

Now...

I'm that monster that hides under your bed
I'm the type that causes voices inside of your head
I'm the kind of storm that left your crew seasick
I'm the kind that made your girlfriend bulimic
I'm the type that makes you cross enemy lines
The type to bring weapons to the kids of Israel and Palestine
The type to bring your Ouija board to life
The kind of panic that happens during a bank heist
I'm the type of tragedy that you can't hide from
I'm the type of pain and torture you could die from
The kind of stranger that peaks over your fence
Last thing you saw before I took your innocence

[Chorus (2X)]