

# The Singer

Suspyre

Draw me straight into discordance  
I have been stepping over sight  
No one will speak of forgiveness  
Except the god of all the light

Call me the singer  
Taken by voices  
In songs you should have known  
Screaming the choices

The mind will watch itself melt  
When given into the plastic gaze

Steady the footprints on my path  
That spiral down that circular trace

Call me the singer  
Taken by voices  
In songs you should have known  
Screaming the choices

Imaginations covered in skin  
The thick conditions of reality  
Falling under the sapphire sea  
Held down by the weight of agony

[Guitar Solo: Gregg Rossetti / Rich]

Bathe my faith in floods of red  
Uncovering ponds of inspiration  
I can find myself inside the warmth  
And lose it once again in isolation

Walk me through the blossom trees  
Let me swim in the erotic moments of me

Call me the singer  
Taken by voices  
In songs you should have known  
Screaming the choices