I try and try to let them go
to shut them up and let the show
go on
Smother them til they're gone
I go to work, they meet me there
with greasy jaws and I can barely think
of anything but the color red

I know they're out there
telling me to let them in
I'm hearing voices
They're shouting over and over again
I know they're out there
They always know just what to say
With one foot in the door
they've found a way in

I felt his eyes on me
He was watching me sleep
I felt his eyes on me
He was watching me sleep
My gaze is fixed upon the door
Is it my imagination or do I
feel those razor-sharp eyes
The air is thick and dark again
Deadbolt is meaningless when enemies stab at me
from the inside out
I do the best that I can

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they've found a way in

Found a way... they're a part of me though I don't want them to be Found a way... they're a part of me

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