

Storm inside the Calm

The Stone

I'm stuck in this yellow room, four walls without a door
Sonic vibrations soar inside, don't attain the concrete core
Gloomy walls, standing tall, they've never smiled at me
Hear my questions, read my thoughts
But they don't understand

They want to see, into my kaleidoscope
They expect me, to be insane

They want to hear, the right answers
They reign in fear, but I won't change

Weirdo, psychopathic eyes, reflections of yesterday
Psycho, schizophrenic stare, there's storm inside the calm

What you get is what you deserve, life must be earned
What I got is more I deserve, the winds are turned
Force feeding my head with knowledge they know safe
Voices echo round my shell, yet, never passing the inmost maze

Straight ahead, forward backwards, I'll always walk on
Cold walls can't prevent me from seeing the horizon

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Psycho, schizophrenic stare, there's storm inside the calm