

This Can't Be True

Trauma

A nightmare hatches from my consciousness
Disorder drills in my head
Bearfoot I run from the pit of a burning house
I can't believe in what I'm feeling

Bombed with disturbing thoughts
I walk down the steep stairs of fear
The night is an absolute horror
Cold darkness with no beginning nor end

I believe the demons of the night
My life rolls on the edge of a dream
Is this what people call hell?
Where does this end? Where does this end?

Who am I?
Where am I going?
I stand naked in the middle of the night
Pitifully playing my role of existence
My thoughts and feelings
Departed somewhere in another dimension
They sink in shapeless darkness

[Solo: Mister]

This can't be true
The dream was supposed to end
This can't be true
Where does this end?