

# 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?