

Draintime

Wrathchild America

I can see things changing slowly
I can see things, they're not there
Breathing and slurred before my eyes
Sitting alone still awake

Pleased to meet you, hello hello
My name is john, mister doe
My octagon eye is blazing red
Can we shake hands or shall I say I knew you

Well, I'm sure I know what I really don't
And I see real well with all of these eyes
When satin feels like broken glass
I know it's time to smile

Draintime, Draintime
Now it's time to say goodbye to me

I saw everything one hundred years ago
I am the bullet that killed the president
You know the secret of my rotten teeth
And the snake that I sleep with on my bed of nails

I look out over the fields of green
And I can't seem to smell the fragrance of the flowers
I look to the sun, I see a void of darkness
I see things and hear things ,yet nothing exists

Draintime, Draintime
Slowly but surely my time comes
Draintime, Draintime