

Five Faces of Madness

Byzantine

I dreamt of heaven once
It was a calm cool and miserable place
All my friends were under the fire
I could not make out a face
I was trapped with the holiest men
The ultimate punch line to an ironic end
I screamed in my torment and writhed in my pain
As the angels did bathe me with heaven againThere is no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growingI draw inspiration from the micro dreams
That twitch the body before the entering
We pull ourselves into a callous induced sleep
Swallowed by the years of undigested beatingsIn this place you reek of fear
Deserved malaise
Light is gone with shedding grace
And God has backed away[Solo: Tony]Free yourself from your own mind
Break yourself from your own mindNot a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing
In this place you reek of fear
Deserved the horrors of life

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