Screaming

Scheer

Screaming, screaming, screaming.
Is these something you want,
Is these something you need,
Come in through the back door,
When everyone is asleep.
Shut up in a box,
Tied up with ribbons,
But now the box is breaking and,
All my senses leaving me and :
Screaming, screaming, screaming.
Light from the bathroom,
Leaks under the door,
Crawls over the covers and,
Touches the pillow,
I feel you breath, slow on my neck,
And then the room starts spinning and,
All my life is flashing past and :
Screaming, screaming, screaming.
Screaming, screaming, screaming.
Can you keep a secret, will it stay in your head,
Or well I hear repeated all the things that I've said,
I've locked this box, torn up these ribbons,
But I still feel empty and,
Oh my life is flashing past and :
Screaming, screaming, screaming.

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