

# 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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