

Stranger to Himself

Traffic

Struggling with confusion, disillusionment too
Can turn a man into a shadow, crying out from pain
Through his nightmare vision, he sees nothing, only well
Blind with the beggar's mind, he's but a stranger
He's but a stranger to himself
Suspended from a rope inside a bucket down a hole
His hands are torn and bloodied from the scratching at his soul
Through his nightmare vision, he sees nothing,
only well
Blind with the beggar's mind, he's but a stranger
He's but a stranger to himself

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