To Escape the Void

Epidemic

...And in my dreams you cross the line

Lopsided grin, the glint in eye

And speak to me in words defied

By journey to your voidAnd see you with my dreaming mind

A thinker, maddened, scheming eyes,

And from four strings the notes will

Fly

That I hear no moreAnd I cannot loosen my grip
The final word to see you slip
To fall again my mind resists
To escape your truthAnd will I see the day I die
You beckon me over the line
And learn the reason you denied
To beAnd as I wake your image flies
Retreats to corner of my eye
To breathe my name then twitch and
Die

Do you hear my tortured screamI walk alone.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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