

Drained

James LaBrie

The air's so thick, it blurs my vision
I can't think straight, in this condition
 Dim lit hall is stretching further
Not knowing what I might discoverThrough a door half open
 A painted light bulb swings
 Casting someone's shadow
Reaching towards meSomething draws me here, not sure
 Feeling drained, still I am curious
 Haunts me, taunts me
Now I start to gravitateRemain composed, I hear some laughter
 The darkness in me moving faster
 A handle turned, a door is opened
Ashtrays, cigarettes still smokingAnd there again before me
 The painted light bulb swings
 And see I cast the shadow
The one, I saw movingCannot catch my breath, can't cope
 His face turns toward me
 Can't be, not me
The man in the mirrorIt's all too clear
 As I stood there
 Acknowledged him
In reflective glareI don't quite understand, why any of this
 Is who I am? I'm damned 'cause I doubt
 It's part of me, trick of the mind
 Schizo, you seeIt's like awakening
 I'm in someone else's skin
 Molds me, holds me, controlled
Left me drained and emptyTransformed, shifting
 I peer inside like quicksand
 You pulled me, down deeper
 All twisted inside of me

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