

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 discover Through a door half open
A painted light bulb swings
Casting someone's shadow
Reaching towards me Something draws me here, not sure
Feeling drained, still I am curious
Haunts me, taunts me
Now I start to gravitate Remain composed, I hear some laughter
The darkness in me moving faster
A handle turned, a door is opened
Ashtrays, cigarettes still smoking And there again before me
The painted light bulb swings
And see I cast the shadow
The one, I saw moving Cannot catch my breath, can't cope
His face turns toward me
Can't be, not me
The man in the mirror It's all too clear
As I stood there
Acknowledged him
In reflective glare I 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 see It's like awakening
I'm in someone else's skin
Molds me, holds me, controlled
Left me drained and empty Transformed, shifting
I peer inside like quicksand
You pulled me, down deeper
All twisted inside of me

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