

Beckoning Of The End

Area 54

What do you see when you look in the space
At the back of your mind where the skeletons hide
D'you fear the voices that whisper to you
From the blackest recesses of your darker side
Tempted by urges you cannot explain
To do harm to yourself
Or the people you blame
Grip on reality fades, long past mourning
I face my fears alone

And though I see the sun
I still can't find my way
The person I've become
I know that it won't be okay
Inside my ageing shell
I just can't find my way
And can't escape myself
I don't want to live one more day

Is this the end?
Time has been so cruel and callous again
Like a disease

Drifting into the unknown of my mind
Becoming my father, I must be blind

And though I see the sun
I still can't find my way
The person I've become
I know that it won't be okay
Inside my ageing shell
I just can't find my way
And can't escape myself
Destroying the world in my way

Trying to hold on
With no recollection of what I have done
God, let me be

Like a disease
Waiting to die
Like a disease
Waiting to die

Blame slips through my fingers once again
Rain pours down inside my aching head

Like a child I'm lost in time
Yearning to belong
And I guess that they were right
I just don't belong