

The Enemy Within

Morifade

In the still of my mind
I heard the words...and once again
When loneliness comes I know I'll be there
Those echoing voices now confine
What's left of me
The whispering sins, the cross that I bear
Set me free...before the numbness spreads
Before the fear has taken hold
In my hour of need
I'm drained of my thoughts
And my will is growing cold

Will this road lead me home?
Am I lost inside a dream?
Nothing is what it seem

Come follow me through darkness
Guide me through pain
Be the shelter I need to remain
Show the way where deliverance's to find
Give me reason
Salvation from this shattered mind

When bitterness forms your every move
The hate leaves scars
Your shadow encloses all in your way
Can't tell my memories from dreams anymore
The distance grows
Consuming illusions spreading decay

Let me be...before my senses fade
Before the fear has taken hold
In my hour of need
I'm jaded and weak
And my will is growing cold