

The Singer

Suspyre

Draw me straight into discordance
I have been stepping over sight
No one will speak of forgiveness
Except the god of all the light

Call me the singer
Taken by voices
In songs you should have known
Screaming the choices

The mind will watch itself melt
When given into the plastic gaze

Steady the footprints on my path
That spiral down that circular trace

Call me the singer
Taken by voices
In songs you should have known
Screaming the choices

Imaginations covered in skin
The thick conditions of reality
Falling under the sapphire sea
Held down by the weight of agony

[Guitar Solo: Gregg Rossetti / Rich]

Bathe my faith in floods of red
Uncovering ponds of inspiration
I can find myself inside the warmth
And lose it once again in isolation

Walk me through the blossom trees
Let me swim in the erotic moments of me

Call me the singer
Taken by voices
In songs you should have known
Screaming the choices