

# The Storm Inside

Wolverine

I've opened up my scars, I've released my past life  
I've surrendered to a rain that speaks of a coming storm  
Looking back, did I ever know how to look at life and how to appreciate it?  
Guess I was lost in a time of taking things for granted and not looking around  
I was lost in myself, oh, so lost in myself

So today I'm left on my own, my recent days have all been the same  
My sanity will soon be consumed by this loneliness  
I'm lying in bed, going out of my head  
I'm lying in bed, going out of my head  
I'm lying in bed, going out of my head  
I'm lying in bed, going out of my head

Standing at the door to a place of my own  
I will not ask of you, what you asked of me  
I'll hide away from all the reaching hands  
So that my past will remain untold  
I don't need your helping hands  
I'm sure I will find my way back

Like a raging storm, my past keeps coming on  
Like a thousand daggers, my memories pierce me  
My body and soul unite in pain  
It all keeps increasing, all up until it is suddenly gone

The storm may be gone but it's not for long, it speaks to me  
I'm granted just a short embrace of rest and peace

I've lost the race against my past  
It's come for me laughing, to make me pay at last  
Still all those years speak to me  
I'll never open up and bare my shame to you

I've opened up the door to a place of my own  
I did not ask of you, what you asked of me  
I'll hide away from all the reaching hands  
So that my past will remain untold  
All through the years I've been walking alone  
Except for the love that brought light in my life  
I'll spare her this me and leave on my own  
With the door closed behind me...

Was it all a mistake?  
Should I have listened to you?  
All of those helping hands  
I kind of miss them now  
Now that they're gone