

## A Psychic Amplifier

Beardfish

It was a gateway to a place I can't remember  
And in my searching mind, the time had come to seek the soul  
I'd known it before, a face so warm and tender  
The face of a tidal wave, sleeping deep down in that hole

And I knew... that splendid core...  
It was marked by steamy imprints that I wore...

But I try to look ahead  
See the red sun play with a smile  
Sigh and say "alright,  
I may rest the day I'm dead..."

Like it was a lone wolf's will I sent off to walk this path ast  
ray  
But seen not what I'd become, you followed  
It didn't seem a bad idea to be two, putting this world on hold  
Was I then wrong to let you know that my love for you had reall  
y grown?

Can't you see my eyes are filled with a sense of sacrifice?  
Built on lies, they're only lies  
My soul's weak and full of these holes, I've tried to understand  
Your lended hand, your lended hand

Give me strength to carry on, I have the patience left  
To grant a theft, from them to us  
I lack motives and strong will, but still I need them both,  
For internal growth and external gloat

So when to sleep then? - Exhaustion weighs heavy  
It's hard believing - This broken scenery

I've never seen life like the way you make me see my life

So when to sleep then? - stock saving shelters...

I've never seen life like the way you make me see my life

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See the red sun play with a smile  
Sigh and say "alright,  
I may rest the day I'm dead..."