

Voices

Dream Theater

'Love, just don't stare'
He used to say to me
every Sunday morning
The spider in the window
The angel in the pool
The old man takes the poison
Now the widow makes the rules

'So speak, I'm right here'
She used to say to me
not a word, not a word
Judas on the ceiling
the Devil in my bed
I guess Easter's never coming
So I'll just wait inside my head

Like a scream but sort of silent
living off my nightmares

Voices repeating me
'Feeling threatened?
We reflect your hopes and fears.'
Voices discussing me
'Others steal your thoughts
they're not confined
within your mind.'

Thought disorder
Dream control
Now they read my mind on the radio
But where was the Garden of Eden?

I feel elated
I feel depressed
Sex is death, Death is sex
Says it right here on my Crucifix

Like a scream but sort of silent
living off my nightmares

Voices protecting me
'Good behavior
brings the Savior
to his knees.'
Voices rejecting me
'Others steal your thoughts
they're not confined
to your own mind.'

"I don't wanna be here, 'cause of my [Dialogue by rap artist Prix-mo]
suffering, 'cause of my illness. [reading from the book "Cultural]
Only love is worth having, only [Revolution".]
love is what matters, loving every
people on equal terms. "
"You've got to know who you're
dealin' with because, like a stranger,
a-heh, just might come in through

here with a gun... and then, what
would you do? (Heh.)"
"Everything is immaterial..."
"'n' you know that reality is immaterial."
"This is not reality..."

I'm kneeling on the floor
staring at the wall
like the spider in the window
I wish that I could speak
Is there fantasy in refuge?
God in politicians?
Should I turn on my religion?
These demons in my head tell me to

I'm lying here in bed
Swear my skin is inside out
Just another Sunday morning

Seen my diary on the newsstand
Seems we've lost the truth to quicksand
It's a shame no one is praying
'Cause these voices in my head
keep saying...

'Love, just don't stare.'
'Reveal the Word when you're
supposed to'
Withdrawn and introverted
Infectiously perverted
'Being laughed at and confused
keeps us pleasantly amused
enough to stay.'

Maybe I'm just Cassandra fleeting
Twentieth century Icon bleeding
Willing to risk Salvation
to escape from isolation

I'm witness to redemption
heard you speak but never listened
Can you rid me of my secrets?
Deliver us from Darkness?

Voices repeating me
'Feeling threatened?
We reflect your hopes and fears.'
Voices discussing me
Don't expect your own Messiah
This neverworld which you desire
is only in your mind.