

# Spectrophobic Dementia

Tourniquet

I feel a piece of my life escapes me  
With every rising of the sun  
Subtle thoughts assuring me that I'm not well  
Asyndesis, mind undone

Was it me?  
Was I there?  
No way to tell memory cast farewell  
Will I live?  
Am I dead?  
Somebody said, "He's getting worse"

1943 inside, outside it's yesterday  
God, please help me  
Lacramation down my face  
Voices, strangers from my past  
The people that I love  
Worried smiles across the room  
It's me they're thinking of

You don't know how lame it is to wonder who you are  
Losing touch with everything, and everyone's so far  
Give to me the dreams my brain and mind will not recall  
Give to me the dignity of knowing me at all

Here alone inside, please comfort me before I die  
And I can only be restored by your hand

He who hears the Word and turns  
To do not what it says and learn  
Is like the man who gazed into the mirror  
For an honest view  
And saw himself and walked away  
Forgot the sight without delay  
This fate could be for me or you  
So seek the Lord in grace and truth