

The Chase

Act

I'm hanging out in this nightmare
where voices call from everywhere.
I cannot move, kill him! They scream, kill him again!
I don't care about this earthling life,
I might as well go away to the other side.

My body keeps on trembling,
my limbs are really down and stiff,
I hit myself in desperate attempts just to wake myself up.

Still the voices keep yelling my name,
save me from this wicked game.
My body's filled with cold and sweat,
my mouth is dry, am I about to die?

Why do they leave me now?
Don't they feel no sense of guilt?
As I will figure it out somehow.
It's like climbing up that endless hill,
not coming down.

My eyes are bleeding of things I cannot see,
I try to fight; I won't get free...