

Touching these walls I am feeling
How madness is growing in me.
I'm hearing these voices and I realise
This house is inside my mind.
In the garden of this broken court
I am walking through and through these open doors
And I'm following the voice in a dream state
Following these calls from behind time.
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.
The ghostly echoes... of whispers and moan...
The wind is throwing dry autumn leaves
On my dream path through the trees.
Deluded and weak I'm feeling
Breathing walls against my palm.
Changing into something hostile and bad
This court is overpowering me.
In the garden of this broken court
I am walking through and through these open doors
And I'm following the voice in a dream state
Following these calls from behind time.
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.
The ghostly echoes... of whispers and moan...
The wind is throwing dry autumn leaves
On my dream path through the trees.
I'm wide awake but I'm dreaming
□ voices are calling for me.
Floating through hollow halls
In between the lines of madness and sanity.
In the garden of this broken court
I am walking through and through these open doors
And I'm following the voice in a dream state
Following these calls from behind time.
The ghostly echoes... of cries and sobs...
□ I'm sedated by sighs, have constant fear on my mind.
The ghostly echoes... of whispers and moan...
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