

Mechanism of Inspiration

Chainsaw

INSIDE MY SOUL I HEAR KNOCKING
OH, I CAN HEAR IT SO OFTEN
I SIT IN A QUIET PLACE
WAITING WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN
IRON GATES OPEN
SLIGHTLY AS ALWAYS
I GOTTA ONE SECOND
TO GRASP THE RIGHT TIME
INVISIBLE HANDS WANT TO OPEN THE DOOR
CONCEPTIONS COME OUT OF MY MIND
I AM A BLINDMAN
I CATCH JUST PIECES
I BLUNDER HERE LIKE AN OUTCAST
DIRTY CRIMINAL
SOMETIMES I SEE
A STUNNING SCENE
ONE THOUSAND SUNS
POURING OVER ME
AND FOR AWHILE I FEEL
THAT I HAVE LEARNED THE ANSWER
WAS IT ALL REAL?
COULD IT BE MY CRY?
INVISIBLE HANDS CLOSE THE DOOR
CONCEPTIONS FADE AWAY
I AM A BLINDMAN
I CATCH JUST PIECES
I BLUNDER HERE LIKE AN OUTCAST
DIRTY CRIMINAL