

Only background noise
Echoes of lives that almost were
Murdered in essence
These are my hands covered in blood

Why?
I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding right now
Am I?
Am I just dreaming, just dreaming or not?

I've got a cut inside, a little wound I cannot close
A little scratch inside, the more I breathe the more it grows
I've got a wound inside, something I've never felt before
A little scratch inside, forgotten scars come back and hurt

No, I don't know what went wrong
I tried so hard, changed myself to make the pieces fit
But all that kept me alive is slowly killing me
Will it really end like this?

I've got a cut inside, bleeding out my unfulfilled hopes
A little scratch inside a crimson mouth of wasted words

There's a man on the edge
Torn apart by his fears
There's a house made of cards
Blown away by the wind

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There's a man on the edge (Wake up)
No more tricks, no Plan B (Right now)
Plastic bag on the head (There's a)
Just to choke all his dreams (Way out!)

There's a man on the edge (Wake up)
Things are not what they seem (Right now)
But who knows what is true (There's a)
Behind this lucid dream? (Way out!)

So facing your dark side sometimes means to plunge to the depths
They say the darkest hour is the one just before the dawn