

# The Sky Is Red

Leprous

The sky is red again  
Uncontrollable impulses coming my way  
Stripped of all logic sense  
My head feels so dense

Falling down an endless shaft  
Submission, giving way at last  
Feeling shot and depraved  
The rage is all that's left

Is there any chance of recreation?  
Of what I used to be

A wire  
Around my sanity  
Fire  
Is the only force inside me  
A wire  
Applying pressure on me  
Fire  
Only feeling left inside me

Trapped inside the flames  
With no chance of escape  
My own little parallel universe