

Voices

The Claymore

An old dusty book with ripped out pages
And everything turns black before my eyes
I feel you, I can see you standing there
breathing down my neck, a shadow made by anger and despair

I'm losing myself inside a maze of fear, of what I have become
I feel you inside, you're poisoning my thoughts

Wooohooohooohoo
I hear your voice inside my head
'though the words I speak are mine, I'm scared how much we sound
alike
Wooohooohooohoo
A sound that's echoing the past
and I'm tearborn out of pain and hatred

Through haunting dreams and repressed memories
I live, I matter, you dominate me
I know you and I know you're part of me
Poisoning my thoughts

Wooohooohooohoo
I hear your voice inside my head
'though the words I speak are mine I'm scared how much we sound
alike
Wooohooohooohoo
a sound that's echoing the past
and I'm tearborn out of pain and hatred