

There's a hurricane raging inside me. The second wave is right there behind me.  
Don't leave me alone, as this fire burns whole. Before there's nothing left to atone.  
Breathe new life into me. Send waves to crash right through me. I wear the perfect disguise, right behind my eyes.

Its got me coming undone.  
My facade made of stone. I'm deep beneath now, I need to let go  
.  
This life has taken it's toll. I can't be myself pleasing every one else. No!

First one up in line when there is hell to pay. Filthy hands that never wash away.  
This is one time I won't be subjective.  
I need to see things from a brand new perspective.

Because I'm coming undone.  
My facade made of stone. I'm deep beneath, now I need to let go  
.  
This life has taken it's toll. I can't be myself pleasing every one else. No!

I'd like to think I'd never cave in. A vicious battle I may never win.  
And I'd like to think I'll come out stronger. Life's swinging hard but I'm swinging harder.

For whom the bell tolls.  
"I have an inheritance from my father, it's the moon and the sun.  
And although that I roam all over the world, the spending's never done."

My facade made of stone. I'm deep beneath, now I need to let go  
.  
This life has taken it's toll. I can't be myself pleasing every one else. No!