

Theater Dream

"Voices"

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Love, just don't stare'
He used to say to me
every Sunday morning
The spider in the window
The angel in the pool
The old man takes the poison
Now the widow makes the rules
'So speak, I'm right here'
She used to say to me
not a word, not a word
Judas on the ceiling
the Devil in my bed
I guess Easter's never coming
So I'll just wait inside my head
Like a scream but sort of silent
living off my nightmares
Voices repeating me
'Feeling threatened?
We reflect your hopes and fears.'
Voices discussing me
'Others steal your thoughts

they're not confined

within your mind.'

Thought disorder

Dream control

Now they read my mind on the radio

But where was the Garden of Eden?

I feel elated

I feel depressed

Sex is death, Death is sex

Says it right here on my Crucifix

Like a scream but sort of silent

living off my nightmares

Voices protecting me

'Good behavior

brings the Savior

to his knees.'

Voices rejecting me

'Others steal your thoughts

they're not confined

to your own mind.'

"I don't wanna be here, 'cause of my

suffering, 'cause of my illness

Only love is worth having, only

love is what matters, loving every

people on equal terms. "

"You've got to know who you're
dealin' with because, like a stranger,
a-heh, just might come in through
here with a gun... and then, what
would you do? (Heh.)"

"Everything is immaterial..."

"'n' you know that reality is immaterial."

"This is not reality..."

I'm kneeling on the floor

staring at the wall

like the spider in the window

I wish that I could speak

Is there fantasy in refuge?

God in politicians?

Should I turn on my religion?

These demons in my head tell me to

I'm lying here in bed

Swear my skin is inside out

Just another Sunday morning

Seen my diary on the newsstand

Seems we've lost the truth to quicksand

It's a shame no one is praying

'Cause these voices in my head

keep saying...

'Love, just don't stare.'

'Reveal the Word when you're

supposed to'
Withdrawn and introverted
Infectiously perverted
'Being laughed at and confused
keeps us pleasantly amused
enough to stay.'
Maybe I'm just Cassandra fleeing
Twentieth century Icon bleeding
Willing to risk Salvation
to escape from isolation
I'm witness to redemption
heard you speak but never listened
Can you rid me of my secrets?
Deliver us from Darkness?
Voices repeating me
'Feeling threatened?
We reflect your hopes and fears.'
Voices discussing me
Don't expect your own Messiah
This neverworld which you desire
is only in your mind

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