

After The Fall "Voices"

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My melancholy walks in time
To the beat of blue devils intertwined
Their pitchfork pokes spure me on
Closer to the edge, overcome
Over, oh whoa, oh whoa..

Voices, echo
In my head, in my head

Prima Donna people stop and stare
Picking up the scent in the air
But they don't stare long hurts their eyes
Get back to business, run and hide
Run and, oh whoa, oh whoa..

Voices, echo
In my head, in my head

Look inside and see what ticks
Inside a watch that can't be fixed
The gears don't turn, keeps bad time
Just needs someone to give it a wind
Give it a, oh whoa, oh whoa..

Voices, echo
In my head, in my head

Voices, echo
In my head, in my head

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