

Bedlam

"Hot Lips"

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As the tides of your love, keeps turning. As the sea still runs to the sand. And the fingers of fear, will be stirring. Trying to prove to myself I'm a man. In the night when the silence, surrounds you. Well do you feel so cold and alone? And the soul of the poet, deep inside you. Leaves a mark that needs to be shown. The days seem much longer. But my time feels cut short. The people all around me, they were so easily bought.

If someone ever tries to mistreat you, I will never be too far away. It means more to me to be needed, than the air that I breathe every day. Even now as I think of tomorrow, oh the pain inside gets worse every day. I feel the doors of my room they are closing, looks as though I can't get away.

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