

Byzantine "Five Faces Of Madness"

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I dreamt of heaven once
It was a calm cool and miserable place
All my friends were under the fire
I could not make out a face
I was trapped with the holiest men
The ultimate punch line to an ironic end
I screamed in my torment and writhed in my pain
As the angels did bathe me with heaven again

There is no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing

I draw inspiration from the micro dreams
That twitch the body before the entering
We pull ourselves into a callous induced sleep
Swallowed by the years of undigested beatings

In this place you reek of fear
Deserved malaise
Light is gone with shedding grace
And God has backed away

[Solo: Tony]

Free yourself from your own mind
Break yourself from your own mind

Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing
In this place you reek of fear
Deserved the horrors of life

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