

## **James LaBrie**

### **"Drained"**

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The air's so thick  
It blurs my vision  
I can't think straight  
In this condition  
This dim lit hall  
Is stretching further  
Not knowing  
What I might discover

Through a door half open  
A painted light bulb swings  
Casting someone's shadow  
Reaching towards me

Something draws me here  
Not sure  
Feeling Drained  
Still I am curious  
Haunts me  
Taunts me  
Now I start to Gravitare

Remain composed  
I hear some laughter  
The darkness in me  
Moving faster  
A handle turned  
A door is opened  
Ashtrays  
Cigarettes still smoking

And there again before me  
The painted light bulb swings  
And see I cast the shadow

The one I saw moving

Cannot catch my breath  
Can't cope  
His face turns toward me  
Can't be  
Not me

The man in the mirror

It's all too clear  
As I stood there  
Acknowledged him  
In reflective glare

I don't quite understand  
Why any of this  
Is who I am  
I'm damned cause I doubt  
It's part of me  
Trick of the mind  
Pschitso you see

It's like awakening  
I'm in  
Someone else's skin  
Molds me  
Holds me  
Controlled  
Left me Drained and empty

Transformed  
Shifting  
I peer inside  
Like quicksand  
You pulled me  
Down deeper  
All twisted inside of me

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