

Matt Skiba

"Voices"

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On the ceiling there's a feeling and it's spreading like
ink
That is slowly spilling out from the well
And all the guilt that you felt smiling down from above
With a pit inside you deeper than hell
It's a crime all the time just been blaming yourself
All is fine in the shrine of mystery and doubt
And I tried, I tried, I tried to explain there in vein
But its no fucking help whoa oh oh

All alone with the voices in your head
Skin and bones Hell knows all the poison that you've
been fed
All alone with the voices in your head
In the darkness you walk hand in hand with the living
dead
The living dead

On the floor by the door there's a sliver of light
With a pair of cloven feet standing there
And there's a knock as the clock strikes 3: 33
As you awaken to a living nightmare
It's a shame that you blame your bad luck on a girl
You're destroying the joy, said she'd fuck up the world
And I scream, I scream, I scream and I dream of the
day that you're finally gone

All alone with the voices in your head
Skin and bones Hell knows all the poison that you've
been fed
All alone with the voices in your head
In the darkness you walk hand in hand with the living
dead
The living dead

And I escape to a place called Babylon
Through the gates face to face with the seven headed
one
Oh I escape to a place called Babylon
Never to return I'm here to burn eternally home sweet
home

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