

Throne Of Chaos

"Sleep"

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Freak midnight hour, clock strikes nearly twelve
I beare no hope inside this barren mind which aches
As it can't get no sleep

Eyes closed I reach for a dream,
But something bulls me back
In pressure one can't rest
And there still are enemies to resist

In every corner voices, whispers, haunting screams
And pale despair
Inside this head, there's a war that awakes
As the rest of the world exhausts
This night will bring no change
To what it's been for ages now
Awake, insane
One minute an hour
One hour a day

In every move there's a glimpse of end
A last goodbye, final farewell
I may be awake,
But take my word, that's all there is...

I see myself a broken man in the mirror's crack
A wretch, just this I'm asking for
Spare me as I can't take no more

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