

Queensryche "The Whisper"

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Cries from the aisles
The tolling of the judgement bell
Eyes watched the violence
The absence of those who have
Seen, marks the faith of the spell

Cold is the viper
Stalking the night for the heat
It must find
Time is the promise
Delivered with stunning consistency
Line after line, time after time
The innocent victim awaits...

Please take my hand
Dont be afraid
I am your master
You are my slave

Voices are calling me back
Back to the day
Footsteps had followed
Me faster... listen

Screams from a new love
The passion was burning, it singed in a stare
Free under the night sun
The fear of the hunger
Will always be there in my mind
Time after time the morning
Will close a new page

Please take my hand
Dont be afraid
I am your master
You are my slave

Follow the impulse you have
Ill show you the way
Forget what youve learned in the past now
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