

Theatre Of Tragedy "Voices"

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Two views of the locations
Merging into three or more
An endless flow of words
And miles and miles of stars

(Re-focus on distant stars)
Brings less voices to entertain us
We will always be here
(Keep cheap platitudes again)

Disagree with my own self
No such thing as 'Who am I? '
Growing weary...

Subdue these sounds forever
Someone visited my mind in wonder
Somewhere behind walls and halls
Another sight surrounds me
Voices say: "If you could set me free..."

Ignorant of the sublime
Someone said that
The world is really strange
As revolving doors kept spinning
Up and down

In the world that I knew
I'll always be there
Read to me a story now
Can you sing your lullaby?
Growing weary

Subdue these sounds forever
Someone visited my mind in wonder
Somewhere behind walls and halls
Another sight surrounds me
Voices say: "If you could set me free..."

I'll be yours now
I'll be yours
How can I be sure if I am me
And you are you

It's hard to say "Go away"

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