

Thrice "Red Telephone"

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I woke alone, in a mansion on a hill;
Across the room: a red telephone.
Mouth was dry, I felt I'd been asleep for years.
I turned and I discovered then the sum of all my fears.

What have I become?
(Someone tell me that I'm dreaming!)
What have I become?
(Someone wake me up!)

Through the glass, the clouds were dark and harbored
rain;
The land below grey and vast.
And through the mist, I saw the fields were flush with
graves,
And each headstone was etched with lies discrediting
the brave.

Son, imitate death's true face;
For who and what and why'd they have to die?
Someone wake me up!

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