

# Drag On, Prisoner

Sick mind with no past  
Blends all days into eternal light

A sick face  
A sick mind  
A shadow of tomorrow  
Maybe it's me

A prisoner with a shavel head  
A prisoner of nuclear shelter  
As horrified as me

A sick face  
A sick mind  
A shadow of tomorrow  
Maybe it's me

Open graves  
Trampled holiness  
Where are you going  
There's nothing there  
But his hand gives me a sign  
You're the labyrinth  
Of madness  
You're sinking  
Into dead night

Take me with you  
Into the burning abyss  
Into the bottomless pit  
With no respite

A sick face  
A sick mind  
A shadow of tomorrow  
It must be me  
Take me with you  
In the dimensionless pit  
Into the immense sea  
Of schizophrenia