

# Epidemic, To Escape The Void

...And in my dreams you cross the line  
Lopsided grin, the glint in eye  
And speak to me in words defied  
By journey to your void

And see you with my dreaming mind  
A thinker, maddened, scheming eyes,  
And from four strings the notes will  
Fly  
That I hear no more

And I cannot loosen my grip  
The final word to see you slip  
To fall again my mind resists  
To escape your truth

And will I see the day I die  
You beckon me over the line  
And learn the reason you denied  
To be

And as I wake your image flies  
Retreats to corner of my eye  
To breathe my name then twitch and  
Die  
Do you hear my tortured scream

I walk alone.