

Fading Out

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His memories
Are mashed potatoes
What he sees
Ah, there it goes
You tell him twice
Asks all the more
Head full of mice
On Dementia's shore

Ref.:
Fading out
He's fading out
There is no doubt
He's Fading out
Fading out

A single room
A wooden bed
Light-switch just aside
Once was a groom
It is so sad
Doesn't know his bride

At his side
There is so much
He struggles to select
His eyes are wide
They seem to touch
However can't reflect

Ref.:
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He fishes in a frozen lake
Eyes wide, mouth open
The face is just a mask
Full aware but not awake
The tide floods hope then
Liquid things - beyond his grasp

Ready to run
Steady to run
Luggage at his side
Hoping to shun
Longing to shun
Away the Devil from his side

The Devil's not a person, though
For him it is the void
The place behind the "rainy bow"
He feels so paranoid

If you knew
That you can't do
Anything against this hole
In your mind
Parts are blind
The shutters won't be whole

Thoughts – slipping through your mind
Like wet fish through your fingers
Not all your thoughts will find
The exit – often's one that lingers

You're in the maze
Oh, what a haze!
Anyway, is there an exit?
You're feeling lost
Oh, what's the cost?
And no one who can fix it?

What do you think
When you look me in the eyes?
What do you think
When your voice's like ice?
What do you think
When you wet yourself?
What do you think
When you smile by stealth?

No pictures no more
No letters, for sure
But peers on the floor
On Dementia's shore

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