

Head East, Jailer

Four strong walls of solid steel bars are surrounding me
Four strong walls of solid steel bars they are hounding me
Take 'em away, I've got to see day, I'm going mad
Take 'em away, I've got to see day, I'm going mad
The shadowy grays all are closing in I'm not in a dream
The grays turning black and the black to a void as I start to scream
Please tell me why I can't see the sky, I'm slipping away
Please tell me why I can't see the sky, I'm slipping away
The jailers they came they ask me to explain
I said I do believe
In the thoughts of a man who's done all that he can
There is no reprieve
Let me be free - what has happened to me
I'd rather die
Let me be free - what has happened to me
I'd rather die
Than live the grays of insanity
For the bars are the thoughts of humanity
I'd lose all trace of identity
And become a jailer like you
Jailer like you, jailer like you