

Hearing colour

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Hellboy

Its out of reach, the hand that grasps, but there's nothing there that's gonna last.
He's trying to see but darkness falls, and no-one's there to answer his calls.
He's not the man to take them on, hand over fist he's running long.
He's never gonna reach that finish line, legs in knots, now he's out of time.

Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, gonna be, stuck inside.

Falls to his knees in a mighty crash, sparks that fly from unholy flash.
They laugh at him as he claws the ground, ears are filled with deathly sound.
All hope is lost his tears are real, no escaping the pain he feels.
He's on his back awaiting death, who did it turn in to such a mess.

Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, screaming, stuck inside.
Always, gonna be, stuck inside.

How can he right all that he wronged, to take him from this deathly song.
How can he make all the bad turn good, now that its clear to him that he should.
But its too late for you my boy, the Devil shouts to his new toy.
Your stuck with me until the very end, your soul is mine and its condemned.

