

The Morning After

Faith No More

Awakened by the sun light
Victimized by last night
Memories flashin' through my head
Was I just born or am I dead?
Yesterday's forgotten, the morning after
I can taste you, I can hear your laughter
Fading in the distance
Recollections drifting
Bl
oodstains on my tattered clothes
Each minute the fear grows
If I could just lay down to rest
I'm tired of searching for myself
If I am dead, how can I feel such love?
If I am dead, why am I dreaming?
If I am dead, where do I go from here?
If I am de
ad, why does this pain feel so good?
Is this my blood dried upon my face?
Or is it the love of someone else?
It tastes so sweet, just like you used to
So rescue me my love, splice us together
I remember loving you so much
But where are you and where'
s your fatal touch?
When I closed my eyes, was it my siesta?
Did I encounter a darkness stronger than sleep?
I am thirsty for my sleep
There are no answers anyway...