

Sunshine Ward

Amebix

Roses are red. sometimes violets are blue but we're always puking
on cider
and glue
People say that we're twisted, you know it's not true, we just
get so bad
when there's fuck all to do

Life in this building is freezing and wet, if I once had a brain
then I
seem to forget
'Cos just when I caught it, it slipped through the net, now we
sedate
ourselves slowly no time for regret

Sunshine wards laughing, the inmates are here, filling our lives
full of
sulphate and beer
We've tried every way to make "real life" less clear as stupidity
sets in
the truth disappears

Sunshine wards screaming, we crawl to the door
Reality creeps back, I can't take no more
There is no more stairway we're stuck on this floor
And fear digs in deep, as the patients hands claw

The happy dream shatters and falls to the floor
The doubt crawling in that we can't just ignore
Should we carry this farce on just as before?
Or start living for life's sake, away from the ward?