

Wake up now little sleepyhead  
From your nightmarish day with the dead trip  
You'd be better off not to know  
Of the wild seeds you let go  
From your thorny fingertips  
Try to clean bloodstained hands  
That ran away and left the scene

Of a crime last night  
Always thought you stood on the other side  
Never thought the roof would cave in  
Where you were hiding

There's a wave of fear that creeps right in  
A vacant stare that can't say where it's been  
Or what's been laced,  
The trail leads all over the place  
There's an angel at your side  
Who rescued you in a nick of time  
Explains how you almost fell  
And vanished into a fatal spell  
She looks into your eyes and sees  
There's something still missing

She notices a chunk bleeding from your chest  
Tries to stop the bloodflow with her best compress  
But the wreckage is in a mess  
There's an emotional tax, figured in after the facts  
And stories unfold

The world grows dark and bones get cold  
You look into your heart and you know  
There's something still missing