

Raindrops fall to cleanse my soul
The song of whales tear me apart
My eyes still stray along this shore
A seagulls' plaint adoring mine

My tongue too weak to speak a word
O' was I born to be misunderstood
Fingers touch, but do not feel
O' tired seem my restless eyes

So tired is my smile
In my endless depth of guilt
A cripple of my fear
And the needle serves me well

Memories now wash ashore
I feel remains of sympathy
Imagine the ability
To gather roses in winter

Somebody
Something
Welcomed me
On the other side

Dank and gentle
Moist and soft
Almost like lone

The needle serves me well

But whom have I to blame?
Just the cripple of my fear
Just call my disguise
The needle serves me well

The needle serves me well
But whom have I to blame?
So tired is my smile

Was I born to astray
In my endless depth of guilt?
Just a cripple of my fear

Just call my disguise
Just almost like love
And the needle serves me well