

## Compulsions

Funker Vogt

The dreams still come and go  
Lying wounded on a beach  
With shrapnel in my leg  
My only weapon is a knife

And there is this golden fluid  
A bag full of tiny bottles  
It's a promise for relief  
The key for my survival

So I feel, yes I feel the need  
To lock myself up in a room  
Squirt some morphine into my veins  
To leave this cruel world for a while

And when I close my eyes  
I find myself somewhere else  
In a world built on illusions  
Where compulsions are expelled

Out of a need I had to use it  
Although I never thought I would  
And before I was aware  
This need was present every day

A golden mirror for my soul  
Will be injected through a syringe  
Slowly creeping up my vein  
To hit the center of myself