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