

Acting As Your Slave

The Verve Pipe

My hand asleep for hours
waiting for the needles to begin
I have no control
they proceed to penetrate my skin
acting as your slave I drink for amber waves
I never have embraced
acting as your slave I drink an open grave
an epitaph defaced
killing with compassion
she hasn't heard a word that I have said
swallowing your passion
I can see a thousand miles ahead
acting as your slave I drink for barricades
that I have often raised
acting as your slave I numb my head and rave
of epitaphs defaced
acting as your slave I drink while she forgave
with trials left unfaced
acting as your slave I stumble to her grave
an epitaph defaced