

Is this real or is it a dream?
I can't seem to tell the difference any more
Caught between needing and the need to be real
Your open arms gaping like a busted sore

I turn and burn my back like a rack
Your tourniquet twists me, dangerous red
I breath in the air, it's pavement grey
It shrinks my skin and I've done nothing wrong

I drop to my knees and work my skin
I feel this life pumping right through me
Love and death die on the dirty floor
Your upturned face doesn't even see

This is all I'll ever have
It's cos I don't know what I want
But something's inside, something's inside
Something's inside, but I've done nothing wrong

They'll make a film
Ask me the question
I have the pleasure

My voice is nothing
My thoughts are nothing
In many respects I'm like you
Nothing

I've done nothing wrong