

The Chosen

Voltaire

Last night a moth came to my bed,
And filled my tired weary head,
With horrid tales of you,
I can't believe it's true.
But then the lamp shade smiled at me,
And it said, "Believe," it said, "believe."
I want you to know it's nothing personal

First time I had sex I was three.
First time consenting was thirteen.
Though you weren't there you remind,
Me of those hands.
Roses are red, violets are blue,
If I'm schizophrenic, then I am too!
Whatever it takes to escape.

I hope you understand,
Why I'm forced to take your life in my hands.
I want you to know it's nothing personal.
And though we've never met,
I've seen your image in a million waking dreams.
Your eyes they call to me, "Set me free."

Did I ever tell you? You look like my mother.
She once left me in a supermarket.
I promised myself that I'd never feel that way again.
Did I ever tell you? You look like my dear old mother.

I hope you understand,
Why I'm forced to take my life in your name.
I want you to know it's nothing all the same.
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I've seen your image in a million waking dreams.
Your eyes they call to me, "Set me free."

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It's not easy being the chosen.
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