

Jane Doe

Whiplash

No longer know just what you like
Nor how to taste or feel
Life erased with just one strike
It's taken all that is real

All of your yesterdays
How were they stripped away?

Your body's still intact my dear
Your mind is laid to waste
No familiar sounds to hear
A stranger's found in every face

All of your yesterdays
How were they stripped away?

Wishing for a helping hand
Faces cold unfeeling stone
Never knowing where you stand
With no history alone

All of your yesterdays...