

Amebix, Sunshine Ward

Roses are red. sometimes violets are blue but we're always puking on cider
and glue

People say that we're twisted, you know it's not true, we just get so bad
when there's f**k all to do

Life in this building is freezing and wet, if I once had a brain then I
seem to forget

'Cos just when I caught it, it slipped through the net, now we sedate
ourselves slowly no time for regret

Sunshine wards laughing, the inmates are here, filling our lives full of
sulphate and beer

We've tried every way to make "real life" less clear as stupidity sets in
the truth disappears

Sunshine wards screaming, we crawl to the door
Reality creeps back, I can't take no more
There is no more stairway we're stuck on this floor
And fear digs in deep, as the patients hands claw

The happy dream shatters and falls to the floor
The doubt crawling in that we can't just ignore
Should we carry this farce on just as before?
Or start living for life's sake, away from the ward?