

Funker Vogt, Compulsions

The dreams still come and go
Lying wounded on a beach
With shrapnel in my leg
My only weapon is a knife

And there is this golden fluid
A bag full of tiny bottles
It's a promise for relief
The key for my survival

So I feel, yes I feel the need
To lock myself up in a room
Squirt some morphine into my veins
To leave this cruel world for a while

And when I close my eyes
I find myself somewhere else
In a world built on illusions
Where compulsions are expelled

Out of a need I had to use it
Although I never thought I would
And before I was aware
This need was present every day

A golden mirror for my soul
Will be injected through a syringe
Slowly creeping up my vein
To hit the center of myself