

Therapy?, Innocent X

Is this real or is it a dream?
I can't seem to tell the difference anymore
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 breathe in the air, it's pavement grey
It shrinks my skin, and I've done nothing wrong

I drop to my knees, I 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

That this is all I'll ever have
Because I don't know what I want
But there's something inside
Something inside
Something inside
And I've done nothing wrong

My voice is nothing, my thoughts are nothing
In many respects I'm like you - nothing

I've done nothing wrong