

Wolfsheim, Heroin... She Said

Walking down the streets at night
I see her stumbling through the rain
A skinny figure in the dark
Her face a shade of grey

Begging here and barking there
She's swearing all the time
Her fingers fumbling with her hair
A dirty mess of grime

And she starts to cry and she's asking why
Her life's always the same
But she does not see, that unfortunately
There's no one here to blame

"Heroin" she said, "was the best I had...
No more mountains left to climb.
The worlds so slow... all my dreams just too high
To be fulfilled in time...!"

She grabs my arm... and I feel alarmed
Her fingers gripping tight
I see her pleading eyes... so I start to disguise
And say, that everything's alright...

And the reason why I pretended and lied
Is that I don't want to kill
The poor dream that's left in the deepest cleft
Of the thing that she calls will...!

"Heroin" she said.....