

Ned's Atomic Dustbin, Victim

I wook up last night in my dream,
my minds whas heavy and hard to read,
maybe its totaly clear
but you dont belive me

am still like a friend for you
im in love with you but you dont seem to like it

I am a victim of your ceremony
a victim of your thoughtless world
i am standing in a cirkel, a cirkel of light
your shadows try to hurt me, it happens all the time
but i know that im safe know cuz i look god into he's eyes

Your eye's is like daimonds,
they attract me all the time,
stupid that i am, i walked in to your trap

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