

# Voltaire, The Man Upstairs

Last night a moth came to my bed  
and filled my tired weary head  
with horrid tales of you.  
I can't believe it's true.  
But then the lamp shade smiled at me.  
It said, "Believe" it said, "Believe."  
I want you to know it's nothing personal.  
First time I had sex, I was three.  
First time consenting was thirteen.  
Though you weren't there, you remind  
me of those hands.  
Roses are red, violets are blue  
If I'm schizophrenic, then I am too!  
Whatever it takes to escape.  
I hope you understand  
why I'm forced to take your life in my hands.  
I want you to know it's nothing personal.  
And though we've never met  
I've seen your image in a million waking dreams.  
Your eyes they call to me, "Set me free."  
Did I ever tell you, you look like my mother?  
She once left me in a supermarket.  
I promised myself that I'd never feel that way again.  
Did I ever tell you that you look like my dear old mother?  
I hope you understand  
why I'm forced to take my life in your name.  
I want you to know, it's nothing all the same.  
And though we've never met  
I've seen you image in a million waking dreams.  
Your eyes call to me, "Set me free."  
It's not easy being the chosen.