Play Dead

The Rasmus

Darling
Stop confusing me
With your wishful thinking
Hopeful embraces
Don't you understand?
I have to go through this
I belong to here
Where no one cares and no one loves
No light, no air to live in
A place called hate
The city of fear

I play dead
It stops the hurting
I play dead
And the hurting stops

Its sometimes just like sleeping
Curling up inside my private tortures
I nestle into pain
Hug suffering
Caress every ache

I play dead
I play dead
I play dead
I play dead

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