

# Dime Store Mystery

[Lou Reed](#)

He was lying banged and battered, skewered and bleeding  
Talking crippled on the cross  
Was His mind reeling and heaving, hallucinating  
Fleeing what a loss  
The things He hadn't touched or kissed  
His senses slowly stripped away  
Not like Buddha, not like Vishnu  
Life wouldn't rise through Him again  
I find it easy to believe  
That He might question His beliefs  
The beginning of the last temptation  
Dime story mystery  
The duality of nature, Godly nature  
Human nature splits the soul  
Fully human, fully divine and divided  
The great immortal soul  
Split into pieces, whirling pieces, opposites attract  
From the front, the side, the back  
The mind itself attacks  
I know this feeling, I know it from before  
Descartes through Hegel belief is never sure  
Dime store mystery, last temptation  
I was sitting, drumming, thinking, thumping, pondering  
The mysteries of life  
Outside the city shrieking, screaming, whispering  
The mysteries of life  
There's a funeral tomorrow  
At St. Patrick's the bells will ring for you  
Ah, what must you have been thinking  
When you realized the time had come for you  
I wish I hadn't thrown away my time  
On so much human and so much less divine  
The end of the last temptation  
The end of a dime store mystery

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