Compulsions

Funker Vogt

The dreams still come and go
Lying wounded on a beach
With shrapnel in my leg
My only weapon is a knifeAnd there is this golden fluid
A bag full of tiny bottles
It's a promise for relief
The key for my survivalSo I feel, yes I feel the need
To lock myself up in a room
Squirt some morphine into my veins
To leave this cruel world for a whileAnd when I close my eyes
I find myself somewhere else
In a world built on illusions
Where compulsions are expelledOut of a need I had to use it
Although I never thought I would
And before I was aware
This need was present every dayA golden mirror for my soul
Will be injected through a syringe
Slowly creeping up my vein
To hit the center of myself

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