With No Name

Heroin

I cannot remember my dreams when I wake up.
This is your life, your sobriety.
This is why I sleep in so late.
This is why I can't remember.
I'm sorry for everything, just like a martyr.
We all feel sorry for ourselves, but you know, maybe we should.
We'll never want to believe the truth.
The definition of truth is a question to me.
When so much that we do is twisted.
We like to pretend that makes it harder to accept.
Most of us are afraid, but I guess there really is no blame.
It does help to just forget and get some sleep.

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