

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

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