

# 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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