Rags

Crazyhead

Everything is rags
And there's nobody to blame but me
And it would be so easy
If there was no one to hurt but me
But now everything that I do
Comin' out of me
Will just tear through you
In and out of you
Up and down your life
Like a curse
Cast by the only son of rags
Who would wrap you up
In all the finest tatters
But he wanted nothin' more,
My loved one,
Than to wrap you up in joy
But it never be with me
- you and I are like
Two worlds
Not meant to collide
Death to each other
In the unravelling of time
So how do you...
How do you like it?
What kind of dream
Would you call it -
To have one foot in Eden
One foot in Hell
To be always numb
Plagued by demons
Summoned by Angels
At the same time,
Endlessly
But I will burn me
Right out of this place
I will lay you down to sleep
So when you wake
I'll be gone
And You

Will remember
Nothing
You
Will remember
Nothing

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