

Well
She took me outside
And I was listening to her voice
I could tell ya
She said some things she may regret
And some things she may rejoice

Just like the fruits of sorrow
Dying on the vine
I too partook its bitter taste
And I shined

Just at that moment
Before God intervenes, yeah
Some kind asylum
Wide awake in Tel Aviv

When you fall into evil moods
And the spirits mock you in the radio static
Then you better hope the dope don't make you
Telepathetic

Just like the seeds of ruin
With its sickly blooms
I lost the good fight every day
In these rooms