

## Junkies And Whores

Easyworld

You sleep so still  
And after everything  
We claim to have forgiven

The no return  
Was twelve returns ago  
And every one the last  
This  
Time  
I swear, did you really believe that?

I know these words  
These sounds I recognize  
And shapes all too familiar

The saddest thing;  
A point to recognize;  
All reasons and excuses;  
Well they are, I fear, as pathetic as are your own

I am  
We are  
Sadly  
Too far  
The line we had drawn before is thinning out  
Too far, gone  
We need  
No more  
Junkies and  
Whores  
The line we had drawn before has disappeared  
Too far gone

You sleep  
So still  
You'll sleep through everything