

# Morphine

Helalyn Flowers

She holds a broken mask  
Getting ready for the night embrace  
The street's waiting  
For her skin, so pale

Every time she smiles  
Is to camouflage the pain  
She's walking a thin line  
Between death and life

But through his eyes she tastes freedom  
It's not the same old story  
It's not the same old story  
And every time he's getting nearer  
That man is more than a body  
Her voice inside is shouting at him:

I must confess that I am frozen inside  
Oh No!  
When you can read my mind  
Just like morphine you slide inside of my veins  
And never let me go, Never let me go  
(...)  
And I'll never let you go, Never let you go

She would die for love  
For it's not life that may fill her heart  
Nor heal the pain  
Oh, no! She's not to blame

She's walking a thin line  
Between death and life