There's no waves on the water, like a calm before a storm
The sound of her laughter still echoes round my room
The last thing I remember, she began to cry
She was making a decision, she wouldn't tell me why

Was it a head wound? Was it a bad wound? Flesh wound? Was it a deep wound?

Like a dream, like a dream - It seems to me now Forbidden obsessions - They lie behind me now Some pieces still remain there, underneath my skin Nobody else can see them but something lies within

Was it a head wound? Was it a deep wound? Flesh wound? Was it a bad wound?

Only the wounded suffer from the pain Only the nightmares, they bring it back again Like ships on the ocean, passing in the night Some ships collide, some ships even die

Of a bad wound
Of a head wound
Deep wound
Of a flesh wound