

Memoir

Villagers

The city lights are blackening
The sirens softly call
Of the fantasist and fetishists are preparing the ball
When you've been stuck here on the doorstep with nothing to for
sake
Well you might as well be anyone's to take

So i give myself to strangers like i gave myself to you
But the tenderness are felt has been replaced by something new
And in the orgy I can vaguely hear the outline of your call
Well I might as well be anyone's at all

Every memory is sailing to the kingdom of your soul
As you patiently await and lose all sense of self control
You were the lighthouse to my broken boat
But I've left you behind
Now I might as well be anyone's to find
Take my body take it from me

It is not worthy of your memory

I remember you undressing as I sat myself on fire
And the funeral was quick as I lay lifeless on your pire(?)
Well it's a kind of desperation
And it's just something you can't fake
Oh I might as well be anyone s to take

So I give myself to strangers like I gave myself to you
But the humity(?) I felt has been replaced by something new
Now I am Helen and I am Mary Jane
I am Robert and I am Paul
Oh I might as well be anyone's at all
Yes I might as well be anyone at all