

# Heroin, She Said

Wolfsheim

Walking down the streets at night  
I see her stumbling though the rain  
A skinny figure in the dark  
Her face a shade of grey

Begging here and barking there  
She's swearing all the time  
Her fingers fumbling with her hair  
A dirty mess of grime

And she starts to cry and she's asking why  
Her life's always the same  
But she does not see, that unfortunately  
There's no one here to blame

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No more mountains left to climb.  
The world so slow... all my dreams just too high  
To be fulfilled in time...!

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She grabs my arm... and I feel alarmed  
Her fingers gripping tight  
I see her pleading eyes... so I start to disguise  
And say, that everything's alright...

And the reason why I pretended and lied  
Is that I don't want to kill  
The poor dream that's left in the deepest cleft  
Of the thing that she calls will...!

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