

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