

# Who Will Love Me Tomorrow?

## The Mission

She brings me colors, white wine and roses  
And then we paint our faces and powder our noses  
She gives me her halo and I hang it next to mine  
Reads to me Mishima like a honeymoon valentine

She's an architect of pleasure and she fashions me a fountain  
She leads me through the clouds to the peak of the highest mountain  
We dare the heavens on a chariot that we borrow  
Tonight she is my cradle, but who will love me tomorrow?  
Who'll love me tomorrow?

Cold Turkey Cindy pulls the mirrors from the wall  
Walks barefoot on the broken glass and stumbles in from the hallway  
She's shooting paper tigers with the needle that she's borrowed  
Tonight she is my pillow, so who will love me tomorrow?  
(Who will love me tomorrow?)

Must I sing so low just to get so high?  
I can't purge myself of demons and I don't know the reason why  
My heart feels like a battlefield, my soldiers all lie slain  
I'll never be clean, I'll never be pure again

She greets me like a siren and all her lights are flashing  
She invites me to her dungeon with the promise of a lashing  
With a smile like a sunrise playing on her lips  
She shows me her collection of butterflies, scars and whips

With fingernails like claws, she leaves keepsake souvenirs  
Like trenches on my back, she bathes in saccharine scented tears  
Feel just like an actor in a play called 'Dear Friend Sorrow'  
Tonight she is my refuge, but who will love me tomorrow?  
(Who will love me tomorrow?)

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I can't purge myself of demons and I don't know the reason why  
My heart feels like a battlefield and my soldiers all lie slain  
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Who will love me tomorrow?  
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