

Rasmus, The "Play Dead"

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Darling stop confusing me.
With your wishful thinkings.
Hopeful embraces.
Don't you understand?
I have to go through this.
I belong to here where
no-one cares and no-one loves.
No light no air to live in.
A place called hate.

The city of fear.

I play dead.
It stops the hurting.
I play dead.
And the hurting stops.

It's sometimes just like sleeping.
Curling up inside my private tortures.
I nestle into pain.
Hug suffering.

Caress every ache.

I play dead,
it stops the hurting.

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