

Grin Department

"Sleepwalking"

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She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes
She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes
Awake now she wonders what day it is
Shields the eyes from the glare of the light
Alone in the gloom her room
The precious haze lifting up from her head
She wracks her brain for some scraps of memory
Just to know if she is alive or dead
She's alive
Alive
And sometimes when her mind has cleared
She'll look into the mirror
Asks herself who is that, and who cares?
Who cares?
She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes
She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes
Another day slips away looking for a fix
Another foot steps away across the line
Back in the gloom of her tomb
Sheds a tear looking back on her life
Cooks a spoonful of death in a waking dream
No one's there when she whispers goodnight
Goodnight

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