

## **Punish Yourself "Dead White Skin"**

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A brown horse, with golden-brown mane  
manic pressure on your veins  
so strong a need - a needle so thin  
it's calling you, it's cold, the enemy within  
And I just feel as cold as ice  
sharp as a blade, mute as a child  
I feel so bad when I see you ride  
that sick little brown line from that sad white bag

And when I see your face on dope  
these times I know there was no hope  
you hold the needle like a shining sword  
and nothing matters anymore

You're wearing dead white skin  
No face just dead white skin  
dead lips, so dead-white clean  
please, stop it, stop it, sister morphine

you can kill yourself if you want  
but you won't be the only one  
to fall back from the dead brown horse  
I'll follow you - fix and rejoice !

And I just feel as cold as ice  
mute as a blade, sharp as a child  
I feel so bad when I see you ride  
that sick brown horse in that sad white bag  
that sad little white bag  
that sad little brown line  
sick sad bag back  
we all fall down from the horse's back

And when I see your face on dope  
these times I know there was no hope  
you hold the needle like a shining sword  
and nothing matters anymore

you can kill yourself if you want  
but you won't be the only one  
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