

Messiah

"Munchhausen Syndrom"

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Whatever the woman in black does
Her hands are covered by silk gloves
She's a lady that looks elegant'n stylish
No one knows that she lives in misery

Sometimes when she's alone in her apartment
Deep in her soul she experiences her inner pain
It starts with running up'n down the floor
Suddenly it stops

She then cowers in a cramped position
And begins gnawing on her fingernails
Then continues by cutting up her already maimed
And stunted hands with a razor-blade

She pounds her tortured bloody fists on the floor
Unable to feel the same pain we would
At the end she cries out for all she's worth
Making her soar to her seventh day

Indifferent she goes to bed or watches tv
Not knowing that in reality
She shares that misery with many others
It repeats

Year for year
Month for month
Day for day
Hour for hour

When she was a child
Her parents gave no love
Only when she was sick
Everybody took care of her

And now she's thirty
It's still deep in her mind
It returns again - n - again
And it repeats

Year for year
Month for month

Day for day
Hour for hour

When she had problems as a teenager
Her parents gave no help
But when she had an accident
All took care of her

And now she's forty
It's still deep in her mind
She's controlled by muchhausen - syndrom
Incurable and damned to death

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