

Heap Imogen

"Sleep"

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When my body wants to go
tell me will my mind and soul
live on and on forever
Am I on another level
a learning vessel of several
lessons to make me more clever
My sweet little religion
My sweet little religion you mean everything to me
My sweet little religion
My sweet little religion how does it feel
Written in that book of love
Does it say your name above
The name by which they call me
and is it written in liquid red
'Cos nothing else will do instead for reassuring eternity
Will you be there when I need you?
Begin end enemy friend, heaven hell sick well
Truth lies husbands and wives, whisper shout in out in
out
Laughter cry ask reply - good bad happy sad
Right wrong outcast belong, caged free you and me
You have to answer all of these

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