

# Therapy "Innocent X"

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Is this real or is it a dream?  
I can't seem to tell the difference any more  
Caught between needing and the need to be real  
Your open arms gaping like a busted sore

I turn and burn my back like a rack  
Your tourniquet twists me, dangerous red  
I breath in the air, it's pavement grey  
It shrinks my skin and I've done nothing wrong

I drop to my knees and work my skin  
I feel this life pumping right through me  
Love and death die on the dirty floor  
Your upturned face doesn't even see

This is all I'll ever have  
It's cos I don't know what I want  
But something's inside, something's inside  
Something's inside, but I've done nothing wrong

They'll make a film  
Ask me the question  
I have the pleasure

My voice is nothing  
My thoughts are nothing  
In many respects I'm like you  
Nothing

I've done nothing wrong

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