

EL MATADOR

El Matador waves the cape
Stabs the bull in the heart
I tighten my tourniquet
And pierce a needle in my arm

How does he feel?
So cruel and real
How do I feel
Falling in the unreal?

Am I too high?
Is this a dream?
I cannot move
I cannot scream
All I remember is a bullfight on TV
The dealer next to me
My body floating free
I can feel the cold white hospital walls
An unthinkable flaw
Has brought me here
I believe it's time for me to go
But I must resist
I must resist...

Will I see the light
When I turn around in the haze?
Will I live through the night
When the wolves are howling and hungry?

My mind
Filled with nightmares
Sins and fear
My crime
Is harming others when
I'm self-destructive

El Matador falls to the floor
The bull's horn tearing his heart
I wake up in the hospital ward
Recovered and craving for more

How does it feel?
The killer became the kill
How do I feel?
I'm back to the unreal

"I got no cure..."