

Troy

I'm empty.
Strung out. Hung to dry.
There's a car down the side
of the lonely road to Hell.
Should I take it?
I'm halfway there.

No love can suffice,
my lonely tune.
Like Helen of Troy,
love lost to die.

I'm crying.
Lost in the river Styx.
There's no hope for me;
a woman full of shame,
Whose filthy name
is given to the circle

No love can suffice,
my lonely tune.
Like Helen of Troy,
love lost to die.