

Deadsy, Key To Gramercy Park

I got the key, key to Gramercy Park...

Every night,
Looking for the fight,
Thoughts on the left,
The action's on the right,
As you know, the id wasn't meant to be starved,

Face, white,
Revenge of the Hittites
When you were inside,
And you thought to take a walk in the park,
Think someone's about to be carved...

I'm From the other side of the Under scene
To the boulevard of broken dreams ...
To find the key to Gramercy Park...

I got the key, key to Gramercy Park,
Where it's safe to be afraid of the dark
Maybe there we can fuck by the heavenly stars
But I might, might miss breaking in through the bars

From the other side of the under scene,
To the boulevard of broken dreams...
To find the key to Gramercy Park...
In the other time of mother speed,
Through evil eyes and make believe...
To where we bear the supremacy mark

I got the key, key to Gramercy Park
Where it's safe to be afraid of the dark
Maybe there we can fuck by the heavenly stars
But I might, might miss breaking in through the bars

And never look at the other place
Stay with what's pristine and touches you
Beware the perilous Central way
Something that could mean so much to you
Try, save a seat in the golden cage
The medium mass has yet to still say
"To simply pass,
or rise from the grave..."

Now I've got the key to Gramercy Park,
But I might, might miss breaking in through the bars...
Now I've got the key to Gramercy Park,
On the way, I'm alone, but not afraid of the dark...

I've got the key to Gramercy Park...

Face, white
Revenge of the Hittites