

Mansun, King Of Beauty

Feed this insect inside me
Watch my time drippin' off from the walls
This silence and stillness
Like a glove with the fingers withdrawn
Sympathy leaves in the cold
Look for an exit but they're closed
Brief fabrication of what I know

I'm hiding my sickness
No motion no feeling
The king of beauty
Leaves this building

I'm hiding my sickness
No motion no feeling
The king of beauty
Leaves this building
Living in a body bag
I'm waiting, I'm waiting

Resurrection of memory
All the thing I remember I hold
A virtual impression
Of a life that I'm building alone
Sympathy leaves in the cold
Look for an exit but they're closed
Brief fabrication of what I know