

The Church, In This Room

Oh the avenging angel
Shiver in the way of her stare
I will admit that she never loved me
But I admit that I didn't care
And it's too damned late to buy the gate
And why close it if your heart isn't there
And since you know it all
I could give you a call
I could give you something fine to compare yourself to
My eyes begin to ache in the cold electric light
There are no windows in this room
In which we've been sitting all our lives
Some incredible distance
Some incredible place
Sometimes I think, sometimes I sink
In some incredible race
And it's too damned soon for a man of fortune
To have to run or lose his face
And since you know it all
I could give you a call
I could give you a lot more than a taste of yourself, too