

The Damned, Sanctum Santorum

I know its late and I should go to bed
But I can't tear away from the night
It holds the seed of a memory
It's true of you
When I first saw you I realised
The fire burned deep behind your eyes
I knew a kiss would paralyse
It's true from you
Awake in the night to whisper your name
Only silence replies, its answer a sleeping refrain
The moments die but memory stays
Love like a god above us, run our way by
We spin and we climb
To where once sirens cried
And then sometimes angels can be devils too
It's true of you, it's true of you
When shadows no longer fall
And footsteps can't be heard at all
I hear the ghost of a call
It's true from you
Awake in the night to whisper your name
Only silence replies its answer a sleeping refrain
The moments die but memory stays
Reaching for something thats just out of reach
Lost to your lips and drowned in your kiss
The tide of your passion is now but a dream
It's but a dream