

# 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