

# Dead Moon, Room 213

He slips into the room with the broken mirrors  
Trying to make the voices in his head disappear  
He crashes to the floor, his head in his hands  
Trying to recover from his mother's demands  
Something strange is going down in Room 213

Inside he fears the strangers in the photo repair  
Trying to fix the damage from the chain and the chair  
No one hears the screaming from the house of fear  
No one sees the man with no eyes appear  
And something strange is going down in Room 213

Have you had the feeling that you've been there before  
Wait a minute mister while I get off the floor  
Your bones lie chilling, your blood turns cold  
There's a red tattoo carved into your skull  
And something strange is going down in Room 213