

Echo & The Bunnymen, The White Hotel

I want to be on that
White capped mountain peak
Above the lake above my station
A moving carriage
The perfect marriage
Of like apart from destination

Ringin' all the bells
Down at the white hotel
Tonight

I want to write the letters
Of persecution
To someone I don't know who doesn't know me
I want to be the dust
Inside a vacuum
An icecube frozen in the melting sea

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