

Ed Harcourt, The Trapdoor

On a summer night I took a walk
Out in the fields where the grass snakes hide
Six years old, tall as a chair
Found the trapdoor hidden from sight
Fell into the blackness, seemed like hours
I hit the ground on a sea of skulls
There was no treasure, just stolen souls
Taken years ago down this endless hole

Man must kill to live or quench his thirst
Let's go back to the source where it first came from

Looked death in the eyes, falling stalactites
Then burnt by a light as angels flew by
Who pulled me back up to the moonlit sky
Covered in dust, it was hard not to cry

Man must kill to live or quench his thirst
Let's go back to the source where it first came from

Falling through trapdoors wherever I go
Kicking and screaming 'cause nobody knows
There's always a trapdoor wherever you step
Keep your eyes open you deserve what you get
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