

# Emilie Autumn, I Know Where You Sleep

I know  
The sickening thoughts that slither around your head  
I know  
The gluttonous guilt that buried me in your bed  
Manipulate me if you can  
Go on and fool me like your biggest fan

I know  
The arrogant pride that poisons the truth you hear  
I know  
The bigoted tongue that tears away all your fear  
Pontificate you faded star  
Go on and show me who you really are

You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
You can fake it on stage  
You can crawl from your cage  
You can search and destroy  
You can kill and depend on it  
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)  
I know your tainted flesh  
I know your filthy soul  
I know each trick you played  
Whore you laid  
Dream you stole  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it all  
I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

I know  
The illness behind the image you create  
I know  
The tedious need to turn all you love into hate  
You poor pathetic paranoid  
Is it just me or do you secretly enjoy it?

You can lie to the papers  
(You can lie) You can hide from the press  
(You can hide) You can fake it on stage  
You can crawl from your cage  
You can search and destroy  
You can kill and depend on it  
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)  
I know your tainted flesh  
(You can't hide)  
I know your filthy soul  
(You can't hide)  
I know each trick you played  
(You can fake it if you try) Whore you laid  
Dream you stole  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it all  
I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

Sleep  
Sleep  
Sleep

You play the victim very well  
You build your self-indulgent hell  
You wanted someone to understand you

Well be careful what you wish for because I do  
You've got a fancy turn of phrase  
You set your trap  
You made your plays  
You're so fond of games  
You must never lose  
Funny how the only one in your bed is you

You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)  
You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)  
FAKE, CRAWL, SEARCH, KILL

Oh my god  
Oh my god  
I touched you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
God save the queen  
I loved you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
Oh, oh  
I fucked you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down

I know the sickening thoughts that slither around your head  
I know the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your shh! bed

You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
You can fake it on stage  
You can run from your cage  
You can search and destroy  
You can kill and depend on it  
I know your tainted flesh  
I know your filthy soul  
I know each trick you played  
Whore you laid  
Dream you stole  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it  
I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

I'm wishing you the best of luck  
And by the way  
(Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck  
And by the way  
(Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck  
And by the way (Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck

And by the way