

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, In Your Room

In your room
There's a bed in the corner
In your room
There's a view over the town
In your room
You're typewriters telling stories
In your room
There are you waiting for me
When I look into your eyes
I look into a mirror
When I look into your eyes
I can see myself
Kings and queens
They have lost their heads
But I
I've lost my heart
In your room

I'd like to crawl into you
Come cover me with love
I'd like to crawl into you
Come cover me with love
Till we've had enough
And we never get enough

There are worlds beneath the world
And they are covered under blankets
In your room
In your room

dedicated to Sonja