

Krux, Black Room

Eleven days and seven hours
I'm counting the flow the loss
The time that flies the death the flowers
Dreams that become my own cross

Two steps behind me the dyer maker
Walking around in my room
A breath of mould whispers "you creator
of revolution and doom";

Didn't think you would find me in here
Tried to leave but there's nothing out there

You told the truth I'll be dead forever
You said there's no love in my world
At my doorstep you laughed as ever
I thank you for letting me know

In my black room
Revolution and doom
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Revolution and doom