

# 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  
In my black room  
Revolution and doom