

Lydia Lunch, Lock your door

I would not like to not know
lock your door
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lock your door
Shut up and die
I wish it was me
prisoner of my own demise
Kiss the bride and make her cry
roll over and die
bye bye baby bye bye
I could almost cry like tears of blood
and slowly it evaporates
sometime to true the moment passes
like dawn to dusk
like rust to ashes
inside torn down
the soul the walls
the hallowed bodied evening sprawls
across the rock across the dark
I could....
I could almost cry like tears of blood
and slowly it evaporates
without a trace without a scar
sometimes too blue
the moment passes
overhead, so undetected
without default, with no perfection
I could close my eyes and sleep forever
locked inside this secret silence
whisper deep inside my head
slow motion sick
until tomorrow
rewind, erase and nothing remains
the way that nothing ever does
every face is familiar in the dark