

# Marc Almond, Narcisus

In the heaven of your bedroom  
Petals breaking from your fingers  
Narcisus to a flower  
The tips pass through the brittle skin  
Disturb the tranquil days you swing  
But nothing really matters much  
You forgot how to feel, like people feel  
Your lips are sealed  
You whisper  
Never know me, never need me  
Trapped like a cat in the branch of the tree  
But you hold yourself tight  
In the cold empty bed  
Just you and yourself and your fist for a friend  
Sleep secluded, deep down in your head  
Dream lover, I dont want to dream alone