Museum, Eden

There's a question in the darkness
There's a hundred open doors
There's a whisper on the stairways
In every second floor
You know all room is infinate

You know you cannot fly
We try to fill the void with indifference
And watch with orphan eyes
For him who is
For him we cannot find
For him who knows
We fill the room with obscure relatives in every second floor

Your seventh son
Your seventh sister's lover's gonna come
It's seven stairways to the room where we belong

There's a question in the darkness
There's a hundred open doors
Our steps injure the dust
And we forget what we came here for
There's a whisper in the darkness
There are hundred traps
Gleaming eyes on the corridor watching every single step

Your seventh son
Your seventh sister's lover's gonna come
It's seven stairways to the room where we belong

We fill the rooms with fake calmness
Our eyes persuaded to be blind
You know all room is infinate
You know we cannot fly