

Pale Forest, The Pale Suit Of Drunkenness

Got that feeling of standing still
the shudder of winters coming chill
Got that distance in my eyes
frozen paintings of all my alibies

And I've got the urge to leave this room
but it has become my home
In this dark and familiar gloom
my features are turning to stone

Slowly
holy
intoxicating love
takes hold of me
while I survive another one

Got those pale trousers warming my will
they keep me from standing to still
Got that pale jacket clinging to me
I just know that I'll never be free

And I've got the urge to undress myself
but I dare not show my skin
Cause this damp and familiar gloom
has become what I am within

Slowly
holy
intoxicating love
takes hold of me
while I survive another one