Closing In

In the Woods...

Where there used to be a wax-candle
Blowing in the rhythm of a mind inside a man
Working in the shadows of a midnight land
Where words were sealed with feathers on
Rough papers like a symbol of the present
Madness and its demand this absence
Is more than I can handle in lack of a
Seveninch candle desperately waiting for a
Woman to abuse me and amuse me with sharpened
Fingernails - thorns in modelled tranceI would like to crawl underneath your
Skin revel in forbidden and ferocious
Sin touch your breath feel the
Satisfaction - there is nothing like a stunning
Piece of nighttime attraction we would
Bring in some species of nature - if you
Were closer now - throw them right
Across this room - if you were closer now
(???) the laws no words upon our lips -
If you were present now - celebrate our
Presence until now - I feel you're
closing in somehowJoin in - the mysteries of heaven
Miserable, optional doors maybe sell
Our fortune to a devil on the way
Abusement that turn us into slavesA song about the words so commercially
Despised - prostitution trapped them in a
Corner of my life - lines
Though I know a place where
They still can be written down and
Blossom like only spring can do when winter
Has been around So come with me and
The pleasures of mine - we'll walk the
Drawn fields, expose the secrets of life

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/