

# Cellar Door

Frank Martinic

We walk through the doorway, heard you calling from the hall  
To find you in the bedroom not breathing at all  
I drag your body to the cellar where we lay,  
the wax it melts away,  
I kiss your face...  
Now we are starting to love you more,  
your body's on the canvas,  
That I painted on the floor  
Now you wait,  
like the drug,  
like the change in the pain it goes on for so long  
And oh,  
now it hurts in the worst way,  
now that you're gone,  
its so wrong,  
its so wrong....  
If I could take you somewhere,  
I'd take you to my darkest place,  
scatter you in art forms, admire the whore,  
beauty in different ways your hands on picture frames,  
your eyes in the glass wear your face as a mask  
Now they are starting to love you more,  
a gallery of your beauty no charge at the door  
As you wait,  
like the drug,  
like the change in the pain it goes on for so long  
And oh,  
now it hurts in the worst way,  
now that your gone,  
it's so wrong,  
it's so wrong....  
And down below your veins run dry your vacant eyes,  
I lost control your face is pale,  
your body's cold  
And down below your veins run dry your vacant eyes,  
I lost control your face is pale,  
your body's cold  
(face is pale your body's cold )

Wait, like the drug,  
like the change in the pain it goes on for so long  
And oh, now it hurts in the worst way,  
now that your gone,  
it's so wrong,  
it's so wrong...  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....  
It's so wrong.....

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