

# Brother Sleep

## JJ72

This room is as white as a ghost  
In this space you can see your own breath  
This room is as cold as its host  
Is it this sleep that is the brother of death? This cloth is as green as an orchard  
Where the salt can coat the trees  
This girl cries tears as if tortured  
Is this girl the queen of the sea? I'm gonna see you through this my love, my love  
I'm gonna see you through this my love, my love, love Eyes of the toys they are moving  
It's here that everything never lived is alive  
Yeah, the eyes of the toys they are soothing  
As into the brother of sleep that we die I'm gonna see you through this my love, my love  
I'm gonna see you through this my love, my love  
I'm gonna see you through, I'm gonna see you through, ooh, ooh, ooh I'm gonna see you through this my  
love, my love  
I'm gonna see you through this my love, my love  
I'm gonna see you through, I'm gonna see you through, ooh, ooh, ooh

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