

# Dark Room

[St. Andrew](#)

The town is crouching  
A field of windmills waits, their stupid heads turning  
Stirring the night's bath  
Bundles of vapour hang over the factories  
Whose lights blink and loll like sleepy eyelids  
The moth in the lighthouse breathes with its prehistoric parts  
I feel the night snicker. It was here,  
Tangled among the litter and old Valentines  
I found my coma leaking  
A branch punched a hole  
In the quiet that was keeping me  
and  
Suddenly  
All the sleep fell out  
Rolling over the hills in a dark warm wave  
Voices of the orphan choirs threaten to overwhelm  
Speeding through the skeletons of trees  
Pulling their bodies bent  
The wind's terrible symphony tore out my longing by the toes  
My ears were emptied and renamed  
The balm slid off like a bubble of oil and  
Died pitifully under the choirmaster's heel  
I was gutted and clinging on like a dish rag ---But so on fire with believing  
That when the storm introduced itself  
I put my finger in its mouth

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