Corridors

Stricken City

Walk him up and down the corridors
Till his arms are tired
Till his lungs are tiredStarve him of the air, the dimming light
Till his eyes are wide
Till his eyes are wildTill he sees the other sideChain him to the burning carousel
Till the horses tire
Till the horses tireBurn away the bearings of his life
Till his eyes are wild
Till his eyes are wildBut stave off suicide
Oh, my, my, m-m-my
M-m-my, m-my
M-my, m-my, m-my, m-my
M-m-my

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