

# A dead language for a dying lady

## Vanna

As her insides, screaming, let me out  
She speaks as if someone's in the room with her  
(someone sits quietly on the ceiling tile)  
Still facing the corner with eyes gouged out  
These tears of blood fall for blood is  
(all she's crying now) As he cuts into her chest, her heart beats on  
She's just not giving up yet  
Though blinded by the devil's touch  
She rises above him  
She floats towards the light, as the darkness recedes  
(let me out, let me live again)  
In this most desperate hour (she cries)  
A most desperate hour... In this crowded room  
In this crowded room  
In this crowded room  
(with an empty view)  
In this crowded room  
In this crowded room Save your goodbyes, we all know it's not the end  
Save your goodbyes, we all know it's not the end  
Save your goodbyes, we all know it's not the end  
Save your goodbyes, we all know it's not the end

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