

Awake At the Wall

Christian Death

In decadence and sane
I stood by the wall
Thought I'd left myself at home
Thought I'd turned my back to stone
But all the strangers knew my name
All but one who turned away
In fear he'd been there once before
Behind that same tormented door I saw his bed amazing
I stole his coat to save the cold
Burnt my speech to keep him warm
Dropped a boy's mouth for my own
But beauty's left the aging for his youth I want to press my lips
To his winter chill flesh
And press his hands to the sky
I want to sleep in the night In his eyes in the rain in Berlin
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I want to sleep in the night In his eyes in the rain in Berlin (words: Rozz Williams)

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