

I Know Where You Sleep

Emilie Autumn

I know the sickening thoughts that slither around your head
I know the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your bed
Manipulate me if you can
Go on and fool me like your biggest fan I know the arrogant pride that poisons the truth you hear
I know the bigoted tongue that tears away all your fear
Pontificate you faded star
Go on and show me who you really are You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
You can fake it on stage, you can crawl from your cage
You can search and destroy, you can kill and depend on it
I know your tainted flesh, I know your filthy soul
I know each trick you played, where you laid, dream you stole I know the bed in the room in the wall in the
house
Where you got what you wanted and ruined it all
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep I know the illness behind the image you create
I know the tedious need to turn all you love into hate
You poor pathetic paranoid
Is it just me or do you secretly enjoy it? You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
You can fake it on stage, you can crawl from your cage
You can search and destroy, you can kill and depend on it
I know your tainted flesh, I know your filthy soul
I know each trick you played, where you laid, dream you stole I know the bed in the room in the wall in the
house
Where you got what you wanted and ruined it all
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep You play the victim very well
You build yourself indulgent hell
You wanted someone to understand you
Well, be careful what you wish for because I do You've got a fancy turn of phrase
You set your trap, you made your plays
You're so fond of games, you must never lose
Funny how the only one in your bed is you You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
Fake, crawl, search, kill Oh my God, oh my God, I touched you
I can never live it down, I can never live it down
God save the queen, I love you
I can never live it down, I can never live it down
Oh, oh, I fucked you, I can never live it down

I can never live it down, I can never live it down
I know the sickening thoughts that slither around your head
I know the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your bed
You can lie to the papers, you can hide from the press
You can fake it on stage, you can run from your cage
You can search and destroy, you can kill and depend on it
I know your tainted flesh, I know your filthy soul
I know each trick you' played, where you laid, dream you stole
I know the bed in the room in the wall in the house
Where you got what you wanted and ruined it
I know the bed in the room in the wall in the house
Where you got what you wanted and ruined it
I know the bed in the room in the wall in the house
Where you got what you wanted and ruined it
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way your poetry sucks
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way your poetry sucks
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way your poetry sucks
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way your poetry sucks

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