

Garden of Delights

Cult of Youth

I see the lights move on the ceiling
And I see the stars up in the lights
I see the moonbeams on your forehead there
And I think about the garden of delights You see the curtains draped in front of me
And you see the sun come up alone
You want to show me just what you can see
And I, I turn away You see my face, you hate my words, I hate you too
You see my heart, it likes the feeling
That it gets when I'm with you I look right at your eyes, I look right through your eyes
And I change conversation thought for you
And I throw a look that you cant catch from far behind
And you, you turn away You are my Jesus boy, youre laying on a bedly cross
Ive got you taped up to the wall
But really dont feel bad 'cause you do to me
All the things I do to you, I do to you I see the lights move on the ceiling
I see the stars up in the lights
I see the moonbeams on your forehead there
And I think about the garden of delights I see the lights move on the ceiling
I see the stars up in the lights
I see the moonbeams on your forehead there
And I think about the garden of delights

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