

Cuts Through the Skin (Down to the Bone)

The New York Room

am I flesh
and am I bone
or am I made
of only sorrowashes in the dust
so long alone
exiled in my cage
like water in a stonecuts through the skin
down to the bone
all of my days they are trances
all of my nights are but dreams
all that you see and believe
all that you whisper I screamthe fires glow
burning cold
too hot to hold
still I cant let gothe darkness grows
swelling slow
showing me the way
taking me homecuts through the skin
down to the bone
all of my days they are trances
all of my nights are but dreams
all that you see and believe
all that you whisper I scream

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