

# Neverwhere

## Morbin

She made the night  
But the dark's all right  
And his heart became the hunter  
A deadly bride  
It's suicide  
So take it slowWaiting alone for the witching hour  
Feeling the shock and the surge of power  
She's come to knowShe makes her way to the door forbidden  
Tomorrow she'll say that she did not really go there  
To neverwhere  
Never whereAnd then the child  
Strange free and wild  
The picture of the motherThe same cold eyes  
The same old lies  
The same as one anotherTogether they wait for the witching hour  
Feeling the heat and the push of power  
They need to knowLeft behind he's the uninvited  
Maybe the door will open if he  
Waits there  
At neverwhere  
NeverwhereThe hand that rocks the cradle in the morning  
Could be lurking round the corner with a gun  
Before you take the time to say I'm sorry  
Remember where she's been  
And all the misery she's doneAnd then the prize  
Time to decide  
But one last voice  
Be carefulIt's just too strong  
And he must belong  
So down we goWaiting for the witching hour  
Needing the shock and the surge of power  
He wants to knowThey make their way down to the door forbidden  
She waves him in at last  
And he's gone there  
To neverwhere  
Neverwhere  
Neverwhere

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