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
Felling 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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