

Wheel

Miranda Sex Garden

I am in a strange room
On an everlasting wheel
I am now an object
And I feel an object's pain I am not alone
I am not alone I am in a strange room
On an everlasting wheel
I am now an object
And I cry an object's tears And I can't see at all
And I can't hear at all
And I can't taste at all
But I can feel it all And I can't see at all
And I can't hear at all
And I can't taste at all
But I can feel it all I am in a strange room
On an everlasting wheel
I am now an object
And I know an object's peace And I can't see at all
And I can't hear at all
And I can't taste at all
But I can feel it all And I can't see at all
And I can't hear at all
And I can't taste at all
But I can feel it all

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