

God's Brothel

They Ate Isengard

By God I've figured out why it still rains at night,
Your tired gloomy eyes set fire to this January sky
 And as you drift away like a boat at sea,
 I'll rattle your face like a tambourine
 Some early morning far from now
 You'll know just what I've talked about
 You don't have the eye to say those things,
 There's not enough water left for me
But God I've figured out why it still hurts inside
 It's you, you, it's always been you
 There's no other reason
 There's no other reason than you

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