

# 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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