

# The Brothel

Susanne Sundfør

Purple pavement  
Crookfingers knocking on windows without souls  
Bodies are swinging from rooftops and poles  
Howling through hollows  
Restless nights and one night cheap hotels  
Oh, I'm only drifting to always come back

And I search for something  
Oh, whatever I don't really care  
Driving with their lights off they can be anywhere  
Rolling down their windows  
Open card with open mouths  
Golden teeth and golden cars

You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your  
ears  
Still you follow my trail  
I'll do it all, I'll do whatever you say, God has left me anywa  
y

Love I laid in payment  
Stars with stains and heaven and afterglow  
Beneath the ashes of echoes buried alive  
They are howling through hollows  
Once we share their temple of our arms  
Now our heads are hung up on walls

We are ruins within ruins  
On every corner a gladiator is begging for another century  
When no one cut your tongue to know nothing and to know it all  
To be both the animal and god

You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your  
ears  
Still you follow our trail  
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left us any  
way  
You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your  
ears  
Still you follow our trail  
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left us any  
way

There are echoes in the garden is anybody listening  
There are echoes lost in the garden is anybody listening  
They whisper:

The ones who are only living are the ones who are only dying