

Gothic Rooms

The Astronauts

We all live in Gothic rooms
Live out our dreams in Gothic rooms
It's always clean in Gothic rooms
It's never ending

We have come to sink in Gothic rooms
Still on the brink in Gothic rooms
And it's hard to think in Gothic rooms
Who you're defending

But in the day we're holding hands
We use in-jokes to make our stand
But get depressed by the barren land
And the roots of the soil and the buds and the trees
And the bills and the dole and the misery
And the changing of moods and the state of our blooms
In Gothic rooms

The children sleep in Gothic rooms
Screams in the night in Gothic rooms
The gas has filled our Gothic rooms
But we're still breathing

If I collapse in the night
Turn my gun to the West
One last desperate strike
Against the rich men of zest
Who take what they like
And fuck the rest
So we sit in our rooms
With the strange and the scared
And the weird and the twisted and the silent
And the impaired
And a man calls each week to inspect our rooms
In Gothic rooms