

So we begin how we will end; these lights so bright
Our eyes are opening taking the welcoming world.
We're swimming in circles.
I found my lover in bed with a dead man
Giving satisfaction as only the dead can.

Pull out his needs of dust and debris;
Madonna is weeping and staining the sheets

Red curtains hide blackened hearts
Hide White Russian confessions
Hide velveteen flattery
Hide the hedonistic sessions

We hide behind
We hide inside