

This Glass House

Christian Death

In this glass house
he whispers "love"
how many times can I sit through
the "end of the world"
he lays his head dumb on my mouth
he left my body breaking backs
his heat betrays me
but I need feelings and cures

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Once in a life time
once over there
he stood in doorways
he stood on the edge
his point of view was fever
on a thread of light
my point of view was shaken
he took my mind

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Please, don't disturb me
wrapping me in clean white sheets
Cause I've got his filthy hands to cover me
leave our room
like, desires, untouched
we're sons of savages
we're sons of dust

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