

Soft Hell

Closure in Moscow

All my roads are wet with tears and paved with regret
You said you've forgiven all the cruel things I've said
So I'm asking Mother Mary
Hold me close when I can't sleep
Safe in her arms, wasting away
Living in the soft hell that I make

(I'm out of control)

Nowhere to go when you're away
Living in the soft hell that I make

My baby won't look at me
I hear the bell toll

Time and time again I'd burn away the life we tried to make
Still, your loving eyes gazed down on me there in the flame
So hold me Mother Mary
I'm so tired but I can't sleep
Under my moon in retrograde
Living in the soft hell that I make

I feel like I'm dreaming all the time
I played out the scenes inside my mind

Baby, look at me
I hear the bell toll
My baby won't look at me
Baby, look at me

Living in the soft hell that I make
I feel like I'm dreaming all the time
I played out the scenes inside my mind