

Gaslight

Emilie Autumn

The wheels are turning
Broken machinery
It grinds below us
And all around I see
The crooked ceiling
The old familiar halls
The dirty paper
That's covering the walls
The shattered staircase
The bed I'm bleeding in
We've tried to fight this
But we can never win

And in the gaslight that brings both life and death
If it's like last night this could be my last breath
And so I hold tight to any hands I see
But nothing's alright they're always watching me
And no one's coming, coming to take me home
And no one's coming, coming to take me home

He takes my picture
Although I don't know why
His hands are shaking
Although I see him try
To look collected
He thinks it doesn't show
We are connected
But what he doesn't know
Is when the guard comes
To take me away
I will be tortured
Until the break of day

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He's at the window
He's always looking down
As we are beaten
How can this fucking town
Not know what's happening
To all their little girls
They've got the Pirate
They're cutting off her curls
And she is screaming
They won't leave her alone
And I am dreaming
Of joys I've never known

At least I'm breathing
At least I have my wits
But when the cart comes
Who's buried in the pits

Below my window
I hear a horse go by
And in the next cell
An inmate starts to cry
We try our best though
To quiet down the fuss
We know tomorrow
It could be one of us

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