

# I Know Where You Sleep

Emilie Autumn

I know, the sickening thoughts that slither around your head  
I know, the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your bed  
Manipulate me if you can, go on and fool me like your biggest fan

I know, the arrogant pride that poisons the truth you hear  
I know, the bigoted tongue that tears apart all your fears  
Pontificate, you faded star, go on and show them who you really are

You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
You can fake it on stage  
Crawl from your cage  
Search and destroy  
You can kill and depend on it  
I know your tainted flesh  
I know your filthy soul  
I know each trick you played  
Whore you laid  
Dream you stole  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it all  
I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

I know, the illness behind the image that you create  
I know, the tedious need to turn all your love into hate  
You poor pathetic paranoid, is it just me or do you secretly enjoy it?

You can lie to the papers  
(You can lie)  
You can hide from the press  
(You can hide)  
You can fake it on stage  
(Fake)  
Crawl from your cage  
(Crawl)  
Search and destroy  
(Search)  
You can kill and depend on it  
(Kill)  
I know your tainted flesh  
(You can hide)  
I know your filthy soul  
(You can hide)  
I know each trick you played  
(You can fake it if you try)  
Whore you laid  
Dream you stole  
I know the bed in the room in the wall  
In the house where you got what you wanted and ruined it all  
I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep

You play the victim very well  
You build yourself indulgent hell

You wanted someone to understand you  
Well be careful what you wish for because I do  
You've got a fancy turn of phrase  
You set your trap  
You made your plays  
You're so fond of games  
You must never lose  
Funny how the only one in your bed is you

You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)  
You can lie to the papers  
You can hide from the press  
Fake, crawl, search, kill

Oh my god, Oh my god  
I touched you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
God save the queen  
I loved you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
Oh, oh, I fucked you  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down  
I can never live it down

I know the sickening thoughts that slither around your head  
I know the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your - shh! - bed

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I know the secrets that you keep  
I know where you sleep

I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way  
(Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way  
(Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way  
(Your poetry sucks)  
I'm wishing you the best of luck and by the way