

Perfect Dark

Flyte

Red door, back for more
Down the stairs she wanders
She sells dizzy spells
Enough to put me under

Eyes almost closing
Times almost up

By the low moon of a bedroom
Making shadows
In a black out
I'm trapped now
Nothing else matters
When I'm moving through her perfect dark

To bed, tails and heads
Leave the landing light on
Sweet dreams in between
Waking from the siren

Sheets always tangled
Tracing ancient scars

By the low moon of a bedroom
Making shadows
In a black out
I'm trapped now
Nothing else matters
All I see is perfect dark