

# Asylum Master

Happy Rhodes

Oh silent moving chill  
It's looking bleak  
You're not mine to touch and  
I dare not speak  
I need your presence  
Be you dead or alive  
My misery demands  
Your company to survive  
The living, breathing corpse  
Whose shadow rightly  
Before me walks

Only in your eyes lies your soul  
And only in your arms am I whole  
So damn your father for loving your mother  
I curse him  
For now I want no other

The living, breathing corpse  
Whose shadow rightly  
Before me walks

Master of the round walls  
Still my heart  
It only makes my dreams fall apart  
Trap me in your courtyard  
Of broken stone  
Oh it's cold and grey but  
I'll not be alone  
The living, breathing corpse  
Whose shadow rightly  
Before me walks