

Troubled Cells

SubRosa

There, beyond the windowsill
Lies the child that we all dread
An affront to our ease and our lassitude
A thorn in our side
How soon will she die?

Now every road I take, no matter how far
Leads me back here again, convicted by your smile
And every waking dream, and every wasted hour
Seems veined with a disease that I cannot escape

Soft music plays on the gramophone
A fire in the grate, arm around your wife's waist
Warms your crocodile tears
As you think of the child under the cellar stairs
When will she disappear?

If there's no way through for you, there's no way through for me
I refuse the cool gardens, I reject my honored seat
If there's no way through for you, there's no way through for me
I don't need the golden banners, I don't need the vain embrace

Now, every road I take, no matter how far
Leads me back here, convicted by your smile
All is veined with a disease that I cannot escape
For troubled cells do not a healthy body make

There is no greater good if you're trodden underfoot -
There is no greater good.
Paradise is a lie if we have to burn you at the stake to get in
side
Paradise is a lie if you're not by my side