

# Gothic Rooms

## The Astronauts

We all live in Gothic rooms  
Live out our dreams in Gothic rooms  
It's always clean in Gothic rooms  
It's never ending

We have come to sink in Gothic rooms  
Still on the brink in Gothic rooms  
And it's hard to think in Gothic rooms  
Who you're defending

But in the day we're holding hands  
We use in-jokes to make our stand  
But get depressed by the barren land  
And the roots of the soil and the buds and the trees  
And the bills and the dole and the misery  
And the changing of moods and the state of our blooms  
In Gothic rooms

The children sleep in Gothic rooms  
Screams in the night in Gothic rooms  
The gas has filled our Gothic rooms  
But we're still breathing

If I collapse in the night  
Turn my gun to the West  
One last desperate strike  
Against the rich men of zest  
Who take what they like  
And fuck the rest  
So we sit in our rooms  
With the strange and the scared  
And the weird and the twisted and the silent  
And the impaired  
And a man calls each week to inspect our rooms  
In Gothic rooms