

## Boy Eats Drum Machine

### "Il Adore"

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Mother clutches the head of her dying son  
Anger and tears  
So many things to feel  
Sensitive boy good with his hands  
No-one mentions the unmentionable  
But everybody understands  
Here in this cold white room  
Tied up to these machines  
It's hard to imagine him as he used to be  
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen  
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen  
Whirling, swirling, never blue  
How could you go and die  
What a lonely thing to do  
Silence equals death  
This is what they say  
But the anger and the tears  
Do not take the pain away  
How far must it go  
How near must it be  
Before it touches you  
Before it touches me  
Here in this cold white room  
Tied up to these machines  
It's hard to imagine life as it used to be  
Did you ever ask those strangers  
What they're searching for  
Did they laugh and tell you  
They're not really sure  
You were hurt by love  
But still you came right back for more  
Il adore  
Il adore  
Il adore  
Thanks mum

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