

Emilie Autumn

"Gaslight"

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The wheels are turning, broken machinery,
it grinds below us and all around I see
the crooked ceilings, the old familiar halls,
the dirty paper that's covering the walls.

The shattered staircase,
the bed I'm bleeding in,
we've tried to fight this but we can never win.

And in the gaslight that brings both life and death
if it's like the last night this could be my last breath.
And so I hold tight to any hand I see
but nothing's alright, they're always watching me.
And no one's coming, coming to take me home!

He takes my picture although I don't know way,
his hands are shaking although I see him try
to look collected, he thinks it doesn't show,
we are connected but what he doesn't know

Is when the guards come to take me away
I will be tortured until the break of day.
He's at the window, he's always looking down
as we are beaten. How can this fucking town
not know what's happening to all the little girls?
They've got the pirate, they're cutting off her curls

And she is screaming, they won't leave her alone
and I am dreaming of joys I've never known.

At least I'm breathing, at least I have my wits
but when the cart comes,
who's buried in the pits?
Below my window, I hear a horse go by
and in the next cell an inmate starts to cry.

We try our best though to quiet down the fuss.
We know tomorrow it could be one of us.

