

Happy Rhodes "Asylum Master"

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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

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