

Christian Death "This Glass House"

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In this glass house
he whispers love
how many times can I sit through
the end of the world
he lays his head dumb on my mouth
he left my body breaking backs
his heat betrays me
but I need feelings and cures

In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house

Once in a life time
once over there
he stood in doorways
he stood on the edge
his point of view was fever
on a thread of light
my point of view was shaken
he took my mind
In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house

Please, don't disturb me
wrapping me in clean white sheets
Cause I've got his filthy hands to cover me
leave our room
like, desires, untouched
we're sons of savages
we're sons of dust

In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house
In this glass house

