

Matt Goss

"The Key"

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From behind the door, I feel a breeze
A scent of living, that was meant to please me
From behind the door I hear a whisper as
Soft as a picture, carved from water
As I slide the iron plate below the handle
A shaft of light hits me like a million candles
I see the forest, a ballroom, I see an empty street
Like a thousand puzzles ready to complete

I see every colour and colours that aren't invented
I see golden medals that are yet to be presented
For the only time I get pleasure from torment
I cannot touch, I can only see
But the pure desire, to touch the living scent
But to open up the door, I need

I need the key etc.

On statuette, what are you defending

Your marble smile, seems kinda condescending
Don't try the patience of an impatient man
If you can't fight, don't fight a man that can

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I need the key etc.

Pure desire to touch the living scent etc.

I need the key (to fade)

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