

The Damned

"Sanctum Santorum"

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I know its late and I should go to bed

But I can't tear away from the night

It holds the seed of a memory

It's true of you
When I first saw you I realised

The fire burned deep behind your eyes

I knew a kiss would paralyse

It's true from you
Awake in the night to whisper your name

Only silence replies, its answer a sleeping refrain

The moments die but memory stays

Love like a god above us, run our way by

We spin and we climb

To where once sirens cried

And then sometimes angels can be devils too
It's true of you, it's true of you
When shadows no longer fall

And footsteps can't be heard at all

I hear the ghost of a call

It's true from you
Awake in the night to whisper your name

Only silence replies its answer a sleeping refrain

The moments die but memory stays

Reaching for something thats just out of reach

Lost to your lips and drowned in your kiss

The tide of your passion is now but a dream

It's but a dream

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