Mephisto Walz "In The Room That Love Exsists"

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Kiss me asleep on a bed of nails Feel my pain in your dying hands Try to hold back but tears resist In the room that love exists

Tie me down with ropes of your hair Sing to me the song of the throat Try to cry out but tears resist In the room that love exists

When dust becomes dreams
I become quiet
When words become seeds
I become smaller
When dust becomes dreams
I become tired
When words become seeds
I become still

Touch me just there with your tongue the knife
To keep me alive you lay on my skin
You've torn out your eyes but tears resist
In the room that love exists

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