

Morpheus

"Domino"

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I used to say that I wasn't afraid of ghosts
But last night I heard one whispering through the radio.
A voice calling from beyond the crackle and the snow.
The haunting presence, once again, of Domino.

I haven't seen her yet, but I know she's been there:
Lipstick on my cigarettes, a gentle scent of musk in the
Air,
A faint tap of high heels that seems to come from
nowhere
And shadows in the corner of my eye when I turn my
head.

A rustle of cloth, and laughter behind me.
The moon as a smile hanging high, dimly shining.
A photograph on the wall, as some dreary kind of
warning.
A knock on the door, and there's no one there
standing.

I used to say that I wasn't afraid of ghosts
But tonight in this room I'm certain that I'm not alone
And I swear to god I've heard her steps across the
floor.
She's coming to claim what's hers once more.

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