

Taboo

"Il Adore"

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BIG SUE

Mother clutches the head of a dying son
Anger and tears, so many things to feel
Sensitive boy, good with his hands
No one mentions the unmentionable
But everybody understands
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine him as he used to be
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen
Whirling, swirling, never blue
How could you go and die, what a lonely thing to do
Silence equals death, this is what they say
But the anger and the tears do not take their pain away
How far must we go, how near must it be

Before it touches you, before it touches me
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine life as it used to be
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen
Whirling, swirling, never blue
How could you go and die, what a selfish thing to do
Did you ever ask those strangers what they're
searching for?
Did they laugh and tell you they're not really sure?
You were hurt by love and still you came right back for
more
Il adore, il adore, il adore...

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