

The New York Room **"Cuts Through The Skin"**

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am I flesh
and am I bone
or am I made
of only sorrow

ashes in the dust
so long alone
exiled in my cage
like water in a stone

cuts through the skin
down to the bone
all of my days they are trances
all of my nights are but dreams
all that you see and believe
all that you whisper I scream

the fires glow
burning cold
too hot to hold
still I cant let go

the darkness grows
swelling slow
showing me the way
taking me home

cuts through the skin
down to the bone
all of my days they are trances
all of my nights are but dreams
all that you see and believe
all that you whisper I scream

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