

## **The New York Room**

### **"Ethereal Gloom"**

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the funeral drum beats on  
when all the feeling is gone  
the curse that you have laid  
these mortal hands have made  
the burning sun will lie  
against the shapeless sky  
then buried in the sand  
buried by your hands  
we will stand in heavens fire  
in flames, eternal flames  
this doom, ethereal gloom  
come into this cage, come into this rage  
come into this fate, come into this hate  
come into this room, come into this gloom  
these mortal hands, this mortal skin  
these mortal thoughts, this mortal sin  
repeat it twice:  
"your words my sacrifice"  
and fall down on your knees  
to cleanse of this disease  
the breaking moments pass  
your body is free at last

your spirit rises high

into the shapeless sky

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