

Old Roger "The Dead of Night"

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The dead of night's here
and I know I shouldn't be here but
the night is hot and
I'm drinking to the end
two saviours come to take me from this place
to soothe the burning in my
throat and upon my face
I shouldn't give my self away
in this state of mind
I find myself begin to drift away
after one look in her eyes

the dead of night
the dead of night

Face on the cold glass
of a window of a taxi cab
I watch the street lights
deliver me to
a new place
where I can burn and then fulfill my dark desire
my dark desire
encompasses my vision
i've been struck by a new taste of something sinister
and cruel
gripped by
instinctual urge to save my life
from this dust I will not rise
this time

the dead of night
the dead of night

and what I saw
eyes staring at me through the dust

and what I saw
light blurring colours into visions
I've seen enough, seen enough, seen enough
hiding in shadows from these wicked vindications
I said enough, said enough, said enough
just what i saw

make it stop, make it stop, make stop
and what i saw
I said enough, said enough, said enough
this time

the dead of night's here
and I know I shouldn't be here but
the night is cold now
don't think I see an end

the dead of night's here
and I know I shouldn't be here but
the night is cold now
I'm searching for an end

the dead of night's here
and I know I shouldn't be here but
the night is cold now
don't think I see an end

the dead of night's here
and I know I shouldn't be here but
the night is cold now
cold now

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