

Susanne Sundfor

"The Brothel"

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Purple pavements
Crooked fingers knocking on windows without souls
Bodies are swinging from rooftops and poles
Howling through hollows
Restless nights in one night cheap hotels
Oh, I'm only drifting to always come back

And I search for something
Oh, whatever I don't really care
Driving with their lights off they can be anywhere
Rolling down their windows
Open car with open mouths
Golden teeth and golden cards

You cover your eyes, you cover your mouth, you cover
your ears
Still you follow my trail
I'll do it all, I'll do whatever you say, God has left me
anyway

Lava laiden pavements
Stars with stains and the heaven and afterglow
Beneath the ashes our echoes are buried alive
They are howling through hollows
Once we've shared their temple of halls
Now our heads are hung up on walls

We are ruins within ruins
On every corner a gladiator is begging for another
century
When no one cut your tongue to know nothing and to
know it all
To be both the animal and god

You cover your eyes, you cover your mouth, you cover
your ears
Still you follow our trail
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left
us anyway
You cover your eyes, you cover your mouth, you cover
your ears

Still you follow our trail
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left
us anyway

There are echoes in the garden is anybody listening
There are echoes lost in the garden is anybody
listening
They whisper:
The ones who are only living are the ones who are only
dying

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