

Haunted, The "The Medusa"

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She is a saint
Her womb is a place of rejection
She washes her perfect skin quietly
And hates me for being real

Kill the lights and listen for noises to give you away
Sanctuary [x3]
I need a place where I can feel...

[John James Hewitt (1931-1969) The Orchard:]
"It feels like we're all locked up in little cages"
"The ceiling is closing in, and the walls...
The walls are closing in - Can't you feel that?"

I will turn my eyes away
I will not turn into stone
No more accusations and lies

She's spreading her self
Flesh giving away to flesh
I watch her bones
I'm being eaten alive

Remove the eyes
Remove the eyes
Remove the intentions and kill the light

Her love is a blinding line of fire to where I stand
Her love is as cold as her desire
I'll never be free

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