

## The Icicle Works

### "A Factory In The Desert"

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(McNabb)

It rolls in like a cold wind,  
It fills me up with fear,  
The icy fingers clutch me,  
With each motion that I hear,  
Though dilligence caress me,  
Deliverence unfold,  
The distant bells are ringing,  
In a small town in my soul

Chorus: Dream up, dream up,  
Let me fill your cup,  
I promise you the world  
I promise you the world,  
I'll love you as a factory in the desert

While trying to obsess me,  
Her confidence falls down,  
I hav to steal this moment to,  
Observe her wistful frown,  
But her logic is a jungle,  
Insecurity roams wild,  
The laughter's ever present,  
In the camp of the beguiled.

Repeat Chorus

Come to me, come to me, come to me,

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