

Paris Burning

"Come Home"

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there's a sound that draws her on
as she climbs the twisted stair
echoing with laughter
she knows that someone's there

and she hasn't seen them in a long time
but the shadows know her name
and they're calling for her again

she draws aside the curtains
and sees what they have done
the candles all still burning
and the circle on the floor
the silence breathes a whispered word
the dagger shines so bright
burning in the corner
as she dances through the night

and she hasn't been here in a long time
but the shadows play her game
and they're laughing with her again
she's come home

she feels a hand caress her hair
feels the cold along her spine
playing to her fancies
as she pours a cup of wine
she sits and stares at nothing
as the dawn burns through the room
scattering the shadows
as it kills the friendly gloom

and she hasn't been here in a long time
but the shadows play her game
and they're laughing with her again
she's come home

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