

# Lydia Lunch, Lock your door

I would not like to not know  
lock your door  
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lock your door  
Shut up and die  
I wish it was me  
prisoner of my own demise  
Kiss the bride and make her cry  
roll over and die  
bye bye baby bye bye  
I could almost cry like tears of blood  
and slowly it evaporates  
sometime to true the moment passes  
like dawn to dusk  
like rust to ashes  
inside torn down  
the soul the walls  
the hallowed bodied evening sprawls  
across the rock across the dark  
I could....  
I could almost cry like tears of blood  
and slowly it evaporates  
without a trace without a scar  
sometimes too blue  
the moment passes  
overhead, so undetected  
without default, with no perfection  
I could close my eyes and sleep forever  
locked inside this secret silence  
whisper deep inside my head  
slow motion sick  
until tomorrow  
rewind, erase and nothing remains  
the way that nothing ever does  
every face is familiar in the dark