

43rd Floor

Project Pitchfork

43rd floor
In his room alone
He is scared
But this is home

43rd floor
He looks at his toys
Behind that door
Was again a noise

43rd floor
In the night
It's three o'clock
That's the time they fight

43rd floor
The toys are alive
They protected him
A puppet still holds the knife

43rd floor
His soul is sore
But nobody hurts him
Nevermore

43rd floor
What a tragic demis
Blood on the carpet
Encloses the flies

43rd floor
No sound at all
A bizarre still-life
With blood on the wall

43rd floor
In the seventh week
They gnaw the rests
Of a corpse's cheek

In the next room
Sit the remains
And the beasts
Are catching flames
A fire slowly
Burns the scene
It turns to dust
Forever unseen

The smoke creeps
Under the front door
And keeps the secret
Of the 43rd floor