

Of Fear And Total Control

War from a Harlots Mouth

From shelter to shelter you roam,
wishing you could find yourself a home.
It's not this house, it's me & you.

& while you obsess over the dark,
I obsess over you.

Where ever you are trying to hide,
I am already there.

Clandestine, these eyes are eating you alive.
Every single bite leaves a mark.
These eyes, like teeth they grind.

Did you do something wrong?
There are doubts in your mind.
The truth is that in this world,
sanity is hard to find.

I know that I am the one who's insane.
About you they say the same.