

I called you on the telephone 'cause I was lonely  
I called you up just to hear you  
Your eyes I know are a cold, cold blue  
Pale whit skin dead like a mannequin  
Seem to fade

Looking and not wanting to come up to date  
Like a broken clock  
The hand is still  
Through the pain I was watching as sound hit my ears  
We don't fit anymore  
We don't fit anymore  
Not the same  
Not the same  
Not the same, same, same

Ripped up in the shadows  
Over and over again

I remember before as your mouth  
It touched my face  
Small hands grabbing me

Trapped in my thoughts  
You repeating like a machine gun  
Phantasmagoria  
The times pelting me  
Pelting me  
Ripped up in the shadows  
Over and over again

Over and over again  
Over and over again