

The Brothel

Susanne Sundfør

Purple pavement
Crookfingers knocking on windows without souls
Bodies are swinging from rooftops and poles
Howling through hollows
Restless nights and one night cheap hotels
Oh, I'm only drifting to always come back

And I search for something
Oh, whatever I don't really care
Driving with their lights off they can be anywhere
Rolling down their windows
Open card with open mouths
Golden teeth and golden cars

You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your
ears
Still you follow my trail
I'll do it all, I'll do whatever you say, God has left me anywa
y

Love I laid in payment
Stars with stains and heaven and afterglow
Beneath the ashes of echoes buried alive
They are howling through hollows
Once we share their temple of our arms
Now our heads are hung up on walls

We are ruins within ruins
On every corner a gladiator is begging for another century
When no one cut your tongue to know nothing and to know it all
To be both the animal and god

You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your
ears
Still you follow our trail
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left us any
way
You call me your eyes, you call me your mouth, you call me your
ears
Still you follow our trail
We'll do it all, we'll do whatever you say, God has left us any
way

There are echoes in the garden is anybody listening
There are echoes lost in the garden is anybody listening
They whisper:

The ones who are only living are the ones who are only dying