

A Factory In The Desert

The Icicle Works

(McNabb)

It rolls in like a cold wind,
It fills me up with fear,
The icy fingers clutch me,
With each motion that I hear,
Though dilligence caress me,
Deliverence unfold,
The distant bells are ringing,
In a small town in my soul
Chorus: Dream up, dream up,
Let me fill your cup,
I promise you the world
I promise you the world,
I'll love you as a factory in the desert
While trying to obsess me,
Her confidence falls down,
I hav to steal this moment to,
Observe her wistful frown,
But her logic is a jungle,
Insecurity roams wild,
The laughter's ever present,
In the camp of the beguiled.
Repeat Chorus
Come to me, come to me, come to me,