

Sacred Heart

Torture Garden

Some day Chris will quit his desk job Leave the rat
race far behind
Until then he'll scrape existence
In this prison we've designed
As the voice whispers in his ear
On a sphere of sleeping beauty
Trapped beneath still icy wastes
Sacred hearts don't make a sound
Smile is frozen onto face
Cold routines of sterile duty
Blight the lives of living death
Some day Jo will flee the city
Find life in the countryside
Until then she'll choke on fumes
And the bitterness inside
As the voice whispers in her ear
On a sphere of sleeping beauty
Trapped beneath still icy wastes
Sacred hearts don't make a sound
Smile is frozen onto face

Cold routines of sterile duty
Blight the lives of living death
Some day Paul will call the girl
Who could help him with his mind
Until then he'll prowl dark entries
Paying forty pounds a time
As the voice whispers in his ear
On a sphere of sleeping beauty
Trapped beneath still icy wastes
Sacred hearts don't make a sound
Smile is frozen onto face
Cold routines of sterile duty
Blight the lives of living death
We put on blank facades
Dressed in white at our own wake
Regrets buzz like drunk corpse flies
Then hatch out larvae in sad sighs
I am so truly very sorry
But she's gone to a better place
There's no more tears for you my dear
Pleasure forever in the sky