# Duran Duran, Winter Marches On

The trade's on.
She drains emotion
To drink from her breast of fortune.
Dreams have frozen crystal in the morning.
Birth time rose;
A thorn for coronation.

All arise from your rest.
We will find enough there to feed you.
Soon you'll belong to the blest.
Spare us your lives while we need you.

Loud is the music the crowd is bringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on.
Loud is the music. The sky is ringing.
Out of my head as the winter marches on.

Loud is the music the crowd is bringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on.
Loud is the music. The sky is ringing.
Out of my head as the winter marches on.

And on.
Winter marches on.