

Moonspell, Dekadence

Tomorrow will you wake up ?
and instead of eyes we will be born with blindfolds
Tomorrow will I wake up ?
and from my mouth will flee a song
Tomorrow I will wake up
with this strange need of not to belong
Tomorrow I will wake up
just to copy whatever is wrong
Tomorrow I will wake up
in a cage of perfect gold
Tomorrow, will I wake up?
hope in tongue, golden song
Tomorrow I will wake up
with an innate appetite
to be just one of yours
Tomorrow I will wake up
and try everything not to be alone
Tomorrow will I wake up ?
and try everything to be alone
Incise, open wide from the inside
cast out, see what is still left of live
Secure for me the status of a prime suspect
Tying the hands of a blindman
Teaching the colours to a blindman
and ask him to react, and ask him to react
Tomorrow I will finally feel
a natural will of being artificial
into Decadance with elegance.