

Psychotic Waltz, Strange

your order is your anarchy
your violence your peace
your gospel is your blasphemy
your famine is your feast
destruction is your architect
your woman and your priest
I fear your falling sanctuary's
soon to be your beast
I believe in something strange

the prophecies are closing in
upon us one by one
the angels of the seven churches
maiden of the sun
silent lay the gentle lamb
the prayer and the gun
I believe the gates above
are closed to everyone
I believe in something strange

Prophets and angels fall from the altar
weak is the grip of the hand of the brave
pray for the bleeding that lie in the shatters
pray for the dying that lie in their graves

submission through guilt and fear
is not what I had in mind
and my blood has run far too thin
among the hands of you all
and I'm afraid I have nothing
left for you

a symphony of tragedy
awakes a watchful eye
a serenade of agony
pours down from the sky
the dancers of catastrophe
go quickly spinning by
I begin to understand
the simple reason why
I believe in something strange

strange this song of mine