

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, This Was Built

This is something to gasp about
It's her glamour that he's tearing at
He is filth, he is dirty.
And she loves it.
Just keep your face down
And don't look out
It's not love that your after now
You are triumph
You are glory
You are the party

Here is your moment to shine
Don't you feel important
here is your revolution
Start Stop Dance

With every beat of the drum she frowns
She makes her way through the grinding crowd
To finish off what she started in his pocket
Just keep your face down
And don't look out
It's not love that your after now
You are triumph and glory, the party.
But I know what you'll say
The does not mean a god damn thing to me
But I think this should be the last fucking word you say to me

Break away from the crowd to celebrate
Soldiers dance the night away
Soldiers dance too.