

# Senses Fail, Chandelier

This head is haunted by a chorus in the sky  
The voices aren't mine  
I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes  
They're crawling up my spine  
They bloom at midnight in the middle of the moonlight

Strike a match!  
Light the chandelier!  
This bedroom is a ballroom now  
Strike the band and make the dead dance  
This room is filled with corpses in costumes

My guests dress in black and blue  
I raise a toast to the few  
The orchids are in bloom  
There's a dead note in the choir of the garden  
The sun will kiss the gloom  
The warden's giving pardons soon

Strike a match!  
Light the chandelier!  
This bedroom is a ballroom now  
Strike the band and make the dead dance  
This room is filled with corpses in costumes  
Strike the band and make the dead dance  
(I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes)  
Strike the band and dance, dance.

This is your last night.  
Do you believe in what you write?  
We open the sky and we hope you see light.

Strike a match!  
Light the chandelier!  
This bedroom is a ballroom now  
Strike the band and make the dead dance  
This room is filled with corpses in costumes  
Strike the band and make the dead dance  
(I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes)  
Strike the band and dance, dance  
(This room is filled with corpses in costumes)