

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)