

Clutch, Bacchanal

Temptation of Indulgence
Divides and conquers my mind
An elegy for fading youth
Welcome to mankind

If you provide the spleen
Then I'll provide the ideal
If I provide a puppet
Will you provide the strings?

Revel in the glory
Of a coming of age
Decades of suppression
Released in a rage

Have mercy

How can I seize the day when it is dusk?
You provide the pull, and I'll provide the thrust
Romance is nothing but a sack of lies
But it is truth which I have come to despise

Bacchanal

If I provide the scene
Will you provide the ordeal?
If I provide a crown
Will you provide a queen?