

# Nocturne, Monarch

He waits and watches, eyes wide open  
Muscles tensed, skin cold, body locked and frozen  
Waiting and watching, hands tied by some unknown fear  
Clenched hands, shaking, until the apparition appears

You've opened doors  
Sold your soul  
You've opened doors  
Sold your soul  
You've opened doors to sovereign pain

(Sold your soul for political gain)  
Mercy forgotten and soldiers are marching  
Tension is twisting in your mind  
Grey skies are calling for torpor in your life

Exiled from paradise; again  
As we dance a bloody waltz...

As we dance a bloody waltz...

Convulsive marionettes, dancing, held by knotted string  
Tangled within discount politics and toxic streams  
As we dance a bloody waltz