

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