

Soft Cell, Caligula Syndrome

I want to see you crawl
As I drive by in my big black car
With police outriders
And a hundred guards
Looking drop dead gorgeous
Dressed up to the nines
In the skins of several species
In decline
As I set fire to your houses
And your cars
I'll be dancing like a dervish
In the sparks

Is this what true power feels like?
Racing round my veins
Like a motorbike
It's the fall of Rome
My Caligula syndrome
It's the fall of Rome
My Caligula syndrome

I'll display you in my game show
On TV
Called 'Humiliation
And Hypocrisy'
Throw an orgy for the dissolute
And the damned
Every kind of deviation
On demand
So worship me
And fall down on your knees
Or I'll unleash another
Chemical disease

Is this what true power feels like?
Racing round my veins
Like a motorbike
It's the fall of Rome
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Have I become just a little deranged?
While you're crawling on your hands and knees
Like slaves
Am I still desirable?
You're ever so destructible
Do you think this party's ever going to end?
Dance with me
While our city is burning
Won't you dance with me
While our empire is falling
Like Nero let's make music to the
Fires of Rome

It's my Caligula syndrome
My Caligula syndrome