

# Symphony In Peril, Revolving Door Romance

I see them coming, in one door and out another.  
They sit and watch your slick hair and shiny shoes.  
You may have a golden tongue, but your offers are hopeless.  
We have seen this all before.  
Give me more. Give me more.  
It would be nice to see someone with love in their eyes and truth in their intentions.  
Up there you seem untouchable, but you're a rapist.  
Nothing more than a conductor of the revolving doors.  
Go ahead and romance some more.  
Lead them into the slaughter.  
We see you sitting behind your corporate desk counting the profits  
with the door revolving evermore.  
Line up the young.  
Line up the young for the revolving door romance.  
This will be their end.