

The Church, Chromium

Silver needles
Golden eagles
Frightened faces
Basket cases
Jags and riches
Queens and witches
Electric mantras
And tight-fitting dreams

Never been so high
Never been so low
Never been so high

Gilded flowers
Long-lost hours
Morning programs
With fake suntans
Neo-maniac in the cul-de-sac
Otherwise it's this ennui

Chromium platin'
All this waiting brings me down
Suffocatin'
All those colors bring me around

Broken records
Faded labels
Songs to sing to
When you were young
A tattooed pierced arm
Fresh and perfumed
Switch your prison
Fly away

And jewels on your fingers
Tears in your dresses
Fabulous mansions
And damp little rooms
This one intrigued me
This one will grow
Purity sleeping
Reality looms