

Vogue

"Howl of Hounds"

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Running through the glass in my melting aviary.
Swimming through the stars in my sunken observatory.
Every single man that ever walked this earth had a tale
to tell.
And please don't take me as a joke, my friend...
Oh my desperation.
My ruthless end.

Girl... my crystalline towers wilting and black.
Black and wilting.
How I loved to feed the birds,
Oh the ravens every Sunday.

And boy, these roads once paved in gold,
Glazed over with the features of mangled doves.

Blizzard came, the parrots froze and stiffened into
glass.
When the firestorm blazed, feathers dripped down and
melted to the ground.
When the blizzard came, the parrots froze and
stiffened into glass.
When the firestorm blazed feathers, dripped down and
melted to the ground.

When the wild did blow the colors dripped dropped
from the clocks
Across the ruins of this palace.
When the roses did grow, they blossomed in the black
and white.
When the wild did blow the colors dripped dropped
from the clocks
Across the ruins of this palace.
When the roses did grow, they blossomed in the black
and white.

So I'll run down to a garden of dull roses smiling at the
storm like hungry vampires.
And I'll lay down in the dirt and try to die like I should
while this paradise crumbles around me.

Well oh, everything is dark all around.
The stars do froth and scream their pleas in foreign
tongues.
And these eyes close and wait for mercy.
And then the constellations stop breathing
And the pulse of the planets stop pumping.

This sky may rot off it's rusty bones
But I'll live to walk another century.
Alone.

Alone. Alone. Alone. Alone.
Alone. Alone. Alone. Alone.

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