

Bodies Without Organs

"Marrakech"

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Mon jardin marocain
Mon jardin marocain

I have been to places everywhere
Looking for a site of sweet despair
Now I've found my thunderdome
The place that I call home
Welcome to my secret masquerade
Underneath the cover queen of spades
Always in a dress to kill
Pure luxury at will

Marrakech passion in the kasbah
Marrakech midnight of the mods
Marrakech fashion everlasting
Marrakech twilight of the gods

Paris and Berlin have lost their shine
Bangkok and New York they've all been mine
They were only love for sale
Beneath the shine so pale
Basking in the light of desert stars
Listen to the drums from the bazaar
Luring for a chance to sway
To dance the night away

Marrakech passion in the kasbah
Marrakech midnight of the mods
Marrakech fashion everlasting
Marrakech twilight of the gods

Come to my Moroccan garden
And witness the flowers of death
Dance with the reptiles
On the graves of bodies without organs

Can you hear the whisper in the wind
Heating up your senses from within
Welcome to my thunderdome
The place that I call home

Marrakech passion in the kasbah
Marrakech midnight of the mods
Marrakech fashion everlasting
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