

Clutch "Bacchanal"

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Temptation of indulgence
Divides and conquers my mind
An elegy for fading youth
Welcome to mankind

If you provide the spleen
Then I'll provide the ideal
If I provide a puppet
Will you provide the strings?

Revel in the glory
Of a coming of age
Decades of suppression
Released in a rage
Have mercy

How can I seize the day when it is dusk?
You provide the pull and I'll provide the thrust
Romance is nothing but a sack of lies
But it is truth which I have come to despise
Bacchanal

If I provide the scene
Will you provide the ordeal?
If I provide a crown
Will you provide a queen?

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