

Muse "Glorious"

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Rose-tinted view
And satellites that compromise the truth
I wanted more
With the cuts and the bruises
Touch my face
A hopeless embrace

Faith, it drives me away
But it turns me on
Like a strangers love
It rockets through the universe
It fuels the lies, it feeds the curse
We too could be
Glorious
I need to believe
But I still want more
With the cuts and the bruises
Don't close the door
On what you adore

Faith, it drives me away
But it turns me on
Like a strangers love
It rockets through the universe
It fuels the lies, it feeds the curse
we too could be
Glorious

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