

Crucified

"Ballrooms Of Mars"

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You're gonna look fine
You're primed for dancing
You're gonna trip and glide
All over the trembling planes
Your diamond hands
Will be stacked with roses
And the wind and cars
And people of the past

I'll call you thing
Just when the moon sings
And place your things you stole
Upon every star
And gripped in the arms
Of the changeless madman and
We'll dance our lives away
In the Ballrooms of Mars

You talk about day
I'm talkin 'bout night time
When monsters call out
The names of men
Bob Dylan knows
And I bet Alan Freed did
There are things at night
That are better not to behold

You dance
With your lizard leather boots on
And pull the strings
That change the faces of men
You diamond browed hag
You're a gutter- gaunt gangster
John Lennon knows your name
And I've seen him
I've seen him

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