

Severed Heads "Host Of Quadrille"

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Hot on the heels of '78 / The wailing dance of the
cardiac rate
Break out lungs in ecstasy / the gross physique of
devilry says,
"Oh! When they play the music too slow
My heart falls into the cold / and the ice has come
again!"
Take my future, take my hand / Take a turn in the
promised land
Host of quadrille, heel of fire / spirals down the
steepest spire
The spiral of hope and the noose of the rope and the
draw of the blade

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