

Dead Can Dance

"The End of Words"

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Murderer!
Man of fire.

Murderer!
I've seen the eyes of living dead.
It's the same game - survival.
The great mass play a waiting game.
Embalmed, crippled, dying in fear of pain.
All sense of freedom gone.

Black sun in a white world.
Like having a black sun in a white world.

I have a son,
His name is Eden.
It's his birthright,
Beyond estranged time.

Give me 69 years,
Another season in this hell.
It's all sex and death as far as I can tell.

Like Prometheus we are bound,
Chained to this rock of a brave new world,
Our godforsaken lot.
And I feel that's all we've ever needed to know,
'Til worlds end and the seas run cold.

Give me 69 years,
Another season in this hell.
There is sex and death
In mother nature's plans.

Like Prometheus we are bound,
Chained to this rock of a brave new world,
Our godforsaken lot.

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