

## Deathstars "Death In Vogue"

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The masquerade is a show for the starcrowds  
It's death in vogue in saturnalian nights  
The heart we share is a virus in our chests  
A black piece filled with darkness and dead meat

Now our hearts beat on  
The black is back in the deep  
I see a million of nations  
In blank and hot leather

This black syndicate is a burning ballroom  
Dirt, drinks and pills and Gucci drenched in blood  
The flag we raise is held for the dead dolls  
So now we'll watch all angels parade in black uniforms

Now our hearts beat on  
The black is back in the deep  
I see a million of nations  
In blank and hot leather

Puppets without strings  
Now Join the show  
Demons without wings  
We are death in Vogue

Ten tons of lungs roar into the black vault  
It's disease, glam and champagne filled with nails  
The syndrome is sucked into white bloodcells  
And we march as vamps and wolves on red human oil

The faceless ones  
The leather swept ones that bring hate in tons  
The faceless ones  
The subversion of laws through the rule of guns

Here they come as the models and machines  
And see the dolls twist inside of their dreams  
I see the puppets whisper with manic tongues  
Feel it, scream it out from the top of your lounges!

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