

## Mis-teeq

### "Pirouetting Through The Gloom"

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Then I die in a crimson world from behind  
Praise my defunct soul to the highest sky

Pirouetting through the gloom, God guides my Acts  
As an angel tempted by  
The lust for the deformed  
Lashing out the depths of a being  
Lapsed from the azure, fallen  
Into the slough, where no eyes can penetrate  
As a soul under a spell  
Futilely searching for pleasure, in vain

Then I die in a crimson world from behind  
Praise my defunct soul to the highest sky  
Above the lights of loneliness, my tears flow out of my  
eyes  
As the blood of Christ stains my hands

Caught in a crystal conquest  
Seeking for the pearls of life  
Plain emblems of a luxurious fate

Sombre and lucid exchange  
In a heart that has become it's own mirror  
A well of truth, clear though black, a torch of grace

Drink the chalice  
Raise our flag to the livid star, an invincible reflection  
of bizarre

Caught in a crystal conquest  
Seeking for the pearls of life  
Tremble, livid star!  
Resound, immortal drums of the bizarre

Sombre and lucid exchange  
In a heart that has become opaque  
A well of truth, clear though black, a torch of light

Tremble, livid star!  
Resound, immortal drums of bizarre

Pirouetting through the gloom, God guides my Acts.  
As an angel tempted by  
The lust for the deformed  
Lashing out the depths of a being  
Lapsed from the azure, fallen  
Into the slough, where no eyes can penetrate  
As a soul under a spell  
Futilely searching for pleasure, in vain

Our consciousness in evil  
Pirouetting through the gloom  
Our consciousness in evil  
Evil

Pirouetting through the gloom,  
Our consciousness in evil  
Our consciousness in evil

Pirouetting through the gloom, God guides my Acts  
As an angel tempted by  
The lust for the deformed  
Lashing out the depths of a being  
Lapsed from the azure, fallen  
Let my body wither away  
Scarlet will acrimoniously wrap my enigma  
A last elevation until I die  
Farewell to heartlessness

Then I die in a crimson world from behind  
Praise my defunct soul to the highest sky  
Above the lights of loneliness, my tears flow out of my  
eyes  
As the blood of Christ stain my hands

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