

Moonspell "Dekadance"

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Tomorrow will (you) I wake up?
And instead of eyes we will be born with blindfolds
Tomorrow will you (I) wake up?
And from my mouth will flee a song

Tomorrow I will wake up
With this strange need of not to belong
Tomorrow I will wake up
Just to copy whatever is wrong

Tomorrow I will wake up
In a cage of perfect gold
Tomorrow, will I wake up?
Hope in tongue, golden song

Tomorrow, I will wake up
With an innate appetite
(to be one of yours)
To be just one of yours

Tomorrow I will wake up
And try everything not to be alone
Tomorrow will I wake up?
And try everything to be alone

Incise, open wide from the inside
Cast out, see what is still left of (life) live
Secure for me the status of a prime suspect
Tying the hands of a blindman
Teaching the colours to a blindman
And ask him to react, and ask him to react

Tomorrow I will finally feel
A natural (natural) will
Of being artificial

(Tomorrow i will feel)

Into
Decadance
With
Elegance.

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