

Alcazar "Tears Of A Clone"

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A room with a hundred men The design of a perfect blend Identical strains of code Dressed up in the fashion mode

The air I breathe
The blood that moves
My heart to mend
I cry

The tears of a clone The tears of a clone The tears of a clone The tears of a clone

The mind of a mannequin The look of the perfect twin This army of confidence Is an army of no defense

The air I breathe
The blood that moves
My heart to mend
I cry

The tears of a clone The tears of a clone The tears of a clone The tears of a clone

The air that I breathe
The blood that moves me
One broken heart mend
The self I defend

The air that I breathe
The blood that moves me
One broken heart mend
The self I must defend

I walk through a no man's land Come lend me your creating hand How I crave for identity Come lend me your fantasy

The air I breathe
The blood that moves
My heart to mend
I cry

The tears of a clone

The tears of a clone (The tears, the tears of a clone) The tears of a clone (The tears, the tears of a clone)

The tears of a clone (The tears, the tears of a clone) The tears of a clone (The tears, the tears of a clone)

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The tears, the tears of a clone The tears, the tears of a clone The tears, the tears of a clone The tears, the tears of a clone

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