

Damned Spirits' Dance "Fake"

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All, what's peaceful and pleasant
Stabbing the mind
Crowded spaces affecting
Facing the mirror with time

Show me more of the cynic
Flashing delight
Clouded minds do the panic
Colours are shifting to white

Sweet harmony pretended
Open your eyes
The body and the soul are infected
Echoes are killing around

Love is in the air!
Je voudrais la faire...
Love is in the air!
Everybody dancin'...

I think you're all the same
I tried to love you all
Now I'm here again
And I've lost control

I find it all insane
You and I, we know
We're floating down the strain
You tell me where I go

I think you ought to leave
The one who's never sure
I want us to turn pure

I think you ought to break
The one who has no heart
I think you should call me a fake

I want to muten your throat with my joy shot to kill
New life won't born on your lips, love steals urges to
Thrill
Tu ne m'aides changer le passÃ© en or... no more.

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