

Fear Cult

"Drop Dead"

Visit "[Drop Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With midnight hair of the bluest black
Shimmering like the raven's back
A quaint cliché with a pretty face
An angel born to fall from grace

Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead
Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead

Now stumbling through the modern gloom
So alone in a crowded room
Found comfort in the chemicals
That reap the life and steal the souls

Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead
Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead {x2}

Drop dead

All innocence is lost tonight
Beneath the heat and flashing lights
Innocence is lost tonight
On crystal meth and china white

Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead
Drop dead on the dance floor
Drop dead {x2}

Thanks to Miss Cryptina

Visit [Fear Cult](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.