

Merchant Natalie

"When They Ring the Golden Bells"

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Remember how it all began
The apple and the fall of man
The price we paid
So the people say
Down the path of shame and let us dare
To bite the hand that fed us
Fairy tale, the moral end
Wheel of fortune, never turns again
Never turns again
The worst of it has come and gone
In the chaos of millennium
And the falling out
Of the doomsday crowd
Their last retreat is moving slow
They burn their bridges as they go
The heretic is beautified
Teach the harlot's child to smile
Rocked again by indecision
Should we make that small incision
Testify, to the bleeding heart inside
We cut, we scratched
We ran, and we slashed
And when he opened up at last
Found a cul de sac
Deepened black
Of smoke and ash
Deepened black
Smoke and ash
The wicked king of parody
Is kissing all his enemies
On the seventh day
On the seventh week
The tyrant's voice has softened now
But just for one forgiving hour
Before the rise of his
Iron fist again
Fist again
I've come tonight
I've come to know
The way we are the way we'll go
And to measure this

The width of the wide abyss
I've come to you in restless sleep
Were all your dreams turned bitter sweet
With voodoo doll philosophies
Day gloy holy trinities
The wicked raft that leaves the shore
Of ferries drunken souls a board
Pilgrims march to Compostela
Of visions of their saint in yellow
Follow deep in trance
Lost in a catatonic dance
Know no future
Damn the past
Blind war, ecstatic
To save their lives

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