

Toya

"Marionette"

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Twisted strangers
Have gone to war
Oxygen drunk
Fall bleeding to the floor
Glass eyed creatures
Fragmented features
Piecing together
Fallen warriors
A revolution
For the maiden queen
(And I can see)
Sherwood Forest
Or an African scene

The Marionette
She has velvet claws
She pulls the strings
In this city of whores
The Marionette pulls the strings
You say ?yes?
You bend, she wins
The Marionette pulls the strings
Pulls and pulls
'Til your spirit gives in

Gruelling hot sweat
In the land of a whore
Oh, will this be war?
Oh, will this be war?
The knave and the pawn
Ripen the whore
With bastard sons
Her brats of law
The hawk and the falcon
Swoop to blind their eyes
The reaper, she laughs
She chokes, she cries

The Marionette pulls the strings
You say ?yes?
You bend, she wins

The Marionette pulls the strings
Pulls and pulls
'Til your spirit gives in

Foaming white horses
Cracking their sinews
For the Maidens of Troy
The bell tower falls
Pouring to the floor
Whoa, love and death,
A climax all in all
Medieval shores and madrigals
Her velvet claws
Pull you with passion to her floor
In the cathedral
Her children sing
In the cathedral
The pendulum swings

The Marionette pulls the strings
You say ?yes?
You bend, she wins
The Marionette pulls the strings
Pulls and pulls
'Til your spirit gives in
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