

Death in Vogue

Deathstars

The masquerade is a show for the starcrowds
It's death in vogue in saturnalian nights
The heart we share is a virus in our chests
A black piece filled with darkness and dead meat

Now our hearts beat on
The black is back in the deep
I see a million of nations
In blank and hot leather...

This black syndicate is a burning ballroom
Dirt, drinks and pills and Gucci drenched in blood
The flag we raise is held for the dead dolls
So now we'll watch all angels parade in black uniforms

Now our hearts beat on
The black is back in the deep
I see a million of nations
In blank and hot leather

Puppets without strings
Now Join the show
Demons without wings
We are death in Vogue

Ten tons of lungs roar into the black vault
It's disease, glam and champagne filled with nails
The syndrome is sucked into white bloodcells
And we march as vamps and wolves on red human oil

The faceless ones...
The leather swept ones that bring hate in tons
The faceless ones...
The subversion of laws through the rule of guns

Here they come as the models and machines
And see the dolls twist inside of their dreams
I see the puppets whisper with manic tongues
Feel it, scream it out from the top of your lunges!