

Our God the Drugs

Deathstars

I dream...
And the laws of the world breathe cold, weakening to die.
And I watch...
I watch the codes of life split in two as they open their arms
for me and you
And as they scream as faces of pain betrayed as tears by the rain.
And as they sing, they sing your name.
And as they sing as tongues of lies, of deceit and of pain.
It's our God of the Drugs
That twists within and is trying to win.
It's our God of the Drugs,
It's a new world code of bliss dressed in skin.
I live but the storm of my heart bleeds of life and of hunger.
And I'll die...
And the doors of perception is naked for darkness to take.
And as they call as voices of wonder of secrets and truth
And as they die so trashed and neglected... yet with a saint's
sympathy.
It's our God of the Drugs
That twists within and is trying to win.
It's our God of the Drugs,
It's a new world code of bliss dressed in skin.
Yet we breathe:
Terror to some, heaven to others.
What do angels dream?
Do angels sleep?
Do demons dream of darkness deep?
It's our God of the Drugs
That twists within and is trying to win.
It's our God of the Drugs,
It's a new world code of bliss dressed in skin.