

Virtue and Vice

Delain

Whatever the prophecy...
Whatever prosperity...

Heaven denied us it's kingdom
Tell me where we've gone wrong
Oh, fortitude, I do like you
But I only speak when spoken to
Heaven forgive, the mess I meant
Temperance, why do I cast
Your prudence to the wind?

Whatever the prophecy
Let it be, Let it be
We'll live all there is to live
Be it pleasure, be it sorrow
Whatever prosperity
Lies in me, lies in me
I'll be all that I can be
My forever starts tomorrow

I am a nightmare haunting you
I steal away your sleep
A poison running through your veins
A wound, that always bleeds

Call it love, call it lust
Luxuria, my enemy,
you get the best of me

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