

The Show Must Go On

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Everyone loves a drama
Everyone loves the drama

Let's set the stage on fire and Hollywood will be jealous
When the lights go out

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As she stared into the night was the caste dressed in white
Behind her virgin eyes the mirror image of her plague
And darkness overcame until she screamed alone in vain
Oh how lovely as she gasps, yet so innocently sleeping
And forever she will hunt, now manifest this disease
The misfortune of the weak, I'll tell you what it is
Walk down these tragic steps
Disappearing with no trace, nothing left
This was the perfect murder
The perfect murder
In the ballroom with a glass, remembering it all at last
The memory of her fist kiss led to a series of unfortunate events

She'll dance to the sound of the clock striking twelve
Your name in diamonds
Your name in diamonds
Why won't you finish the job