

Overdose on darkness in the corridors of fire,
There's a face in the mirror, Of unchained desire.
She's in her house, standing by the door,
You can't go in, you're not welcome anymore.

Standing on the rooftops, soaking by the rain,
Dreaming of the long deceased, never coming back again,
Riding through the darkness, hiding from the sun,
Refuge in the shades below, until the day is done.

Through the hour glass,
watch my time slip away, Chasing haloes, faces so far away,
And your hands tied to the blade,
Disguised - she's my ascension,
My slow suicide.

She's my ascension, my slow suicide,
I'm chasing heaven, never reach the other side,
Ascension, my slow suicide,
Chase tomorrow, till there's nothing left inside.

Through the hourglass, watch my time slip away,
Chasing haloes, faces so far away,
Can't see, for all the light,
There's two faces, black and scarlet, locked between another night.

Standing on the rooftops, soaking by the rain,
Dreaming of the long deceased, never coming back again,
Riding through the darkness, hiding from the sun,
Refuge in the shades below, until the day is done.

Overdose on darkness She's my ascension,
my slow suicide, I'm chasing heaven,
never reach the other side,
She's my ascension, my slow suicide,
Chasing heroin tonight.
Yeah, ascension, a slow suicide,
Chasing haloes, this is the other side.
Ascension, a slow suicide.
She's my ascension, my slow suicide.
Ascension, my heroin divine. She's my ascension!