

Drama for Life

Poets of the Fall

I've got this madman in my mind
This prolific designer
And he's working overtime
And he gets all wired up
Higher and higher
As we fly
We're Poets of the Fall

Perfect, near fatal headlong dive
A blueprint for life
Blueprint your life
Aggressively primal
Cultural high
This mental versailles
Is much grander than the lies
You tell yourself to get
Through the night
Sentenced to drama
For life

He tears a stampede through my head
Wild and horny
Just one chance to kill it dead
But I will embrace it
Into the darkness
On we ride
To gamble is all

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If all the isms and doctrines of life
Were a gentle breeze instead of
That usual judgmental freeze
Would we all be as easily shanghaied
To their cause, as now we seem to object to every clause
And would we have that unerring nerve
To go after our deepest desires with a similar verve
Who would it serve?

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