

This Twisted Crown

Rome

So close and yet so far
A black craving's call

From distant worlds
From a time remote
This too shall pass

Absent or mystery
We hold the key to uncertainty

(Sometimes art should be nothing but violence!
Sometimes art should be nothing but cruelty!

Certains s'en inquiètent, c'est vrai.
Certains s'en inquiètent.)

So kiss me cold
when they chain me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown

So kiss me cold when they chain me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown

Ever distant
Ever silent
These chains of glass

Order and instinct
This too shall pass

(Certains s'en inquiètent, c'est vrai.
Certains s'en inquiètent.)

So kiss me cold
When they chain me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown

So kiss me cold
When they chain me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown

So kiss me cold
When they pull me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown
(Sometimes art should be nothing but violence!)
Sometimes art should be nothing but cruelty!)

So kiss me cold
When they drag me down
To have and to hold
This twisted crown
(Sometimes art should be nothing but violence!)

Sometimes art should be nothing but cruelty!)