

The Dark Romantics

The Awakening

We are the Dark Romantics
The Dark Romantics in our candle's glow
We are the Dark Romantics
and our dreams are where the poets go.
Oh!
Go!

The photograph child
holds her head in shame
While the Crystal Wilde
fears a statue with no name

The velvet touch
of the warmest mystery
Is where our kind
welcomes serenity

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and our dreams are where the poets go.
Oh
oh

Your eyes are shut
to the world that we hold dear
You mock the way we paint ourselves
You mock our Theatre tears

We bow in love
I know the Angels smile
Drinking on emotion
Lighting altar fires

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Oh, we will be
Passionate, delicate
Oh we can see
all that God has given
It's surreal
Surreal
(surreal)

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holds her head in shame
While the Crystal Wilde
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Oh, surreal
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The dark romantics
Step away, oh
Step away from me