

# Death In Vogue

## Deathstars

The masquerade is a show for the starcrowds  
It's death in vogue in saturnalian nights  
The heart we share is a virus in our chests  
A black piece filled with darkness and dead meatNow our hearts beat on  
The black is back in the deep  
I see a million of nations  
In blank and hot leather...This black syndicate is a burning ballroom  
Dirt, drinks and pills and Gucci drenched in blood  
The flag we raise is held for the dead dolls  
So now we'll watch all angels parade in black uniformsNow our hearts beat on  
The black is back in the deep  
I see a million of nations  
In blank and hot leatherPuppets without strings  
Now Join the show  
Demons without wings  
We are death in VogueTen tons of lungs roar into the black vault  
It's disease, glam and champagne filled with nails  
The syndrome is sucked into white bloodcells  
And we march as vamps and wolves on red human oilThe faceless ones...  
The leather swept ones that bring hate in tons  
The faceless ones...  
The subversion of laws through the rule of gunsHere they come as the models and machines  
And see the dolls twist inside of their dreams  
I see the puppets whisper with manic tongues  
Feel it, scream it out from the top of your lounges!

Lyrics provided by

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