

# Bacchanal

## Clutch

Temptation of indulgence  
Divides and conquers my mind  
An elegy for fading youth  
Welcome to mankind If you provide the spleen  
Then I'll provide the ideal  
If I provide a puppet  
Will you provide the strings? Revel in the glory  
Of a coming of age  
Decades of suppression  
Released in a rage  
Have mercy How can I seize the day when it is dusk?  
You provide the pull and I'll provide the thrust  
Romance is nothing but a sack of lies  
But it is truth which I have come to despise  
Bacchanal

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