

# Strange

## Psychotic Waltz

your order is your anarchy  
your violence your peace  
your gospel is your blasphemy  
your famine is your feast  
destruction is your architect  
your woman and your priest  
I fear your falling sanctuary's  
soon to be your beast  
I believe in something strange  
the prophecies are closing in  
upon us one by one  
the angels of the seven churches  
maiden of the sun  
silent lay the gentle lamb  
the prayer and the gun  
I believe the gates above  
are closed to everyone  
I believe in something strange  
Prophets and angels fall from the altar  
weak is the grip of the hand of the brave  
pray for the bleeding that lie in the shatters  
pray for the dying that lie in their graves  
submission through guilt and fear  
is not what I had in mind  
and my blood has run far too thin  
among the hands of you all  
and I'm afraid I have nothing  
left for you  
a symphony of tragedy  
awakes a watchful eye  
a serenade of agony  
pours down from the sky  
the dancers of catastrophe  
go quickly spinning by  
I begin to understand  
the simple reason why  
I believe in something strange  
strange this song of mine

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