Judas At the Opera

Edguy

Darkness has covered the opera house
something is wrong you can feel
There's a devil in disguise
a traitor has taken the dais
Catalogue people spend a pitying gaze
what can a man do in such a case
Aristocratic experts on art vomit all over the placeAnd they wish I'd be doomed eternallyForever french-frying
you'd love to see me dying
Who's let the peacock in
to Rock the House Opera house
You want me french-fried and
you'd love to see me fired and
then kill the Judas in the opera house
Opera houseHuntsmen are rushing around
after the peacock, oh no
the baton is pink and it's clear
he is a queer
he likes it into his rear
Rumors arise he is from outerspace
they're out for the bounty
and still they're amazed
Aristocratic lemmings with a Highsnobiety leerGet the chef to make peacock fillet steakForever french-frying
you'd love to see me dying
Who's let the peacock in
to Rock the House Opera house
You want me french-fried and
you'd love to see me fired and
then kill the Judas in the opera house
Opera houseWe came from a solar system far away
(facing your goggle eyes)
To protect this jolly bedlam from decay
(facing your goggle eyes)
Who do you think you are
to think you're of a better class?
Who do you think you are
to expect us to kiss your ass?We've come to chase the monkey off your back
(facing your goggle eyes)
And we've expected some may sound an attack
(facing your goggle eyes)

Who do you think you are
to think you're of a higher class?
Who do you think you are
to expect us to kiss your ass?We're gonna be
taking the chance taking the chance
To get you darting a glance darting a glance
at us to starting to prance-starting the dance
of the oddballsFrankenstein is out of control
donkey has been given a soul
flamboyantly he's playing his song
and they can't get itThe nuthead he is going insane
the screwball is igniting the flame
Pandora's box has opened behold
madness risingYou say treason but I tell you
there ain't no reason
We just have our share
we don't care as long as we're alive
love our sound and like to hearwhere's the chef to make Judas-fillet steakForever french-frying
you'd love to see me dying
Who's let the peacock in
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