

Apollo

Stockholm Syndrome

 Show me a place that ain't hell
 If there's space, give me room to breathe
 That is all that I need
 For this body can't fail
 And if music be the food of love
 Play on, give me excess of it
 Let it all out!
 Please let me out of here
 And I shall rise from the ashes
 Grow like a rose from the ruins
 There must be light in the darkness
 Hope at the end of the night
Yes, I've been trying all my life to get to Heaven
 But awoke in the eye of a storm
 But I shall rise from the ashes
 Grow from the ruins
 And return back home
 This is the call from the gaols
 Coming up to the prisoners of pleasure
 Drunk on the blood of the next generations
 And I've been through many strange confusions
 Splitting myself into too many faces
Now the mirror is broken, I can see the worms behind
 But I shall rise from the ashes...
 You may well have your ways of triumph
 You may well have your ways of truth
 Just gimme some room to breathe
 That's all that I need
 That's all that I need, me and my strange friends
 Take my hand and I'll take you out of here
 We all belong to the grand astral body
 And there's you behind these legendary curtains
 Take my hand before you wither in the crowd
 I'll take you out of here
 Take my hands, take my hands
 This is the end of the show
 I don't know, was I wrong, was I right?
 Oh, love, I don't know,
 I wasn't perfect for sure

But now I feel like a new-born baby
Lying in the dew of the morning,
Laughing at the sky, like a brave new Apollo
And I shall rise from the ashes
Grow like a rose from the ruins
There must be light in the darkness
Hope at the end of the night
Yes, I've been trying all my life to get to Heaven
But awoke in the eye of a storm
But I shall rise from the ashes
Grow from the ruins
And return back home
Back home

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