

# 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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