

Chandelier

Senses Fail

This head is haunted by a chorus in the sky
The voices aren't mine
I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes
They're crawling up my spine
They bloom at midnight in the middle of the moonlight
Strike a match, light the chandelier
This bedroom is a ballroom now
Strike a band, make the dead dance
This room is filled with corpses in costumes
My guests dress in black and blue, I raise a toast to the few
The orchids are in bloom
But there's a dead note in the choir of the garden
The sun will kiss the gloom, the warden's giving pardons soon
Strike a match, light the chandelier
This bedroom is a ballroom now
Strike a band, make the dead dance
This room is filled with corpses in costumes
Strike a band and make them dance
(I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes)
Strike a band and make them dance
Make them dance
This is your last night
Do you believe in what you write?
We open the sky and we hope you see light
Strike a match, light the chandelier
This bedroom is a ballroom now
Strike a band, make the dead dance
This room is filled with corpses in costumes
Strike a band and make them dance
(I kiss the darkness as I see the whites of their eyes)
Strike a band and make them dance
(This room is filled with corpses in costumes)

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