

DANCE

Cellar Darling

Woe drowns out the silence
Now free as heathens
Around in circles do the torn ones dance

Gara amun ian a friar...

Led by rhythmic motion
The lucid withers
Rupturing, the walls of every man
High beyond the mother, circling avians
Gracefully inciting one last trance

Gara amun ian a friar...

Choreomania, slaying the ever
Sheer oblivion, conquering delirium
Oh, the broken, dancing forever
Won't atone it

(Slay) slaying the ever
(Lay) with whomever
(Love) like no other
(Dance) now or never

Day after night, night after day they faint away
Unwillingly their limbs are raised towards the sky

Gara amun ian a friar...

Choreomania, slaying the ever
Sheer oblivion, conquering delirium
Oh, the broken, dancing forever
Won't atone it

Chorea Lasciva...