

## 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...