

Deborah

Coronatus

Deborah is pugging may flowers
And diving in strawberry dreams
Yeah, fancy girl, life
Is in your hands a blue beam

Jesus himself came to earth
To save Deborahs' heart
Poor girl you played your role
In the crucifying part

A drunk clown
Is god to her
And men god's waiters on earth
Ten thousand wasps with frowning caps

Let's change this world to vanity
For a better time of living, a better time
I dared myself if I should fall from grace
With god

All the things we have
Cruel toys of fashion
All the life we live
A sad lovers passion
We cannot read in open books
As our exasperation
Wouldn't make us able to break
Even a rule

Take her life and break her fingers
Take her life and break her fingers
Take her life and break her fingers
Take her life and break her.... fingers.....
But she.... will stay alive
Hey, hey, alive
Hey, hey, alive
Hey, hey, alive