

Dead Crusade

Crashdiët

Late lust in darkened haze
All dressed up in rags and lace
The circus comes alive
So get yourself a ticket now
You arrive at the gates
No turning back this late
Glancing in starry eyes
You're gonna end up hypnotized

All the junkies' girlfriends
Dancing in the street
Rebellion in madness
Can you feel the heat
Are you in, are you out
Are you ready to get high
The invitation's open
So join the dead crusade

Plastered and in denial
Restless head up in the sky
Dabbling in cyanide superficial suicide
You're about to be shaped
Mentally you're re-arranged
Walking on holy ground
We're all about to be crucified

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