

# Heaven And The Holier-Than-Thou

Ten

(Aah, aah, aah-aah)  
(Aah, aah, aah-aah)

The radio's playing songs  
That remind me of love  
And lust and fantasy  
I'm waiting for the hands of time to slow  
I'm watching from the wings  
But no one knows

Contained in those familiar songs  
Sharp reminders of pain  
And loss and timeless need  
Reflecting in shapes of afterglow  
Rejected, in decay, the frozen rose

Hold tight, don't fight  
Drifting in a sleepless bromide  
So high, won't die  
Desolate and beached at low tide

A seance for a billion souls  
Just reminds me I'm lost  
Consigned to purgatory

We are the night, as cold as ice  
The spirits caught up in the astral sphere  
We are the time honoured ghosts  
Of a by gone promise  
Damned and Necronomicon bound

Our earthly ties were our demise  
A smoke dispersing through the atmosphere  
We faced the eye of the storm  
And the dawn stopped coming  
Heaven and the 'holier-than-thou'  
Can't save us now

(Aah, aah, aah-aah)  
(Aah, aah, aah-aah)

They say not every demon  
Lies in the deepest  
Of all our dreams and ecstasies  
The Exorcist at least defines the blow  
We pacify the beast but down we go

The day we keep in all inside is the day  
That we doubt our own complexities  
We're fading like a Michelangelo  
And fated to the dark adagio

Hold tight, don't fight  
Drifting in a sleepless bromide  
So high, won't die  
Desolate and beached at low tide

Departed and deceased  
Designed to divide  
Into shades of light a prism bleeds

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(Aah, don't fight)  
(Aah, bromide)  
(Aah, won't die)  
(Aah, aah)

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