

Roderick

The Damned

In the west wing
The rattle of chains begins
Moonlight streaming into the turreted rooms windows
Oh dear Lord Roderick is loose

Who do you think you are
Coming up with changes
Trying to rearrange things
Who do you think you are
Your cold detached sobriety
Comes to pierce illusion's reverie
Can't you see
That you're not wanted

Who do you think you are
You gatecrash situations
Looking for confrontation
Who do you think you are
Just an uninvited stranger
Not allowed to table but you try
Like in Poe's Raven
With boon or craven
I'd like nothing more
Than you darken my doorstep
Nevermore

Carpe diem carpe noctum
Sunt amissa inventi sumas
Sunt amissa inventi sumas
Sunt amissa inventi sumas

We are lost, we are found
We are fearless and all around
We are scared of ourselves
With a mirror that's our fate
We are lost
We are lost
We are found