

Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Insane

It seems we've come to a bitter end.
No word of affection, just contempt,
no reconciliation, no try to amend,
no touch to ease my troubled mind.

Tell me what drives you insane
I need to know, or is it just feigned?

For this grand love's
a rough shove,
let-down follows let-down
and delusion this illusion

I thought we'd be something awesome
a sanctified, prodigious twosome

Tell me what drives you insane
for me to know, what went wrong again

For this grand love's
a rough shove,
let-down follows let-down
and delusion this illusion

I can't believe, that it's come to this
and we would end up in a battle of wits
but there you go,
there you go

So tell me what drives you insane
for a change, I need to know your pain

Sometimes a rough shove
heals an ailing love
after darkness comes a new dawn
saving hearts from the downfall
Or this grand love's
but a rough shove,
let-down follows let-down
and delusion this illusion