

# The Church, Decadence

Watch her out there on display  
Dancing in her sleepy way  
And all her visions start to play  
The icicles of our decay, Marlene  
Drink it to Marlene

Fading flowers in her hair  
She's suffering from wear and tear  
She lies in waterfalls of dreams  
And doesn't question what it means, Marlene  
We drink it to Marlene

And all along the desert shore  
She wanders further evermore  
The only thing that's left to try  
She says to live I have to die, Marlene  
We drink it to Marlene  
Marlene  
We drink it to Marlene

She whispers sadly, "Well I might"  
And holds herself so very tight  
Then jumping from an unknown height  
She merges with the liquid night, Marlene  
Marlene  
We drink it to Marlene

Her lovers wrap her mist in furs  
And tell her what she has is hers  
But when they take her by the hand  
She slips back in the desert sand  
Our Marlene  
We drink it to Marlene  
Marlene

But what she leaves is made of glass  
And lovers worship as they pass  
And each one says, "Well, now she's mine"  
But all drink solitary wine  
Marlene  
Marlene

Fare thee well  
Fare thee well  
Marlene  
Marlene