

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