

The Portrait Of Dorian Gray
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Faded and tired
decrepit and old
Visions of early decay
The end is near
and crystal clear
is the portrait of Dorian Gray

Your love over gold
trading your soul
in pursuit of fortune and fame
beyond a shadow of doubt
you took the easy way out
callow, idle and vain

your dagger and cloak
are just mirrors and smoke
we see
your future's burned up
now, drink the last drop
it's the way
it will be

Serene looking skin
but shallow within
Victim of inherited wealth
Your stories are thin
no value it brings
And you can only blame yourself

The beauty you buy
is an obvious lie
Your gift without drive was a waste
Now Satan is nigh
and your eyes betray
Life has beat you to the grave

your dagger and cloak
are just mirrors and smoke
we see
your future's burned up
now, drink the last drop
it's the way
it will be