

Alphaville, Ascension Day

(Lyrics: Gold-Lloyd-Echolette / Music: Bloss-Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

These are the days of evil perfection
This is the world of torture and fame
This is the age of most vicious infection
These are the times of terror and pain
Jet them inside and they build you a nightmare
Show them, you fool, it'll not be in vain
Here is your costume of deepest surrender
These are the times of terror and pain

I wanna ride on a crest of sensation
I wanna scream in the whirlpools of love
I wanna drown in a climax of thunder
I wanna be with the fools in the storm
Do what you want and then die when you want to
We're gonna walk on the blood of the meek
We're gonna sail through the oceans of wonder
We're gonna live in the dreams that we seek

Send in the parasite clowns on their horses
Send in the idiots and let them advance
Send in the monsters of your own creation
Send them all in and give them a chance
We're gonna dance to the sweetest of music
We're gonna play with the whores in the rain
We'll dissipate the lord's last temptations
All in a crossfire of torture and fame