

Rasmus, City Of The Dead

you landed in time
in the city of the dead
how was your flight?
i'm glad that we met
ain't gonna wait 'til the day dejection comes
ain't gonna waste my time with the pityful ones (here)
you know that i'm kind
that i like to pretend
that everything's fine
that the rain is my friend
don't give a damn about fame if i gotta have a gun
ain't gonna like myself before i get something done (here)
i want to believe
i proceed with my choice
it's getting harder to breath
i'm losing my voice
oh yeah! never mind th ethings they might have said
we're living in the city of the dead