

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Hiroshima

Burn like the temperature of the sun.
The fire could be felt by everyone.
Born again rise up to become undone.
This is everything that we've become.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
This time.
Oh, was innocent till I meet you.
Came crashing didn't know what to do.
An eternity in which we couldn't move.
Just seconds was all it took to prove.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
This time.
The temperature of the sun.
The temperature of.
The temperature of the sun.
The temperature of the sun.
The temperature of the sun.
The temperature of the sun.
The temperature of.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
Hiroshima mon amour.
Don't ask what for, become much more.
This time.