

Clan Of Xymox, Calling You Out

Where are all the others?
What happened to our scene?
The fire must be rekindled
In this cold dying stream
Maybe all we need is providence
Or the help of a higher hand
Maybe I am just too naive
Maybe it's just you and me

I am calling you out on a Saturday night
I'm up in arms, shake 9 to 5
And your cross to bear, tonight is the night
You leave your lair
Make turbulence
Turbulence
Turbulence
Turbulence
Turbulence

We will do the rounds 'til morning light
It's rip or tear on the merry go round
Merry go round

Come out of the shadow
It's time to get back on your feet
The fire must be rekindled
In the cold dying scene
Maybe it all reached its peak
Or it was already weak
Maybe it's all I can see
Maybe it's just me who will bleed

I'll save you from the spell
And your private hell
Certain promises
Await in the night
I am calling you out
I am calling you out
I am calling you out

I am calling you out on a Saturday night
I'm up in arms, shake 9 to 5
I'm up in arms again
I'm not the only one
Let's make the final move
Forget the turning back
The turning back
The turning back