

Galt Areus, From the Towers to the Ground (robot band)

come on, come on, they expect us to leave?
well this city is ours, just follow my lead,
first, let's dispense with any regrets,
they'll tear at your seams just to watch you bleed out.
off we go,
into this night we own,
and then, who knows?
from the towers to the ground:
hearts turn cold and lights turn out,
on these dark streets we'll bring it all down.
come on, come on, yeah, they're begging to see,
a moment, a glimpse, is this what they dream?
the molotov pirouette crashes and gleams,
the elegance and subtlety of vapors escapes me.
off we go,
into this night we own,
and then, who knows?
from the towers to the ground:
hearts turn cold and lights turn out,
on these dark streets we'll bring it all down.
well this city is ours, just follow my lead,
yeah, this city is ours, where no soul dares be seen.