

Gluecifer, Desolate City

We are liars we are thieves
Scheming dildos dressed like Keef
Dealing tragedy and false beliefs
We are liars we are thieves

We're the dark street at two am
The creeping fears yeah we are them
So put your face on you ball of phlegm
We're the dark street at two am

Turn the heat up on my soul
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold
Slow night in a desolate city
And it hits like a slap in the face
We're the dark horse this is the race
Slow night in a desolate city

We are lions in a cage
Pet tigers fueled on rage
We're the moonlight we're the clouds
We are losers, we are proud

We are magic we are class
A hand with knuckles made of brass
We are good times, turned bad
We are the action you never had

Turn the heat up on my soul
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold
Slow night in a desolate city
And it hits like a slap in the face
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(break)

We are the sunlight we are the storm
We're the idea and the form
We are loving we are rape
We are magic caught on tape

We are splinters from a glass
We're the greatest we suck ass
We're united and torn apart
We are the ending - and the start

So turn the heat up cause I'm feeling so cold
Turn it up till it burns my soul
Turn the heat up on my soul
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold
Slow night in a desolate city
And it hits me like a slap in the face
You're the dark horse I am the race
Slow night in a desolate city

Slow night Slow night Slow night in a desolate city ...