

# Klaxons, Atlantis To Interzone

Good thieves of burning cars encircle poisoned rivers minds and hearts  
Horses want to dance but find their wings are damaged, water damaged  
Gold is selling now but hurry mighty ocean rising fast  
A big man with a Plan has got a storm a coming  
Monster coming

From Atlantis to Interzone  
You start at the edge and you end on your own.  
From Atlantis to Interzone  
You start at the edge and you end on the throne.

With Fragments of Fiction!

Yer dead man half alive who hangs from helping numbers 1,2,5  
His ears pricked with their knife hears that the east are coming, west are coming  
From Gravity's Rainbow the axis here is still unknown  
The children's faces glow.  
The wasteland guides them wasteland guides them

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