

# Rasmus, City Of The Dead

you landed in time  
in the city of the dead  
how was your flight?  
i'm glad that we met  
ain't gonna wait 'til the day dejection comes  
ain't gonna waste my time with the pityful ones (here)  
you know that i'm kind  
that i like to pretend  
that everything's fine  
that the rain is my friend  
don't give a damn about fame if i gotta have a gun  
ain't gonna like myself before i get something done (here)  
i want to believe  
i proceed with my choice  
it's getting harder to breath  
i'm losing my voice  
oh yeah! never mind th ethings they might have said  
we're living in the city of the dead