

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Storm The

Visiting hours are long over.
The gates are closed right here.
Its invitation only from now on.
Well never get it swear.
Cant afford to pay our admission.
Not good enough to come near.
We built you fortune.
Built your fame.
Well guard your status for another day.
All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
Quiet excessive celebration.
Of ways transfixed into class.
Of comfort and a lot of freedom.
From the people you pass.
Your silent suffering little servants.
Just an anonymous mass.
We built your fortune.
Built your fame.
Well guard your status for another day.
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Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
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Another dream not ours fulfill.
Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
Rome and Paris in flames tonight and its not by candle light.
Helsinki Stockholm up in smoke and its not some fucking joke.
Cause right now its our time Los Angeles will burn tonight.
It will blow our mind when Washington DC will go down.
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All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
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Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
Lets storm the gates of Beverly Hills.