

Tower, Silent Climbers

The end of your masquerade
a matter of time
The human race was dying out
No one left to scream and shout
People walking on the moon
Hate will get you pretty son
Everyone was hangin out
hangin up and hangin down
hangin in and holdin fast
Hope our little world will last
The human race was dying out
No one left to scream and shout
People walking on the moon
Hate will get you pretty son