

# The Children Of The Night

Bliss n Eso

When the sun's out, and the moonlight is in  
It blankets the land and a new life begins  
With headphones on, stargaze lying in a paddock  
Feel the veil of the night wrap its inner fabric  
Get the picture from the photo spinner's magic  
And let your view go slo-mo and cinematic

Kids come far and wide to the urban sprawl  
All the way to day break when its curtain call  
They scurry in like sweet synchronicity  
Moving like music in a street city symphony  
When people sleep and the masses shut shutters  
Like clockwork, freestyle, after dark buskers

Motor full of mates, late night escapades  
Stealth renegades, burners they set ablaze  
Paintings flourish all the way down the boulevard  
Block party, late, whole street full of cars  
Skaters illuminate the bowl with their headlights  
Hear the street riders roll when they rev bikes

Night riders carve the mountain in the valley haze  
Covert op, talent sprays in the alleyways  
Kids in the palace of play,  
Cloaked in the dark night  
Summertime shooting hoops under the park lights

Guerilla activists seeing freedom clear  
Across the globe sticking up BNE WAS HERE

In the evening, when the stars climb  
You can see them, Children of the night  
Through the seasons, on the dark side,  
In the deep end, Children of the night  
When the day's gone and it unwinds  
Let them play on till the sunrise  
Rise till we're all in flight,  
This is for my people who are -  
Children of the Night

There's too many places to park down memory lane  
So let me simply start when I remembered the rain  
Hit the tin roof, while sitting on my balcony  
Isolated like a pirate cast out to sea  
Intrigued by what those city lights offer  
The world is your oyster type sh\*t,  
And that's proper

Hypnotised by it's highs and it's lows  
A lifestyle that keeps your eyes on the road  
See there's searchers on the prowl,  
For that crowbar access  
And graphers throwing up those whole car classics  
It's magic to watch the world trying to compete

A tapestry of culture intertwined with the beast  
And that's right where I eat

Where the night never sleeps  
And all I need's a mic and a beat for life in the streets  
Over years I've put strength in pain

Standing strong, writing songs on an empty train  
Yeah, I've lived a life worth of movies framed through my crooked lens  
I've travelled way beyond where the book will end  
I've seen the visual effects behind the scenes  
I've found a whole other world trying to find my dreams

And temptation will test if you can keep your faith  
With the smile of a Cheshire cat to lead the way  
Under night lights, we'll never stop building  
So welcome to the City of the Lost Children

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From the kids in the burbs, playing capture the flag  
To the cans packed in bags,  
Lads attack with their tags  
The core elements, forces of sick skills  
Back lane breakers in an orbit of windmills

Writers hit the tracks in the yard  
Where the trains stay  
The beat spills and it trickles down the laneways  
The streets are bubbling, the beats are rumbling  
The free runners swing across an urban jungle gym

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