

All Night Long

Empires

We aren't quite ready yet
to stop thinking cause the future's dead.
The city keeps calling us to pay her sins.
Wounded lovers on the streets repent.

They just Howl all night long.
All night long.

Dead kids walking by business men;
they pick the pockets that had buried them.
Poverty's calling from a mother's home;
I hear them begging, wishing... all alone.

They just Howl all night long.