

# Desolate City

Gluecifer

We are liars we are thieves  
Scheming dildos dressed like Keef  
Dealing tragedy and false beliefs  
We are liars we are thieves

We're the dark street at two am  
The creeping fears yeah we are them  
So put your face on you ball of phlegm  
We're the dark street at two am

Turn the heat up on my soul  
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold  
Slow night in a desolate city  
And it hits like a slap in the face  
We're the dark horse this is the race  
Slow night in a desolate city

We are lions in a cage  
Pet tigers fueled on rage  
We're the moonlight we're the clouds  
We are losers, we are proud

We are magic we are class  
A hand with knuckles made of brass  
We are good times, turned bad  
We are the action you never had

Turn the heat up on my soul  
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold  
Slow night in a desolate city  
And it hits like a slap in the face  
We're the dark horse this is the race  
Slow night in a desolate city

We are the sunlight we are the storm  
We're the idea and the form  
We are loving we are rape  
We are magic caught on tape

We are splinters from a glass  
We're the greatest we suck ass  
We're united and torn apart  
We are the ending - and the start

So turn the heat up cause I'm feeling so cold  
Turn it up till it burns my soul  
Turn the heat up on my soul  
Turn it up cause I'm feeling so cold  
Slow night in a desolate city  
And it hits me like a slap in the face  
You're the dark horse I am the race  
Slow night in a desolate city

Slow night Slow night Slow night in a desolate city ...