

Kalashnikov  
Closed circuit silence  
I know I test your nerves  
When I watch the watchers  
They say the deserts bare  
The forbidden zone  
But I feel somethin' breathin' out there  
Feel it in my bones

When we're out there in the zone  
Your gonna have to trust me  
When it's just us two alone  
Love will be our only history

The commando squad  
Is bored and poorly fed  
Surveillance is their dog  
And it's hounding us to death  
I heard their gonna move us  
To another transit camp  
They're bulldozing the suburbs down  
Putting up a razor fence  
Bought an beat-up short wave  
From a black market trader  
But it's all just a high, shrill tone  
That's why they call it thin air  
I guess I'm getting ahead of myself  
But we can't be both inside and out  
I guess I'm getting, ahead of myself  
But we can't be both inside and out  
Inside and out, inside and out!