

Tokyo – Ars Latrans Orchestra

We live in fear of growing older
Yet we leave our marks on what's around
Blood of cherry blossoms
Tastes like lipstick on your mouth
Toxic wind leaves wrinkles on your shoulders
And I feel it coming towards me
My body's numb the end is plain to see
Will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
Or will you paint our death
In radiant colours? ->
Tokyo washed up in acid rains
Streets all are flooded with plastic waste
Of all familiar neon lanes
Nothing but darkness and death remains
Tokyo washed up in acid rains
Streets all are flooded with plastic waste
Of all familiar neon lanes
Nothing but darkness and death remains
And I feel it coming towards me
My body's numb the end is plain to see (see)
Will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
Or will you paint our death
In radiant colours?
(instrumental)
And I feel it coming towards me
*And I feel it coming towards me
My body's numb the end is plain to see
Will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
Or will you paint our death
In radiant colours? ->
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How will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
How will you paint our death
In radiant colours?
Washed out in acid rains
Streets all are flooded with plastic waste
Of all familiar neon lanes
Nothing but darkness and death remains
How will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
How will you paint our death
In radiant colours?
How will you hold my hand when it's upon us?
How will you paint our death
In radiant colours?



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych