

## **Sword, The "Night City"**

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There is a place where the losers win  
A port of call for desperate men  
It is known by many names  
We come and go but it remains  
Nobody cares, nobody cries  
if you're scared or if you die  
That's the way it goes  
You should know...

You're in the place they call the Night-side  
In the shadows where the killers and the  
pirates hide  
Stick around if you think you  
can survive  
in the city on the Night-side

Running scared through endless night  
Too afraid to put up a fight  
They shackle her wrists  
It's too late to resist  
Scanned for weapons and transmitters  
Sold at auction to the highest bidder  
That's the way it goes  
Now you know...

You can find us on the Night-side  
In the shadows where the killers and the  
pirates hide  
Come around if you think you  
can survive  
in the city on the Night-side  
can survive  
in the place they call the Night-side

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