

The Last Days

"Sin And Fiction"

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Killers excite the night. In each direction there's a killer
in a fight
With blood so rich and spirits high and proud
Can you feel if there's a killer in the crowd
To taste the fear, to hide below the ground
Just two different instincts pull you down

To feel the need, the sparkle of their pain
To simply take them under over death would be in vain
Shift from life to life and call it intuition
Always the bright ones making clear their ambitions
What is the hunt without the beauty of the chase
We satisfy this precious race

Sin and fiction. Sin and fiction
In the first chapter he narrows his eyes
In the second chapter we see him realise the world's
his oyster
The pages of the third reveal a soul torn wide by
contradictions
The last reflects the warmth of sin and fiction
Sin and fiction. Sin and fiction

Let me that old warm addiction, sin and fiction
Make me feel like gold, sin and fiction

The World looks different overnight
And the truth shines wilder, strong and bright
And a neat distraction's what you need to clear your
head now
Five young fingers on each hand to count your
blessings
Don't go near them, get away if they're depressing

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