

Brides Of Destruction

"Night Owls"

Visit "[Night Owls](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All my friends are into liquid trends,
When they drink what they can and they pretend to
dance.
When the volume's up, and the lights go down,
And the shoes come off, the informal gowns will not
cover up
The maps I've drawn up your arms, around your ribs,
Through your chest to your heart, where I live in a cage
with a wheel and a maze.
It's so perfect.

I'm amazed at how we're all struggling to feel alive
tonight
In this city bathed in neon lights.
All my friends think they're all chemists when they
combine powders and liquids
In their test tube throats and their iron lungs,
In their funneled nostrils and drug-numbed tongues.
Oh, you don't believe me?
From what I'm seeing it's worse off than you think.

But we're staying up all night.
Aren't we all struggling to stay alive tonight in this city
bathed in neon lights?
Let's give it all we have, just to feel the sweat drip down
the back of our neck,
Before regret drips down your throat.

This is not a test.
This is a real emergency.
Call the ambulance.

Aren't we all struggling to stay alive tonight in this city
bathed in neon lights?
Let's give it all we have, just to feel the sweat drip down
the back of our neck,
Before regret drips down your throat.

