

Lars Frederiksen And The Bastards **"Campbell, CA"**

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Well the light from the alleys brings warmth to the night
We're meager disciples they gather in rite
It's time for the indignant paupers to speak
This town belongs to me
The gravel lines archways
The perilous streets were desperate deeds
Find buyers in heaps
God bless the concrete and chaos it keeps
This town belongs to me
The wind from the ocean it whistles in trees
My mouth stagnated by the cold that is brings
The end of the world is closer than it seems
This town belongs to me.

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