

Age Of Rockets

"1001 Dirty Tricks To Kill Your King"

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A new moon: fragile as glass same as the last
A new night: waits for you now, in back of your house.

what's better than being the first?

And armies of the dead will fade
in rear view mirrors display
the city lights will never love you back
And if the firmament above
should crash his weight upon the earth
well, we wont go without a fight

what's better than being the first?

A new love: Catastrophe set courting the end
A new king; you get the rope, i'll write the note

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