

Up in Flames

Ruelle

Keeping on the outside
Glimmer in the moonlight
Only shadows tell where we are
Creeping on the edge of the dark

We feel warmth in the cold corners
Eyes in the back of our heads
We roll out when the days over
Chasing silhouettes

When it all goes up in flames
When it all goes up in flames
When it all goes up in flames
We'll be the last ones standing
We'll be the last ones
We'll be the last ones standing

City made of thin glass
Smoldering in pitch black
Sin so thick you can't see the stars
Can't tell good and evil apart

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