Atlantis To Interzone

The Klaxons

Good thieves of burning cars
Encircle poisoned rivers, minds and hearts
Horses want to dance
But find their wings are damaged, water damagedGold is selling out
So hurry, mighty ocean's rising fast
A big man with a plan
Has got a storm a coming, monster comingFrom Atlantis to Interzone
You start on the edge and you end on your own
From Atlantis to Interzone
You start on the edge and you end on your ownWe're fragments of fictionYour dead man, half alive
Who hangs from helping numbers, one to five
His ears, pricked with the knife
Hears that the east are coming, west are comingFrom gravity's rainbow
The axis here is still unknown
The children's faces glow
The wasteland guides them, wasteland guides themFrom Atlantis to Interzone
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