Scale

Necrane

I have a sequin for an eye
Pick a rose and hide my face
This is a bandit's life, it comes and goes
And then's the breaks
Under a molten sky, beyond the road
We lie in wait
You think they know us now?
Wait 'til the stars come out, you'll see that
Well, I made you and now I take you back
It's too late but today I can define the lack
I made you and now I take you back
Son, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right

My son, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right
I can still feel it when you lie
Pick a rose just to hide my face
Well, if there's something I should know
I seek no science when there is no shade
Under a molten sky, let the days collide
Well, I made you and now I take you back
Son, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right
My son, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right

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