

Bombs (X-Press 2 Remix)

Faithless

We think we're heroes
We think we're kings
We plan all kinds of fabulous things
Oh look how great we have become
Key in the door
The moment I've been longing for
Before my bag hit the floor
My adorable children rush up
Screaming for a kiss and a story
They're a gift to this world
My only claim to glory
I surely never knew sweeter days
Blows my mind like munition
I'm amazed
So much heaven, so much hell
So much love, so much pain
So much more than I thought this world could ever contain
So much bought, so much sold
One man's loss, another man's gold
So much more than I thought this world could ever hold
We're just children, we're just dust
We are small, we are lost
And we're nothing
Nothing at all
One bomb
The whole block gone
Can't find my children
And dust covers the sun
Everywhere is noise, panic
And confusion
But to some another fun day in Babylon
I'm going to bury my wife
And dig up my gun
My life is done
So now I'm going to kill someone...
So much heaven, so much hell
So much love, so much pain
So much more than I thought this world could ever contain
So much bought, so much sold
One man's loss, another man's gold
So much more than I thought this world could ever hold
So much more than I thought this world could ever hold
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Songwriters

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