

The Children Of The Night

Bliss N Eso

Bliss:

When the sun's out, and the moonlight is in
It blankets the land and a new life begins
With headphones on, stargaze lying in a paddock
Feel the veil of the night wrap its inner fabric
Get the picture from the photo spinner's magic
And let your view go slo-mo and cinematic
Kids come far and wide to the urban sprawl
All the way to day break when its curtain call
They scurry in like sweet synchronicity
Moving like music in a street city symphony
When people sleep and the masses shut shutters
Like clockwork, freestyle, after dark buskers
Motor full of mates, late night escapades
Stealth renegades, burners they set ablaze
Paintings flourish all the way down the boulevard
Block party, late, whole street full of cars
Skaters illuminate the bowl with their headlights
Hear the street riders roll when they rev bikes
Night riders carve the mountain in the valley haze
Covert op, talent sprays in the alleyways
Kids in the palace of play,
Cloaked in the dark night
Summertime shooting hoops under the park lights
Guerilla activists seeing freedom clear
Across the globe sticking up BNE WAS HERE

Chorus:

In the evening, when the stars climb
You can see them, Children of the night
Through the seasons, on the dark side,
In the deep end, Children of the night
When the day's gone and it unwinds
Let them play on till the sunrise
Rise till we're all in flight,
This is for my people who are -
Children of the Night

Eso:

There's too many places to park down memory lane
So let me simply start when I remembered the rain

Hit the tin roof, while sitting on my balcony
Isolated like a pirate cast out to sea
Intrigued by what those city lights offer
The world is your oyster type sh*t,
And that's proper
Hypnotised by it's highs and it's lows
A lifestyle that keeps your eyes on the road
See there's searchers on the prowl,

For that crowbar access
And graphers throwing up those whole car classics
It's magic to watch the world trying to compete
A tapestry of culture intertwined with the beast
And that's right where I eat
Where the night never sleeps
And all I need's a mic and a beat for life in the streets
Over years I've put strength in pain
Standing strong, writing songs on an empty train
Yeah, I've lived a life worth of movies framed through my crooked lens
I've travelled way beyond where the book will end
I've seen the visual effects behind the scenes
I've found a whole other world trying to find my dreams
And temptation will test if you can keep your faith
With the smile of a Cheshire cat to lead the way
Under night lights, we'll never stop building
So welcome to the City of the Lost Children

Chorus:

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Bliss:

From the kids in the burbs, playing capture the flag
To the cans packed in bags,
Lads attack with their tags
The core elements, forces of sick skills
Back lane breakers in an orbit of windmills
Writers hit the tracks in the yard
Where the trains stay
The beat spills and it trickles down the laneways

The streets are bubbling, the beats are rumbling
The free runners swing across an urban jungle gym

Chorus:

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