

Storm the Gates of Beverly Hills

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Visiting hours are long over.
The gates are closed right here.
It's invitation only from now on.
We'll never get it swear.
Can't afford to pay our admission.
Not good enough to come near.
We built you fortune.
Built your fame.
We'll guard your status for another day. All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Let's storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Let's storm the gates of Beverly Hills. Quiet excessive celebration.
Of ways transfixed into class.
Of comfort and a lot of freedom.
From the people you pass.
Your silent suffering little servants.
Just an anonymous mass.
We built your fortune.
Built your fame.
We'll guard your status for another day. All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Let's storm the gates of Beverly Hills.
All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Let's storm the gates of Beverly Hills. Rome and Paris in flames tonight and it's not by candle light.
Helsinki Stockholm up in smoke and it's not some fucking joke.
Cause right now it's our time Los Angeles will burn tonight.
It will blow our mind when Washington DC will go down. All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.
Let's storm the gates of Beverly Hills. All this shit is making us ill.
All this shit is making us ill.
Another dream not ours fulfill.

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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