

Ascencion Day
Alphaville

D

These are the days of Evil perfection

D

This is the world of torture and fame

D

This is the age of most vicious infection

D

These are the times of terror and pain

D

Let them inside and they build you a nightmare

D

Show them, you fool, it ll not be in vain

D

Here is your costume of deepest surrender

D

These are the times of terror and pain

G

I wanna ride on the crest of sensation

F

I wanna scream in the whirlpools of love

Eb

I wanna drown in a climax of thunder

G#

I wanna be with the fools in the storm

D

Do what you want and then die when you want to

D

We re gonna walk on the blood of the MEEK

D

We re gonna sail through the oceans of wonder

D

We re gonna live in the DREAMS that we seek

D

Send in the parasite clowns on their horses

D

Send in the idiots and let them advance

D

Send in the monsters of your own creation

D

Send them all in and give them a chance

D

We re gonna dance to the sweetest of music

D

We re gonna play with the whores in the rain

D

We ll dissipate the Lord s last temptations

D

All in the cross fire of torture and fame

G

I wanna ride on the crest of sensation

F

We re gonna live.....

Eb

In the dreams that we seek

G#

We re gonna live in the dreams that we seek

Gm F Eb D7