

Alphaville - Ascencion Day

Tom: **Bb**

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
Ab
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
Ab
We're gonna live in the dreams that we seek

Gm F Eb D7

Acordes

