

New Old City

Murder by Death

I am my mother's son
Come with me, oh daughter
Make way, everyone
There is a change in power
Coming down
Rising up from the cold, hard ground
Go, go, too late to turn back now
The moon is at our back
Pack up your things
Before they hear us
Before the first shot rings
You're not the only one
Caught up in the fray
Burnt up in the atmosphere
Lost in a new old city
Below the earth it rumbles
Beneath the ground
Deep in the tunnels under us
Follow the sound