

There is a place where the losers win
A port of call for desperate men
It is known by many names
We come and go but it remains
Nobody cares, nobody cries
if you're scared or if you die
That's the way it goes
You should know...

You're in the place they call the Night-side
In the shadows where the killers and the pirates hide
Stick around if you think you can survive
in the city on the Night-side

Running scared through endless night
Too afraid to put up a fight
They shackle her wrists
It's too late to resist
Scanned for weapons and transmitters
Sold at auction to the highest bidder
That's the way it goes
Now you know...

You can find us on the Night-side
In the shadows where the killers and the pirates hide
Come around if you think you can survive
in the city on the Night-side

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