

Disaster

Attack Attack!

We're all, all just addicted to disaster

Where the world falls off we find a place to call our own
Call our own
In the midnight dark we hide a little piece of home
Piece of home

Paradise in a nightmare
All is right in the vice grip
Tucked in tight in the fire
Heaven is the flame below

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It draws us in like an echo from a smoking gun
Smoking gun
That hypnotic pull like the gravity of the sun
Of the sun

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