

We Own The Night

Drapht

The blood, the dust
Yeah we're living for the roar of the Sunday crowd
The boom, the bap
And we come out when the sun goes down
We own the night
Fight with the fire in our eyes, we home tonight
We own the night
And you're god damn right it feels great to be home
We own the night

When the sunsets ride in
And there's a damsel tied to my track cryin'
Fire in the hole riding up
Cause pale rider is dynamite when he fire up
Never biting my tongue, biting a bullet
A young gun pull a crowd, Kalgoorlie to Coolum
With my good, my bad
No Jessica Mauboy, no Tomahawk, no drug store cowboy
Urthboy he's got 'em sticking their hands up
Don't need to rob, got one better a Mantra
Through the dust redder than Santa's suit
Red as rust, red as the blood that the vampires chew, and yup
"The owners of the night shall now be revealed"
Feel the skies open to tell you
In a world that's built around taking what you will
And we will, cause well we want

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Uh, yeah
Tilt My head to the heavens above, for in sunset we trust
When all else fades, all that remain is us
Silhouetted by the embers of a red dusk
Yesterday's memories embedded in the red dust
Roam a path unknown and uncharted
Past the last post and back to where it started
So far from home, I feel half alone
But never part of a show that's half hearted
This is where my heart is, blazing a trail
Across the night sky with my partners
Mantra, Drapht and Urthboy disperse through
Your city of residence and kick down curfews
"The owners of the night shall now be revealed"
With each new town a new battlefield
So now you know how my troops feel
Eyes of the nation glued to our boot heels

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You do not need proof with a noose prepared
Can't threaten my family and I refuse to beg
And though the road may have developed a ruthless air
I am not what the accuser said
Wanted dead or alive the sign posted
Pioneer justice, Authority's boasted
But inside the saloon bar
Urthboy, Mantra and Drapht were the names they toasted
Didn't matter bout the tag latter day bandit
Whatever the date Saturday standard
Border to border the night time landed
We put out the call you answered, chanted
"The owners of the night shall now be revealed"
We ain't relying on no steel, but the wheels in motion
And the hours open, give or take the trimmings
And we'll see you again God willing (God willing)

They call us renegades, rebels and rogues
And no good for you so it goes
Little did they know that we live by the code
That ode, that oath to the wild eye
If I live to tell the tale
Through the bitter cold morning dew
We'll start another fire
From the shadow of an ember and walk as new

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