

Northern Lights

Lebanon Hanover

Perhaps an ideal way of life
Leads to an ideal way of death
It would be good to be you
But I'd rather be dead

Perhaps a fashionable way of life
Leads to a fashionable way of death
But to be in love is not in fashion anymore

Let's move somewhere
Near the northern skies
And watch the northern lights
And watch the northern lights
Come, come into my arms
I want you in my arms
I want you in my arms

In a way it's just not very nice
To be around people with fashionable minds
Perhaps It's futile to speak when everyone is online
Alone with a couple hundreds of friends
And a couple hundreds of pills

So please live with me
Near the northern skies
And watch the northern lights
And watch the northern lights
Come, come into my arms
I want you in my arms
I want you in my arms
Arms, come into my arms
I want you in my arms
I want you in my arms