

Alicja Szemplińska, Empires

Ashes to ashes dust into dust
I'll follow you through black.
Try to forgive that I'm not awake
dreaming this dream could last

no looking down
there's fool's gold in our eyes

burning an empire
happens so easy
playing whit fire
maybe it's you and me
burning an empire
is our fault we
rise and fall

Like moth to the flame
like birds to a pane of glass
hoping for change but we do the same
we're gasoline and a match

no looking down
there's fool's gold in our eyes

burning an empire
happens so easy
playing whit fire
maybe it's you and me
burning an empire
is our fault we
rise and fall

we just want it all
used to be a tower so tall
now we're only crumbling walls

we rise and fall
moth to the flame as we do the same
like birds to a pane of glass

down to the wire
empire fall