

# Young Guns, In The Night

Balanced, on the edge of a knife,  
In love with the night,  
So I'll ignore the cracks in the ice.  
And I'll raise my glass,  
Sing a toast to the end of all things baby,  
'Cos daylight won't wait for me.

Oh, what has become of me?  
Turn the lights out 'cos I don't want to see,  
What I've become.

I'm condemned to walk the night,  
And I don't care,  
No I don't care.  
'Cos in the morning light,  
The mirror lies,  
'Cos I'm not there  
No, I'm not there.

Now I'm, become destroyer of worlds,  
At the very least my own,  
So I'll sit on the tracks and I'll wait.  
And I'll raise my glass,  
Sing a toast to the end of all things baby,  
But I'm drinking alone.

Oh what has become of me?  
Turn the lights out cos I don't want to see,  
What I've become.

I'm condemned, to walk the night,  
And I don't care,  
No I don't care.  
'Cos in the morning light,  
The mirror lies,  
'Cos I'm not there  
No I'm not there.

You, you are the sun,  
And if you are the sun,  
You can keep me in the dark.

What have I become?  
Horns where there were none before.  
What have I become?  
Horns where there were none before.  
So just leave me in the dark.

What have I become?  
Horns where there were none before.  
What have I become?  
Horns where there were none before.