

# 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