

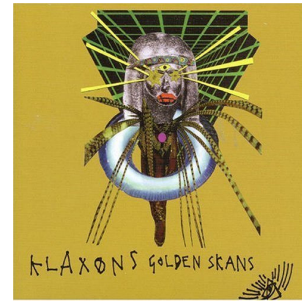
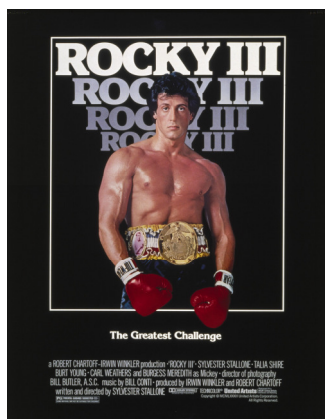
GOLDEN SKANS (The klaxons)

Light touch my hand, in a dream of Golden Skans, from now on.
 You can forget our future plans.
 Night touch my hand with the turning Golden Skans,
 From the night and the light, all plans are golden in your hand.

Set sail from sense, bring all your young.
 Set sail from where we once begun.
 While we wait, while we wait.

A hall of records, or numbers, or spaces still undone.
 Ruins, or relics, disciples and the young.

We sailed from sense, brought all our young.
 We sailed from where we once begun.
 While we wait, while we wait


**EYE OF THE TIGER (Survivor)**

Risin' up, back on the street
 Did my time, took my chances.
 Went the distance now I'm back on my feet
 Just a man and his will to survive

So many times it happens too fast
 You trade your passion for glory
 Don't loose your grip on the dreams of the past
 You must fight just to keep them alive

It's the eye of the tiger
 It's the cream of the fight
 Rising up to the challenge of our rival
 And the last known survivor
 Stalks his prey in the night
 And he's watching us all
 With the eye of the tiger

Face to face, out in the heat
 Hangin' tough, stayin' angry
 They stack the odds till we take to the street
 For we kill, with the skill to survive.

Refrain

Risin' up, straight to the top
 Had the guts, got the glory
 Went the distance, now I'm not gonna stop
 Just a man and his will to survive