Golden Skans

KLAXONS

groupe londonien new rave

Voix 1

Voix 2

Dm

Gm

Am

S

Dm

Am

S

Gm

Am

S

Gm

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 hands.

Set sail from sense, bring all your young.

while we wait. A hall of records, or numbers, or spaces still undone.

Ruins, or relics, disciples and the young. A hall of