

The Cult, Wild Child

Wild child full of grace

Savior of the human race

Your cool face

Natural child, terrible child

Not your mother's or your father's child

Your our child, screamin' wild

An ancient rulage of grains

And the trees of the night

Ha, ha, ha, ha

With hunger at her heels

Freedom in her eyes

She dances on her knees

Pirate prince at her side

Stirrin' into a hollow idols eyes

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Do you remember when we were in Africa?