

Ashbury Heights, Heathen Crossing

Stained miracles
By the wonderwall
Painted happy smiles
Thrust upon us all
Wasted, purified
Clean this mess alright
Somber elegies
Of our divine right
All for nothing
Heathen Crossing
Godless Youth Awake
Night comes morning
All adoring
Daughters at the stake
Plentiful and charred
Scars to slake your thirst
Whatever the condition
Love will do its worst