

Ashbury Heights, Penance

Blood is in my eyes
Carnadine forget me nots
Everybody dies
Everybody riots

All our lives are in penance
And penance is all we've got

God is on the news
The moribund ol' sot
Mad and arabesque
Along the riot-lot

All our lives are in penance
And penance is all we've got

It's just a world of hurt
For everyone involved
Penance for a dream

There's nothing fair about it
No forgiving traits that I can see

We have made ourselves
Images of God
Can't you tell?

Holy polaroids
Snapshots of a Summer
Spent in Hell

The Devil prance around
Like the cock of the walk
Imitating sounds
From the human talk

All our lives are in penance
And penance is all we've got

Love is making noise
Once a valiant goal
But all the girls & boys
Has made the loving foul

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And penance is all we've got