

Bride, Close To The Center Of The Earth

The city of the dead is full of exhibitionists
Dancing in the streets in their bones
The hounds have the scent and they're on the trail
Chase them into the cave where darkness dwells

If my sin remains I have chosen my god
Choose this day who you will serve
As for me and my house
We will serve the Lord

From high lofty window tops you see
Peering through the oil and scum
Praying the door is locked
They see the chase below through the avenue
And you think those bones look like you

The dead are all around in a state of decay
And you are safe in a secret place
Not of things you've earned or deserve
But you have been called out of this world

They're walking closer to the center of the earth
All along they think they're exploring the universe
They'll never prove that God doesn't exist
'Cause God took away all their evidence